WEEK ENDING DEC. 26, 1931

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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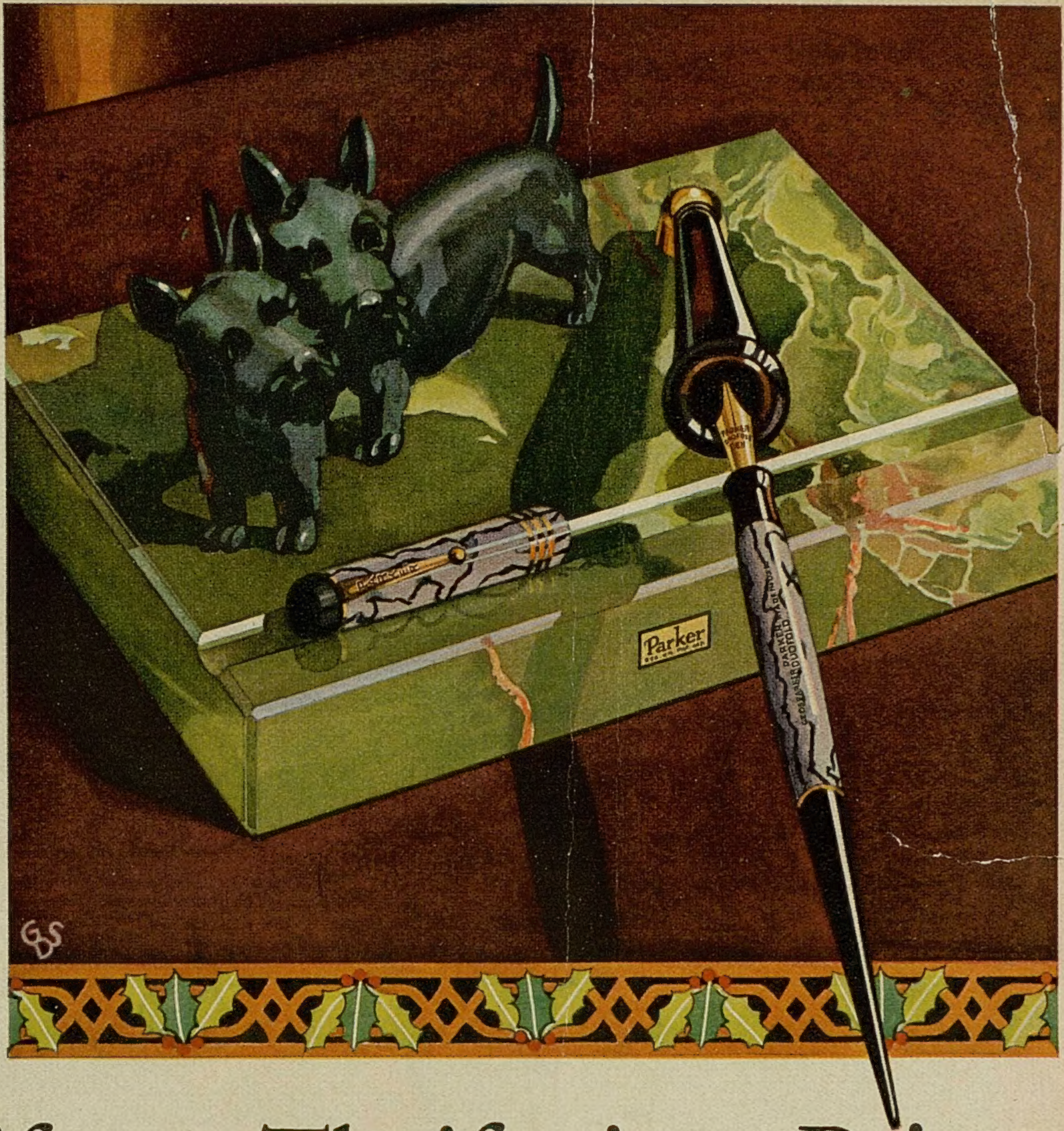

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By PARKER

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We combed the world to fill your Christmas list. From Italy and Argentine came beautifully figured marble and colorful onyx for Parker's Christmas Fountain Pen Desk Sets. From the world's exclusive studios, we selected interesting bronzes. We engaged gifted designers. And all of them carried out these special requirements—that Parker creations must excel in beauty and originality, so that anyone who sends a Parker gift, can be sure that it will be the one thing "different."

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> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."* —*Abraham Lincoln.*

CHRISTMAS IS BECKONING! WHY BE SERIOUS?

Now we are in the midst of holiday festivities!

Cast aside all your woes!

Remember, this is the time to be joyously happy. And, strange as it may seem, happiness comes from within.

Material possessions do not assure happiness. If that were true, wherever we found riches, there we would find happiness.

But to find the really contented, satisfied people we must go to the homes of what we term the middle or the poor classes—the striving workers. For happiness comes largely through interesting activity, through work well done.

Now that Christmas is upon us it is our duty to cultivate happiness; think happiness; act happiness. The joys of life are there for those who are determined to have them; who shut out that which makes life a dreary, monotonous routine.

Many philosophers tell us that we are the masters of our fates; that we get out of life just what we put in it; and that we are rewarded in accordance with the efforts we have made. Although ere may be some exceptions to this rule, it is dependab

to give than to receive." This Christmas it should have a deeper meaning. The stark, gaunt figures of unemployment are now with us. This sacred doctrine is especially appropriate at this time.

But some people are determined to be miserable. In fact, one might even go so far as to say they are not happy unless they are miserable. That may seem paradoxical, but they acquire a habit of worrying, and they are not satisfied unless they have something to worry about. If you belong to that class you are to be pitied, for such a mental disease is difficult to cure.

But Christmas is here! Kick up your heels and shout the glad tidings.

Cast out the blue devils! Just smash them into smithereens!

Absorb all the joys that come your way! Taste the thrills of life to the fullest extent. Exult in the fact that you are alive! And if you are minus financial wealth your worries are lessened; or perhaps you possess physical riches, which are worth more than all the money in the world. Buoyant health, that feeling of well-being that makes one glad just to be alive, is an invaluable possession.

And many are able to find occasion for joyous acclaim on this heyday occasion without wealth or even health. The spirit of Christmas is abroad. Everybody is trying to be hilariously happy. And happiness is really contagious—far more so than misery or disease.

And this is the time of the year to pass around this spiritual joyfulness. "Have some happiness with me!" shoul be the greeting to everyone you meet.

Come, let us b gay and jovial! This is the time of the year to celebrate. Forget every unpleasant experience of the past. Think of the present and its delightful possibilities. Think of the future and the glorious opportunities it may bring.

But, above all, shut out gloom. It does not "belong" at Christmas time. It is entirely out of place.

And do not stuff yourself to the limit with Christmas turkey. Have some respect for your stomach, or the supreme happiness of this great day may be followed by penalizing sorrows that come with a serious "tummy-ache." To be sure, eating is a part of all holiday festivities, but a reasonable amount of consideration at this hallelujah feast may add greatly to your happiness.

Here is hoping that every der enjoys

There *Is* a Sant

By

WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

Pictures by PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

(Reading time: 32 minutes 25 seconds.)

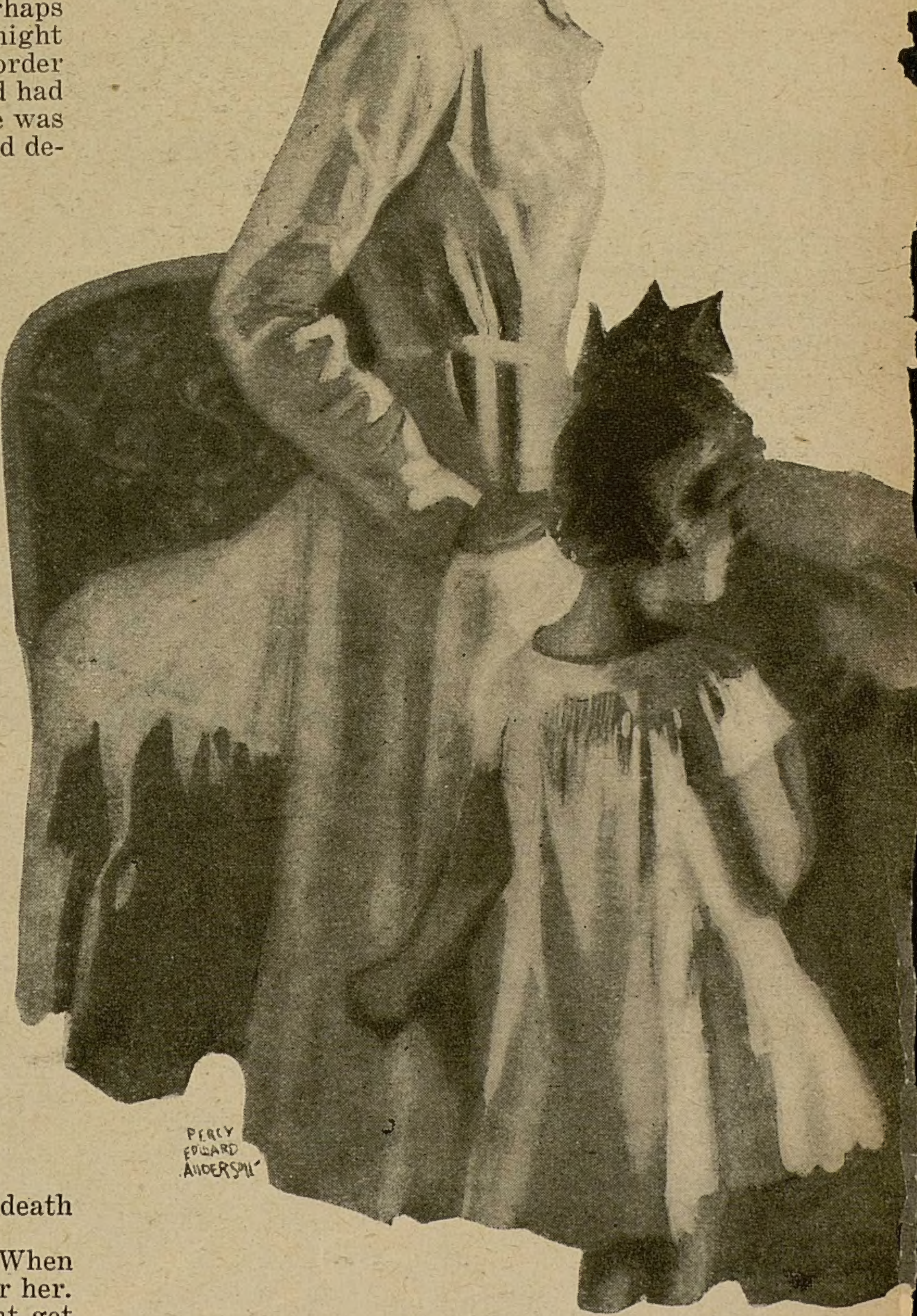
JOAN RANSOME was sleeping the deep and dreamless sleep of the thoroughly unjust about ten o'clock one morning in December. She looked as shameless as she was. She lay on her side, one arm flung out over her pillow and the other trailing down, with a hand clutching vaguely for the blanket, as if she had perhaps known for some fraction of a second during the night that she was cold. Her short hair was all in wild disorder about her head; her face, for once, was much as God had made it. It was a pretty face; but even though she was smiling a little in her sleep, there were mutinous and defiant lines about her mouth.

Sometime between one o'clock that morning, when she had given George Woolsey the slip and gone off night-clubbing with the cream of what Yale, '31, was preparing to give the world in June, and five, when she had tumbled into bed, Joan had shed at least five years. Seeing her now you would have laughed at anyone who told you she was twenty-seven. But she was.

Joan stirred restlessly, and some of her woke up. The hand that was clutching the blanket pulled it up close about her. She shivered. She *was* cold. She opened an eye, tentatively. Yes, it was snowing. Snowing hard. She had ther thought it would be; it had begun before he came home. She hoped Bill was all right. Bill was her brother, and if his luck had held e was back in New Haven by now, and doing is sleeping, if any, in a classroom. She adored Bill, and she was mad about his crowd. They ked her, too. They were sweet. They didn't mind her being twenty-seven and a mother. They held hands with her and kissed her chastely in taxicabs, and danced with her, and fed her sausages and griddle cakes at 4 A. M.

She looked at the clock beside her bed and made a face at it. She had something important to do, she knew, and she ought to ring for her breakfast and get organized. She wouldn't, though. In for a penny, in for a pound. Better be hung for a sheep than for a lamb, any day. George Woolsey must have telephoned by this time, to make sure she had got home all right. George had ideas. He reminded Joan of an old book she'd found, once, about a nice girl who went out shopping, and had a poison needle jabbed in her arm, and was carried off by white-slavers to a fate worse than death itself. George would have eaten that up.

She was fair, though. It wasn't his fault. When George took a girl to a dance he felt responsible for her. His mind wasn't geared to the idea that she might get tired and go off to leave the party to die on the vine. George had gone to Yale himself a long time ago; but he'd never come down in the middle of a week to a party, and found his own sister, and carried her off to dens of vice, and started to drive back to New Haven at five in the morning in a snowstorm. He tried to talk to Bill out the crew, and Bill just looked blank. Bill was a

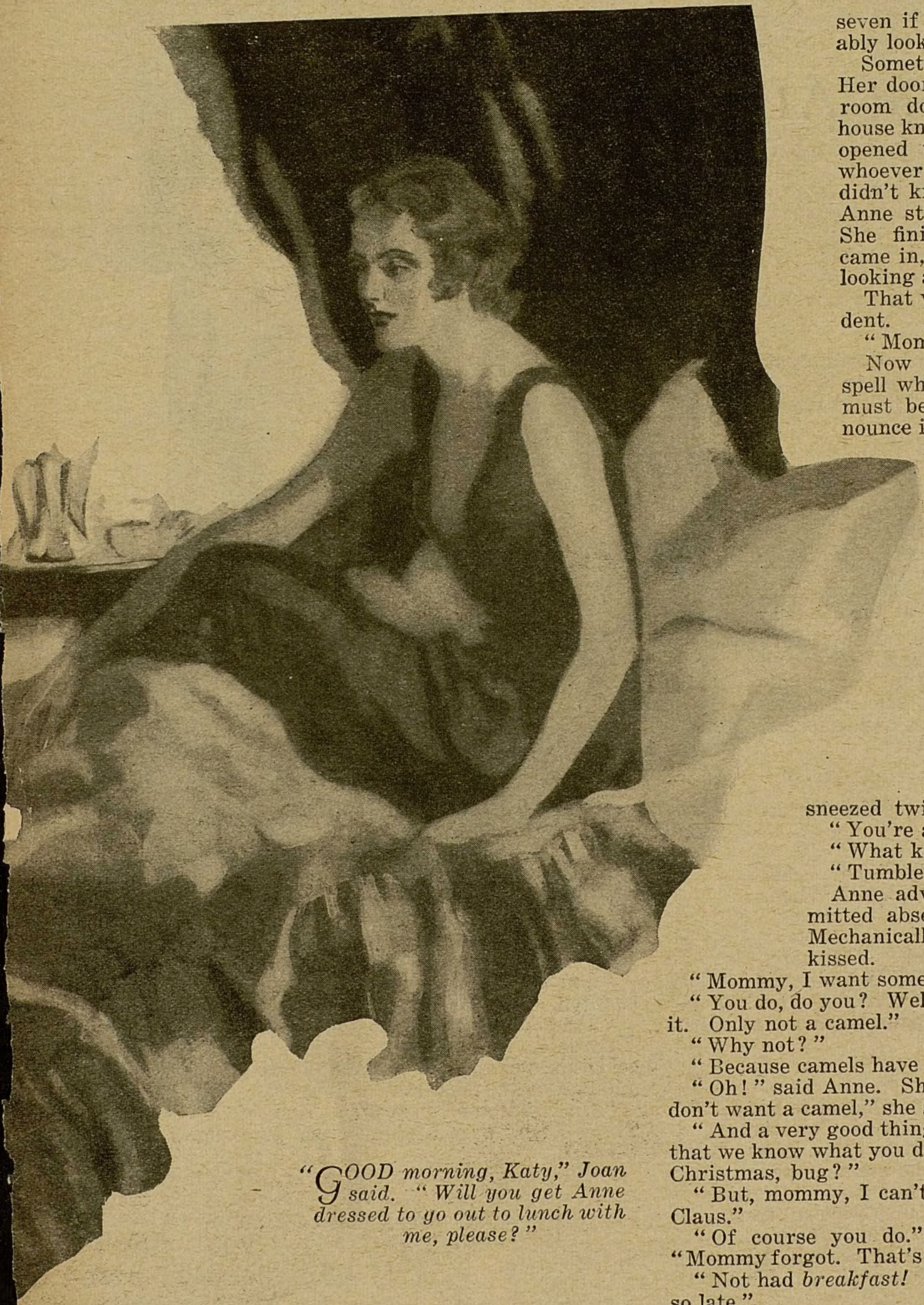


that. No one ever had, except Pete. She didn't want to think about Pete.

Yes; George must have telephoned by now. So her mother knew enough to be waiting for a chance to talk to her for her own good. But if she could hold out long enough without breakfast her mother would have to go out. She always did, by eleven o'clock, to attend a board meeting or something of the sort, or New York woul unctioning. Joan remembered tha

Claus

But Does He Ever Bring Everything He Promises?



"GOOD morning, Katy," Joan said. "Will you get Anne dressed to go out to lunch with me, please?"

She was very ill. Perhaps she would be ill enough to have to go South when she was better. They might put it in the paper:

"Among today's arrivals from New York was Mrs. Tower Ransome, who is here to recuperate from her recent illness."

Maybe Pete would see that. Mrs. Tower Ransome—not Mrs. Peter Conway Ransome. How would he like that? she wondered. Damn him! It was all his fault that she had to lie cowering and quivering in bed, afraid to ring for her breakfast, like a naughty child putting off a scolding. She wasn't a child. She was twenty-seven if she was a day, and she probably looked it.

Something queer was happening. Her door was opening by itself. Bedroom doors in Mrs. Henry Tower' house knew their place, and no one ever opened them from the outside until whoever was inside rang. Only Anne didn't know that. At five and a half Anne still had many things to learn. She finished opening the door, and came in, and closed it again, and stood looking at her mother.

That was against all rule and precedent.

"Mommy," Anne said.

Now that is probably the way to spell what Anne called Joan. But you must be careful about how you pronounce it, or you won't at all know how it sounded. It was like mah-my, except that the sound was a little shorter, or like a French word that can be most lovely, *mamie*. No one really ever got it quite as Anne did, though. They tried, but they couldn't. Not even Joan.

"HELLO, darling," Joan said. She finished waking up. "Why didn't you go to school?"

"It's snowing, mommy. Can't you see? And I sneezed twice. I had breakfast in bed."

"You're a bug," said Joan.

"What kind of a bug?"

"Tumblebug. Come here."

Anne advanced thoughtfully. She submitted absent-mindedly to being hugged. Mechanically she wiped the cheek Joan had kissed.

"Mommy, I want something for Christmas," she said.

"You do, do you? Well, tell me what, and you may get it. Only not a camel."

"Why not?"

"Because camels have humps."

"Oh!" said Anne. She thought it over carefully. "I don't want a camel," she said.

"And a very good thing it is that you don't. Well, now that we know what you don't want, what do you want for Christmas, bug?"

"But, mommy, I can't tell *you!* I have to tell Santa Claus."

"Of course you do." Joan was properly abashed. "Mommy forgot. That's because she's not had breakfast."

"Not had *breakfast!* But, mommy, it's ever and ever so late."

"You, my pearl," Joan said, "don't know the half of it. Let's ring for mommy's breakfast now, shall we? You press the button—there. And you shall write a note to Santa Claus, and we'll burn it so that it goes up the chimney to him after your supper."

Anne rubbed one foot against the other and her mouth looked stubborn.

"But, mommy—"

"What, lamb?"

"I can't write the words for what I want. We haven't had them yet in school."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS
Continued from page five

“Well, mommy'll help you, then. Or Katy can, or ma'm'selle, if you'd rather, the way we do when you write to Uncle Bill.”

“But, mommy”—Anne's feet were busy again—“then I'd have to tell you what to write, and I mustn't tell anyone but Santa. I want to whisper in his ear.”

“I know, lamb. But how can you go to the north pole? You've no idea how cold it is up there. You'd be sneezing all the time.”

“Santa isn't at the north pole now!” Anne's voice was scornful. “He's in the shop.”

“What shop, darling?”

“In the big shop where you go in the car and I stay outside with Arthur and Chow Mein. Sally saw him there, and she told him what she wanted, and he promised her.” She came nearer. “I want to see Santa, too, mommy. Can't I?”

“Oh, I don't know about that, bug—”

Someone knocked at the door.

“Come in,” Joan said. “Oh, good morning, Mary.”

MARY brought in the tray with Joan's breakfast and her letters and the paper.

“Good morning, Miss Joan. Shall I have the telephone connected now?”

“In ten minutes, Mary. Did Mrs. Tower go out?”

“Yes, Miss Joan; just a few minutes ago.”

“Was she asking for me?”

“Yes, Miss Joan. And she left word for you that she would be home at tea time. And Katharine has been looking for Miss Anne.”

“Tell her she's all right. She can stay with me for a while.”

Joan drank her orange juice. It was very cold and there was more than usual. It was all she wanted. Well—half a cup of coffee, perhaps. No food, though. She smelled something, though, and lifted a cover, and squealed. Shirred eggs and tiny sausages!

“Mommy—”

“What, baby?”

“I *wish* I could have sausages for breakfast—”

“You shall, some day.”

“When I'm six?” Joan shook her head. “When I'm seven?” Another shake. “When, then, mommy? When?”

“When you're eighteen!”

“*Eighteen!*” Anne giggled. “Mommy, how many hours will it be till I'm eighteen?” Joan gave up. She hugged Anne and kissed the back of her neck, and gave her a piece of sausage about as big as the tip of her little finger.

“Mommy—”

“Now what?”

“Can I go to the shop today and whisper to Santa?”

Joan looked at her. Mrs. Henry Tower's granddaughter never mingled with crowds. Mrs. Tower didn't approve of her doing so, and the eminent pediatrician who considered Anne one of his best patients forbade it absolutely. Anne's nurses and her governess knew that any infraction of this law meant instant dismissal.

“*Yes!*” Joan said. “You can and you shall. Mommy'll take you. We'll elope, that's what we'll do. This very day.”

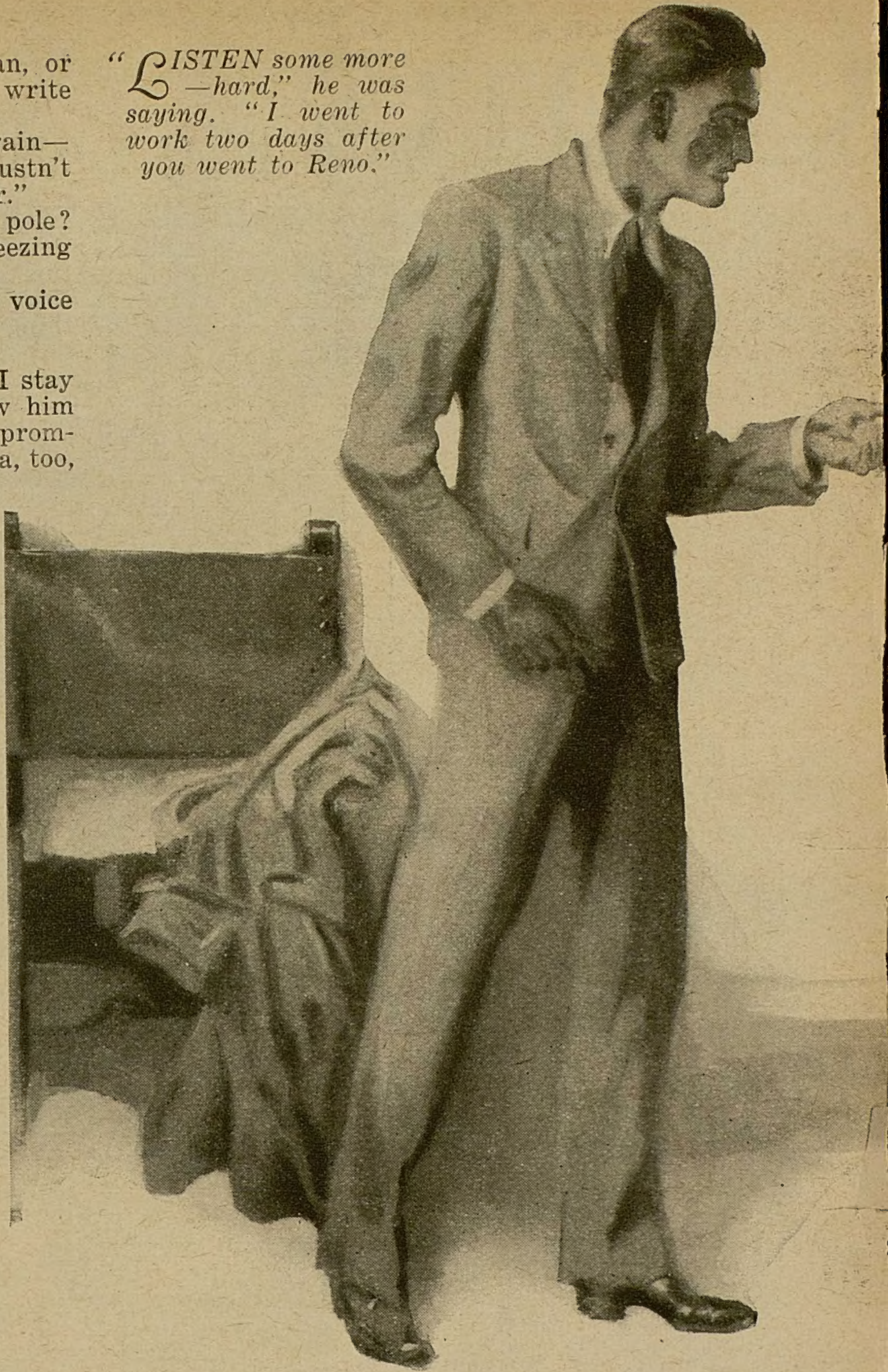
“What's e-lope?”

“You'll find out. Run along now, lamb, and find Katy and tell her I want to see her right away.”

Joan, left alone, opened her letters. None of them mattered. She was reading the paper when there was a knock at the door.

Katy, who preferred to be called Katharine, and was by everyone except Joan and Anne, came in, formidable in her starched white uniform. Anne was half hidden behind her day nurse.

“Good morning, Katy,” Joan said. “Will you get Anne ssed to go out to lunch with me, please?”



“LISTEN some more—hard,” he was saying. “I went to work two days after you went to Reno.”

“I'm going to the shop to see Santa Claus,” Anne chanted.

“I'm afraid Anne can't go out today, Mrs. Ransome,” Katy said. Her lips were tight. “She woke up with a cold this morning, and I telephoned to Dr. Armstrong, and he said she must stay at home.”

“Oh, children often sneeze when they don't have a cold. There hasn't been a sign of one since she's been here with me.”

“But I have strict orders to report the first sign of a cold, Mrs. Ransome. And the shops are very crowded. I am sure Dr. Armstrong would not approve.”

“He isn't going to know a thing about it. She'll be all right.”

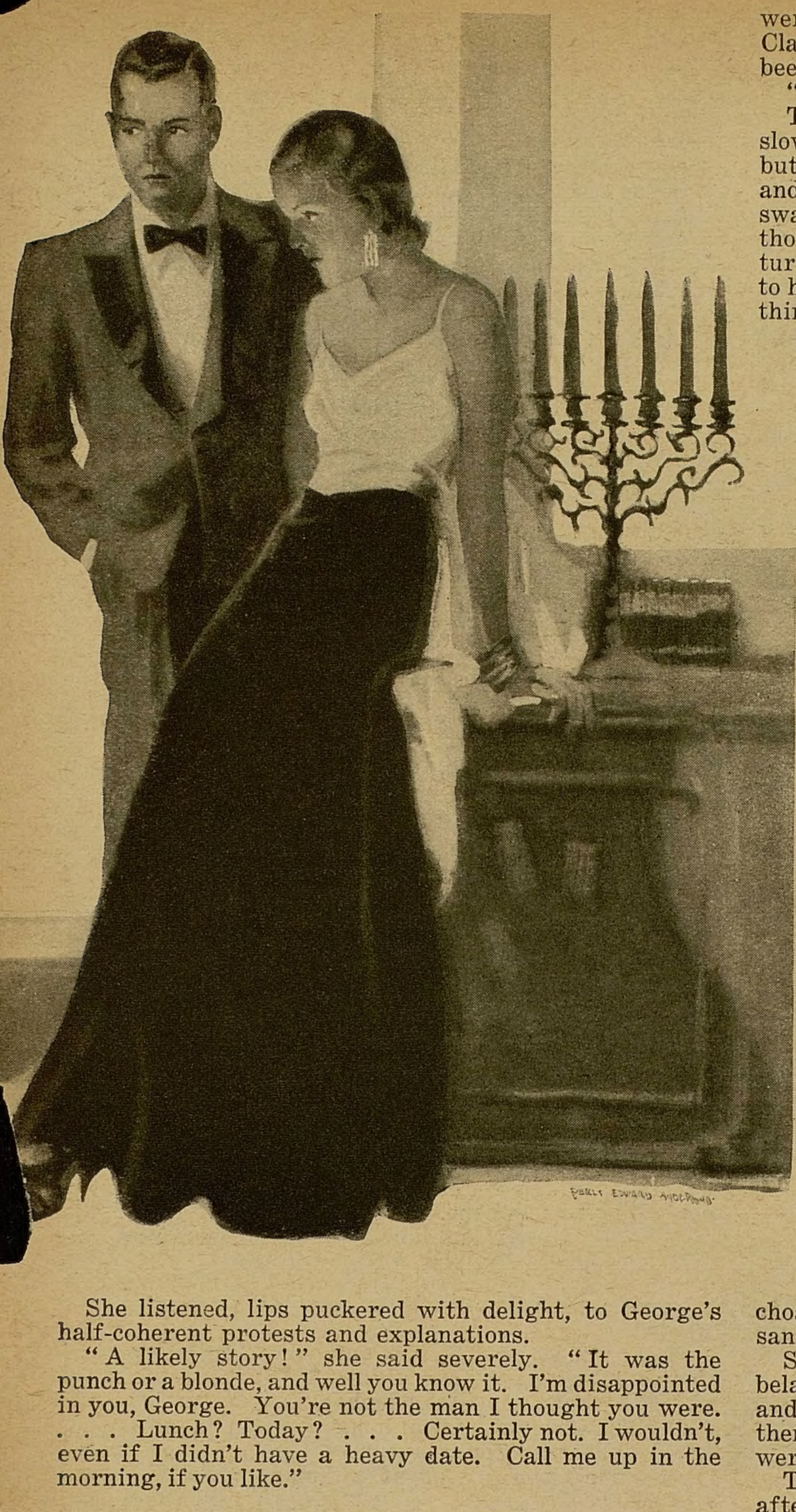
“I doubt if I should take the responsibility—”

At rare intervals Joan could look like her mother's daughter. She did now, and Katy stopped short.

“I am doing that,” she said. “Will you see that she is ready to go with me at twelve o'clock, please?”

A sheep? She'd be hung for a whole herd of cattle before this day was out! She didn't care. She heard Anne's joyous piping even after the door was closed. The telephone rang, and she knew before she answered who it would be.

“Yes?” she said. “Oh, George! Well! What on earth became of you last night? I'm not used to having my boy friends go off and leave me, I promise you I'm not. It was a lucky thing for me Bill was down from New Haven.”



She listened, lips puckered with delight, to George's half-coherent protests and explanations.

"A likely story!" she said severely. "It was the punch or a blonde, and well you know it. I'm disappointed in you, George. You're not the man I thought you were. . . . Lunch? Today? . . . Certainly not. I wouldn't, even if I didn't have a heavy date. Call me up in the morning, if you like."

SHE and Anne left the house just after noon, in an atmosphere dark with foreboding. Much they cared! It was still snowing, so Joan had Arthur take them through the park, and downtown the traffic was terrible. But though her favorite restaurant was crowded a table was found for her.

Anne listened, eyes wide with wonder, while Joan ordered her lunch. Dr. Armstrong would not have approved of it.

Anne pushed her plate back firmly at last, with her ice cream half eaten.

"I want to go and see Santa now," she announced.

"Can't mommy finish her lunch?"

Anne thought it over.

"No," she said. "You've had enough. Please, mommy—"

So they went along. In the crowded shop Anne clung to Joan's hand, her eyes bright with excitement. The elevators were so packed that they had to wait until they were fairly pushed into one. The fifth floor, where Santa Claus was, was even more crowded than the first had been.

"There he is—there he is! Oh, mommy!" Anne said.

They worked their way toward the big Christmas tree slowly. Santa wasn't quite as fat as Anne had expected, but he was superb in his white beard and his red coat and his boots. He sat in a big chair, and children swarmed about him. He was really very good, Joan thought. He was scrupulously just. Each child, in its turn, had its time on his knee and its chance to whisper to him; and each time, after he had nodded, he put something down in a big book he had. Sometimes he shook his head instead of nodding, Joan saw, and argued a little; but he always nodded his promise in the end.

Joan wished she could hear what was said, but she couldn't, even when she and Anne finally reached the very front. The rules were strict.

The space around the big tree was guarded by a lovely red velvet cord; and though children were allowed to pass it a few at a time, their mothers and their nurses couldn't. Joan knew the system. You came back later, and they told you what your child had asked for, from the book.

JOAN watched Anne go inside presently, and go and climb trustfully up on Santa's knee and put her lips to his ear. Her demands, apparently, were quite reasonable, because Santa Claus nodded vigorously at once. Then he asked her two or three questions, and Joan chuckled as Anne gave her deliberate, slow answers. No one could ever hurry her. She slipped down finally, and came trotting back, her eyes shining.

"He promised, mommy, truly he did," she said. "He asked me who I was, and where I lived, and I told him. And he promised he'd bring me everything I wanted his own self. Mommy, can I sit up all night Christmas Eve and watch for him to come down the chimney—can I?"

"Of course you can't, you bug." They'd had that out the year before. "You know very well Santa won't come till you're asleep."

"Well, but—mommy—he said—"

"Tapioca," said Joan. "Tapioca, tapioca, tapioca!"

Anne was as still as a mouse. The word was a spell, an incantation. It meant tapioca pudding for one's next meal, and having to eat every bit of it. Katy and Dr. Armstrong disapproved of this practice of Joan's, but Joan didn't care. It worked. Maybe, years hence, Anne would have to be psychoanalyzed because of it, but it had kept Joan out of a sanitarium before now.

She knew she ought to take Anne home at once for her belated nap, but she didn't. She went and bought a dress and a couple of hats instead, and Anne helped to pick them out. And then she had a manicure, and Anne's nails were polished and made pink and shiny, too.

Then, in a final blaze of glory, they had tea, and it was after five when they got home. It was dark by then, and the street lights were on, and it was still snowing a little, and the trees in the park were all white; but Anne, snuggling up to Joan in the big warm car, was too sleepy and too happy to look at them.

"I did see Santa," Joan heard her telling Katy. "H said he liked me, and he promised he'd bring me what I want. He did so, Katy."

Joan thought of slipping up to her own room, but gav up the idea. She had come to the end of her rope. S she went into the drawing-room, and found her moth at the tea table—and all alone, worse luck.

"Hello, darling," Joan said. "How are you?"

"I'm very well, thank you, Joan. Will you have some tea?"

"No, thanks; I've had tea. Downtown with Anne."

"Really?" said Mrs. Tower. "Joan, Katharine felt it her duty to speak to me—as it certainly was. Do you think it right to risk the child's health? And what is

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS
Continued from page seven

this extraordinary tale of your taking her to some shop to see Santa Claus?"

"I had to," Joan said. She explained. "What could I do? You know what children are when they once get an idea in their heads."

"I do indeed. And I also know how to get it out—or to ignore it, when it's for their own good. Joan, I am surprised and displeased. Your father and I do everything we can for Anne. We provide the most expert care and advice. You have no right to upset her routine. She is a delicate, high-strung child—as was only to be expected, in view of her unfortunate heredity on her father's side. She—"

"She isn't high-strung except when people nag her," Joan said. "I never have a bit of trouble with her."

"Naturally, since you always give in to her. Do you want her to repeat your own mistakes?"

"She might do worse," said Joan sulkily. "She might not make any."

"Joan"—Mrs. Tower's patience was near its end—"you're old enough to use what brains you have. May I ask the meaning, too, of what George Woolsey told me this morning? He said you had disappeared from the Tarrants' dance last night. He was very much upset. He hadn't the slightest idea of how you got home."

"I got bored," Joan said. "I went off with Bill and some of his crowd to a night club, and had some fun, for a change."

She bit her lip. Now she had given Bill away. That was a rotten trick. But Mrs. Tower was too concerned with Joan's derelictions to think of her son.

"Joan," she said, "have you no realization at all of the equivocal position you are in? You have been involved in one scandal—"

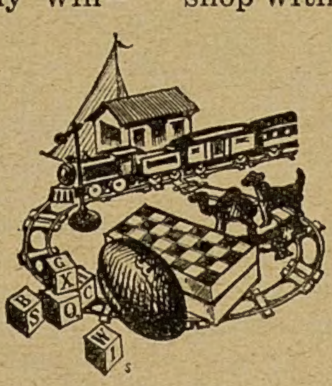
"Oh, mother—please! I married the man, didn't I? You can't make a scandal out of a trip down to the City Hall in the subway. And I didn't have Anne for nearly two years—"

"Please don't be vulgar, Joan," said Mrs. Tower. "You have been in one scandal. You are a divorced woman. You owe it to yourself as well as to us to be careful now. have been so happy lately, since George Woolsey has been so attentive. As his wife you could live down your past and cease to be a source of worry to your father and me. But if you think George will tolerate much of such behavior as last night's—"

"Tolerate it!" That was a little too much. "He'll like it! I may marry George—oh, I probably will—but—"

"Joan, be careful." Her mother's voice was solemn. "You refused to listen to me before. You eloped with Peter Ransome when we tried to save you from a mistake we knew could only end in wretchedness for you. Have you learned nothing from that experience?"

Joan was silent.



"YOU insisted on marrying an irresponsible boy without a penny to his name and without either the ability or the character to earn money. We helped you as a matter of course. Your father was more than generous. He provided for you—and your husband—all you had always had. He did all anyone could have done to make something of your husband. When you finally left him we stood by you, and we have looked after you and Anne. We ask very little in return—but that little I mean to see that you give us. hat is all I have to say, Joan. Let it be enough."

Joan sat still, thinking, after her mother had left the om. She had said nothing, because there was nothing r her to say. It was all quite true. Pete had been a arvelous lover and a rotten husband. Like lots of other men. Not that that helped. He was no good. Her father had given him every sort of chance, and he had blown them all. He drank. He couldn't—or wouldn't—hold down the simplest job. He'd done everything except beat her and be unfaithful to her. She didn't want to think about him.

But how could she help thinking about him? Anne was the image of him, and every time she did the least thing out of the way, like today, he was thrown up at her. She wondered what in the world had become of him. No one knew. He had simply vanished when she went to Reno. How was he living at all?

She couldn't bear to think of him, in these bad times, slipping farther and farther down toward the gutter in which her mother had always insisted he would end. That outraged her own pride, because she had loved him and he was Anne's father. She wouldn't be sorry for him if he crashed. She would be angry. She really would hate him then, the way she had told him she did when they had their last big row and decided they'd better call it a day. She shook her head hopelessly, and went up to her room to dress. . . .

MORNING brought one minor triumph. Anne had gone to school. Katy, with the worst will in the world, had been unable to pretend her health was anything but robust. George Woolsey telephoned, and Joan evaded lunch but yielded as to tea. She went downtown quite early, to find out what Santa Claus had promised Anne.

Only she couldn't. Anne's name wasn't in the book, nor in the loose-leaf catalogue that had been copied from it. A deeply distressed floorwalker told Joan so, finally.

"But that's absurd!" Joan said. "I brought her myself."

He knew that; he had seen them. Joan looked at the record herself, in case Anne hadn't been clear about name or address; but there was no entry that could apply to her.

"Send for the man, please," Joan said. "Perhaps he'll remember."

The floorwalker was in the depths of gloom. Today's Santa Claus and yesterday's were not the same.

"This man Nielsen has been our Santa Claus for years," he explained. "Yesterday he was ill and sent a substitute."

"Then we must find him," Joan said.

Easier said than done. Nielsen, summoned from his throne, was eager to help but powerless to do so. He lived in a rooming house. Feeling ill, he had called to a fellow lodger, and the man had agreed to take his place. But he had said he was leaving town, and Nielsen had no notion of his name.

High executives of the shop were in action by now. Mrs. Tower Ransome's account, to say nothing of Mrs. Henry Tower's, commanded diligence and many promises. The man would be found at any cost. But Joan left the shop without much hope.

Here was a how-d'you-do! Here, most emphatically, was a state of things! If Anne would tell—but she knew better than to think she could unseal Anne's stubborn little lips.

Joan went straight home and, by good luck, found her mother there. Mrs. Tower had the virtues of her less pleasant qualities, after all, and a clear, quick-thinking mind was one of them. She always rose to a real emergency.

"Well!" she said. "Anne must not be disappointed—that is the chief thing. And since you have let her believe in Santa Claus, she must not be disillusioned."

She sent for Dr. Armstrong.

"H'm!" said that eminent specialist. "An unusual case, and one calling for much discretion. We cannot force her to tell us what she asked—"

"We certainly cannot," Joan said.

"I mean," he said severely, "that we must not. The result might be a most harmful neurosis. I'd like to call Kniphausen into consultation."

"Who is he?" asked Mrs. Tower.

"The most successful analyst in New York in dealing with children. May I use your telephone?"

"Oh—" But Joan changed her mind about speaking it.

Dr. Kniphausen, too, took the very gravest view. A word-association test, he thought, was indicated. He sat down, while Anne finished her nap, and prepared a list of words. It was cunningly contrived, with suggestive key words like Santa and Claus, shop, Christm and a score of others scattered among commonplace and meaningless nouns and adjectives.

When Anne came, Dr. Kniphausen read the words to her, having told her he wanted her to say, after each one, whatever came into her head.

Dr. Armstrong was behind a screen, with a stop watch and a copy of the list, noting reaction words and times.

Anne thought this was a very nice game, and wanted to keep on playing it, saying words herself, now that it was her turn. But she had to go for a walk in the park instead.

Kniphausen, studying the record, frowned.

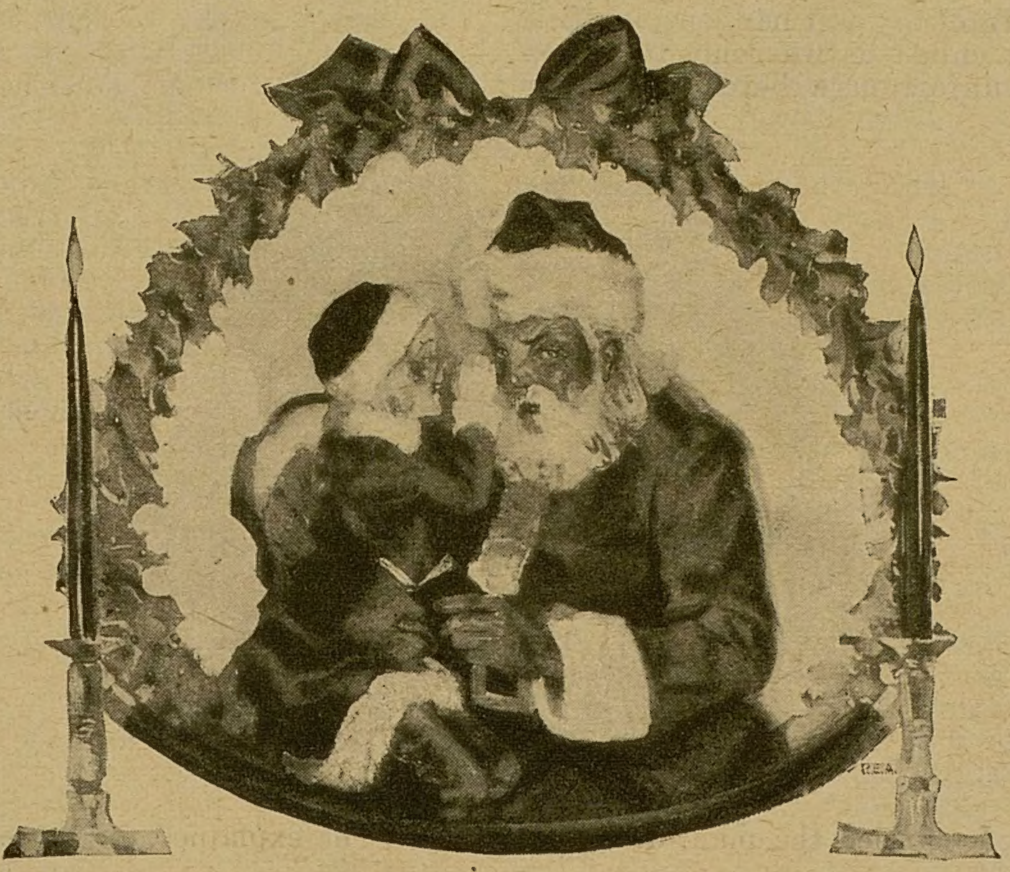
"Obscure — very obscure," he said. "A secretive child."

Joan scowled at him.

"There must be another test, repeating many of these words," Kniphausen said. "In three or four days, when she has had time to forget her answers. That will furnish a cross check."

Joan looked at him. He might, she reflected, be a brilliant psychoanalyst, but he still had some lessons in elementary psychology to learn that any mother could teach him. Anne might forget in three or four years—but in three or four days!

"The vital thing is not to disappoint the child," Mrs. Tower said crisply.



Joan watched Anne climb trustfully up on Santa's knee and put her lips to his ear.

"Quite," said the two doctors in one breath. They agreed to probe Anne's subconscious mind again on Saturday morning.

Anne entered even more heartily than before into the spirit of the most amusing new game that had been presented to her since Joan had taught her how to play parchesi. She prided herself on how well she remembered what every word had made her think of before.

Kniphausen, who was at least an honest man, confessed that he was puzzled. Only a complete analysis, he thought, that might take three months, would reveal the truth. He advised that it be undertaken.

There were strong evidences of a dangerous mother fixation and of various neuroses. For what it was worth, he suggested including a pony on wheels among Anne's presents. The tests had indicated that something of the sort interested her. He was sorry he could not be more helpful.

So was the household. Everyone was enlisted now in the effort to worm Anne's secret from her. A real system of espionage was built up around her. Joan, her grandparents, all the servants, hung upon her lightest word. The moment she expressed, or even hinted, a wish for anything, it was procured and added to the presents that began to fill closet after closet.

BILL, coming down for the holidays, was amused at first. But when he, too, failed to learn the truth, he was as concerned as the rest. He tried a new line. He went to the shop and won the confidence of Nielsen, the authentic Santa Claus.

"Fellow's a character," he said. "Used to be a ham actor—he's pretty old now. Eleven months of the year he lives with a married daughter up in Peekskill. Then in December he has this job, and comes down and gets a cheap room somewhere and blows in all the rest of his pay getting tight. He used to be one of the boys in his time, you see."

"But hasn't he any idea of who the man was?"

"Not the foggiest. You see, he didn't want to tell them at the shop. But all that ailed him that day was the world's worst hangover. He hadn't gone home at all, and it was some bird in a speakeasy he got to take his place. Some bum who needed two dollars, he thinks. Anyway, he went home about daybreak, with this guy holding his hand, and gave him his uniform, and the fellow came back that night, gave him back his uniform, collected his two dollars, and beat it. No hope there!"

Christmas Eve came, and all through the house there was a rustling of paper as packages were unwrapped. The Christmas tree was set up in the drawing-room and duly trimmed. Very late, when everything had been done, Joan and Bill sat cross-legged on the floor, too tired even to go to bed. Probably no child had ever had so many presents. Bill looked at the array.

"Well, all I can say is that if she asked for anything that isn't here she's good!" he said. "Even mother though of some pretty wi things."

"YES." Joan's voi was dull. "I bet w haven't hit it, though."

"Snap out of it! We'v done all we can—and how may man die better than facing fearful odds? Say, listen—did you square yourself with George Woolsey for running ou on him that night?"

"Oh, yes," Joan said wearily. "He's having Christmas dinner here, by the way."

"The devil he is!" Bill whistled. "Isn't that ab the same as an announcement, Joan?"

"Well—suppose it is?"

"Your racket," Bill agreed. But he did not loo pleased. "Damn it," he said, "I always did like Pete."

"Shut up!" Joan said fiercely. "I wrote him tw weeks ago at the Princeton Club, if you want to know and I haven't heard a word."

They went to bed then. They had done all the could. . . .

Joan had been asleep about two minutes, if the wa she felt meant anything, when Anne woke her up. Reall it was eight o'clock.

"Hurry, mommy," Anne said. "Merry Christma mommy! It *is* Christmas, mommy. Hurry! I want see what Santa brought me—"

"All—right." Joan's yawn divided the words. S struggled to sit up, slipped out of bed, put on slippe and a robe, and gained Anne's grudging permission brush her teeth. "Come on," she said then. "Let's wa Uncle Bill."

That took time and effort, but it gave Joan vicario satisfaction.

They went down to the drawing-room finally, three of them, and Anne had to shut her eyes un Bill switched on the lights in the tree in the darken room.

Joan and Bill stood back and watched her as she open them. She didn't say much. She never did. Wide eye silent open mouth, expressed her ecstasy. She dart about from one package to another.

They hung breathlessly on what little she did say Their breakfast was brought long before she had fin ished.

Most of the things were from Santa Claus, but ther were presents from everyone Anne knew, too, and thes bore tags that had to be read to her.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS
Continued from page nine

She settled down, at last, with a new doll and two books and a rubber boat.

"Did Santa bring you what he promised in the shop, darling?" Joan ventured to ask her at last.

"Oh, no, mommy. Not yet. He *said* he'd be late. He said he couldn't come back with those things until he'd been everywhere else he had to go."

"Help!" said Bill. "That's torn it, Joan. Where do we go from here?"

"I should know!" said Joan. "I'm only her mother!"

"Page Kniphausen," suggested Bill, who had heard, with hoots of derision, about the psychoanalyst's efforts. "Merry Christmas my eye! What a swell day this is going to turn out to be!"

"Don't—" said Joan. "Bill, what are we going to do?"

"Nothing we can do," he said. "It's one rotten break." He looked at her. "See here, Joan. This isn't your fault. I'd have done just what you did, and if anyone tries to ride you they've got me to fight."

"I would have my own way," Joan said. "I've always been like that. Mother's right."

"Forget it. Heads up! Come on—let's get dressed."

The day dragged on. People telephoned. Messenger boys brought flowers and telegrams and belated packages. Only Anne was serenely unconscious of the cloud that hung low over the house. She liked her presents very much; they would serve splendidly to pass the time until what Santa himself had promised her came. Joan tried, once, to prepare her.

"Lamb," she said, "you know how busy Santa is, don't you? Suppose he couldn't get back, after all?"

"But, mommy—he *promised!*"

Joan gave it up.

Mr. and Mrs. Tower went out after unch. They always did, to visit pensioners and distribute largess. Joan and Bill held the fort. Only after her nap did Anne betray her first faint sign of doubt. The light outside was beginning to fail. "How long will it be Christmas, mommy?" she asked.

"Oh, for a long time, darling," Joan said. "Until the very middle of tonight."

"But I won't be awake then, mommy. Do you think Santa knows what time I go to bed, mommy?"

"He must, lamb. He knows everything."

"Then he will come before I have to go to bed, won't he, mommy?"

"I hope so, baby."

Joan and Bill left Anne in the drawing-room at last nd settled down in a small room that had always been anctuary for them. They had nothing to say.

"If I hear that doorbell again I'll scream," Joan said. "No one else has one you can hear a block away!"

BILL, as nervous as Joan, went into the hall.

"Here—what goes on?" he said abruptly.

Joan jumped up and joined him. She could hear Slingsby's heavy voice down at the door. And then, suddenly, Anne flew down the stairs. Her voice filled the whole house:

"Daddy—oh, daddy—daddy—*my* daddy!"

"Bill—" said Joan.

"Steady," he said. "I knew I heard Pete's voice. Come on down. Damn it, after all, a man's got a right to see his own kid Christmas."

Joan saw Pete. He had caught Anne up in his arms, and he looked at Joan over Anne. On the floor beside him were two or three soiled packages, wrapped in what had once been white tissue paper. Pete was as tall as ever, and so thin that it made Joan catch her breath. He looked terrible. He needed a shave, and his clothes were old and torn and shabby.

"Daddy—oh, daddy—Santa promised you'd come!" Anne cried. "He promised he'd bring you."

"He did, too, bug," Pete said soberly. "Nobody else could have. Look." He put her down beside the packages. "There's what you told him to have me bring you. You take them up with your other things and look at them while I talk to mommy a minute, will you?"

She went without a word. He always had been able to make her do anything, Joan remembered.

"Look here, Joan," Pete said. "You've guessed it, I suppose? I was the Santa Claus in the shop the day you were there—"

"Yes," Joan said, her voice cold and lifeless. "You'd have saved us quite a lot of trouble if you had just written down what she asked for, Pete."

"Oh, yeah?" Pete responded instantly, as of old, to the antagonism in her voice. "If you want to know, what she asked for was for Santa Claus to get me to make her an airplane with landing wheels, and a Zeppelin—and bring them to her myself. Laugh that off."

JOAN felt the pressure of Bill's hand on her wrist. She shook it off impatiently.

"Did you ever get a letter I sent you at the Princeton Club?"

"Yes. About ten minutes ago. They didn't have a forwarding address. I read it on the way up here—"

"Too bad you bothered," Joan said. "Tear it up, Pete. I—I didn't write it to a man who'd come down to playing Santa Claus for a couple of dollars."

"Hey!" said Bill. "Joan!"

"What?" Then Pete laughed. "Oh, I see. Who found that out?"

"Sorry, Pete—I did," Bill said gruffly. "Why didn't you write me, you poor fish?"

"Listen," Pete said. "I expect we've only got about a minute before your mother comes barging in, and this is our last chance. Joan, I've got the two dollars framed. I did that on a bet. Sam Terry and I—oh, you don't know him, but he's my partner—were in a speakeasy, and this old bird was blotto and crying because he'd lose his job. I bet Sam I could take it for him for a day, and I won. I sent the old boy a check for a hundred yesterday—he never has a nickel twenty-four hours after he gets his last week's pay."

Joan looked at him. That—that was Pete. Her Pete! But—his clothes? The stubble on his chin?

"Listen some more—hard," he was saying. "I went to work two days after you went to Reno—in Detroit. I kept darned quiet about it. I got hold of this fellow Terry—he's a swell mechanic. Between us we've been proving what I've always thought—that there was a way to make an airplane motor even lighter than Lawrance's. And there darned well is.

"We closed a deal to get the thing into production yesterday, and I took off late in the afternoon. My engine went dead somewhere over the mountains, and I grabbed Anne's toys and stepped out and landed in a bunch of trees. The ship burned—with my bags and my clothes. I had to walk about five hours to a station. I didn't dare wait to get cleaned up at the club—I knew Anne would be getting fidgety—"

"Oh—" said Joan. She looked for Bill. But he had gone.

"Yeah—oh's right! Joan—I can swing things now. I'll never be in your father's class, but I can darned well pay our way. If you meant what you said in that letter—"

"What do you suppose I wrote it for?" Joan said furiously. "Oh, Pete—Pete—"

THE END

NEXT WEEK--

How Society Is Meeting the Depression

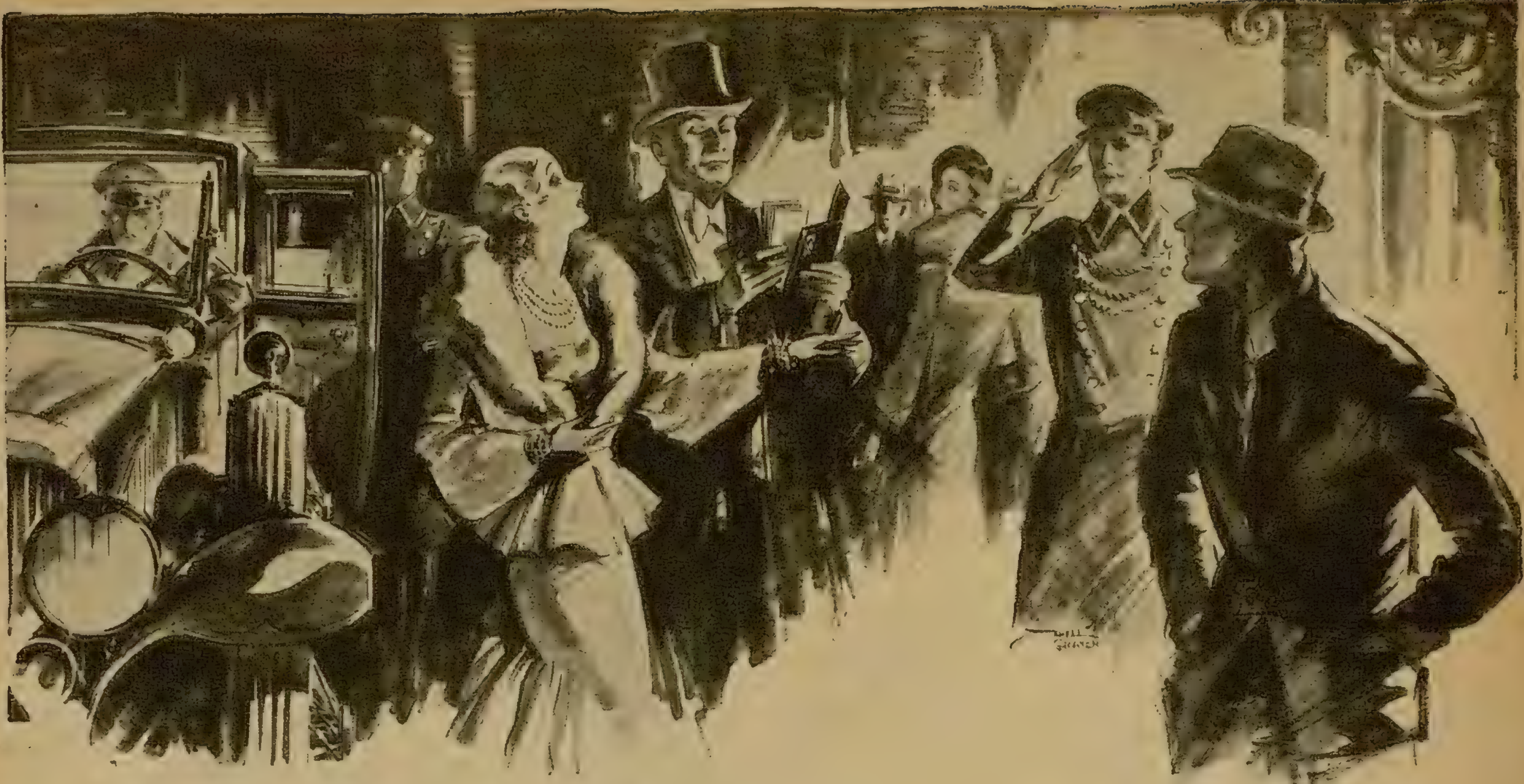
By

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

also

stories and articles by

Conrad Richter—Lucy Salamanca—Bogart Rogers—Shirley Seifert—Bert Green



Treachery to the PEOPLE

Marceau photo

A Warning to Those Who Fail to Coöperate in This Economic Crisis

By FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Governor of New York

(Reading time: 2 minutes 5 seconds.)

WE must not close our eyes to the certainty that unemployment this winter will force a certain number of men over the line from honesty to dishonesty, from an orderly life to one of violence.

Unemployment relief being carried out in the State of New York at best can do no more than prevent actual hunger and suffering. It cannot do more in one winter. It cannot inspirit men in great discouragement, nor prevent their human envy of those more fortunate.

Wherever there are sharp distinctions of inequality in fortune, men will be especially tempted to get by cleverness or strength what society at such a time as this, and as now constituted, denies them. It would be decent as well as wise for those upon whom fortune has smiled to make no parade of it.

Sensational stories about the rich, fed to us by a certain type of journalism, have blurred the old-fashioned common sense of many toward vulgarity as well as silly display.

Even the substantial man is more tolerant of display than he used to be; his American sense of humor allows him to be amused at it.

But humor has worn thin when a man and his family have been out of work for months; they humanly resent all waste of money by those who still have large incomes. They know what it would buy for them, and wonder whether the rich man really understands and is doing his bit in the world of his fellow men.

Those who are human despite their fortune, who are unostentatiously meeting the emergency with practical generosity and public service, should be more appreciated than ever in our history. But there are still many in this state, as well as elsewhere, who do not realize that we are at a crisis in our national life comparable to war. The same sort of unselfishness and the same simplicity of purpose is required that we showed in 1917-18.

A state of economic war has been declared by New York. We are the first of the American commonwealths to open the engagement by attacking the problem of unemployment relief by specific and helpful legislation. Any lack of coöperation with our relief organization just created, any personal or political interference, any waste of funds, I shall consider and treat as in times of war—as treachery to the people.

Franklin D Roosevelt

Another of this series of articles on matters of
Governor Roosevelt will appear in an early issu

Why Our Wive

The Lamentable Predicament of S

As Told to MARGARE

Pictu

(Reading time: 21 minutes 55 seconds.)

HOW I got on the inside of Alimony Jail in New York City is nobody's business.

I found the warden, Thomas Kane, a courteous, kindly-faced man with brown eyes accustomed to human sorrows; understanding eyes. It was difficult to think of him as a jailer. He said:

" I try to make this place as little like a jail as possible. These men are not criminals. They are unfortunates."

I plunged directly into my object. I said:

" I'd like to ask some of these men why their wives put them here."

" They were put here by their wives for not paying alimony," he told me. " Some have no money and cannot pay. They're unfortunate. Others won't pay, and they are even more unfortunate, because love has turned to hate."

" How many have you? "

" Around fifty at present. We have some distinguished prisoners. There's an inventor, a young genius."

I had to interrupt: " May I ask him why his wife put him in jail? "

" And there's a son of a millionaire art importer."

" May I ask him? "

I was escorted from the warden's private office through the main office, where three other kindly-faced men sat at desks, and into a room partitioned off from this office with heavy iron grill work and huge bars from floor to ceiling. The door was opened with a long key and I found myself in what was evidently the prisoners' reception room. It was bare except for a flat desk on one side and a long wooden bench on the other. I sat down on the bench.

In a few moments a young, brown-eyed, boyish-looking man came through the inner door. He was very slender, with the face of a dreamer. It was Arnold Erskine, inventor.

I introduced myself with apologies and told him I wanted to ask him a few questions.

" Why did your wife put you in jail, Mr. Erskine? "

He laughed but did not hesitate.

" So she can be doggone sure that I am not with any other girl."

" Really? Vindictiveness? "

" Of course. Vindictiveness is at the bottom of it all."

" How long had you been married? "

" Since 1925. It was a trick marriage. We separated almost immediately."

" Trick marriage? "

" Sure. Oh, it wasn't any baby business. . . . Ever hear of Polly Dawes? I married her. She was an interior decorator. I used to spend much time at Virginia Beach. Polly Dawes was there often. It came about in this way. I had known her, off and on, for a long time. On a trip to Virginia Beach I found her working for twelve dollars a week in a real-estate office. She said she couldn't help it. She had her mother to support. Her business had gone flooey. I told her to give up this job and I would let her have two or three hundred dollars a month until she could find something better. She gave up the job and went home.

" There was a terrific battle at home. The mother accused Polly of being my mistress and kicked her out of the house—so she said. She came to New York. They live in New Rochelle.

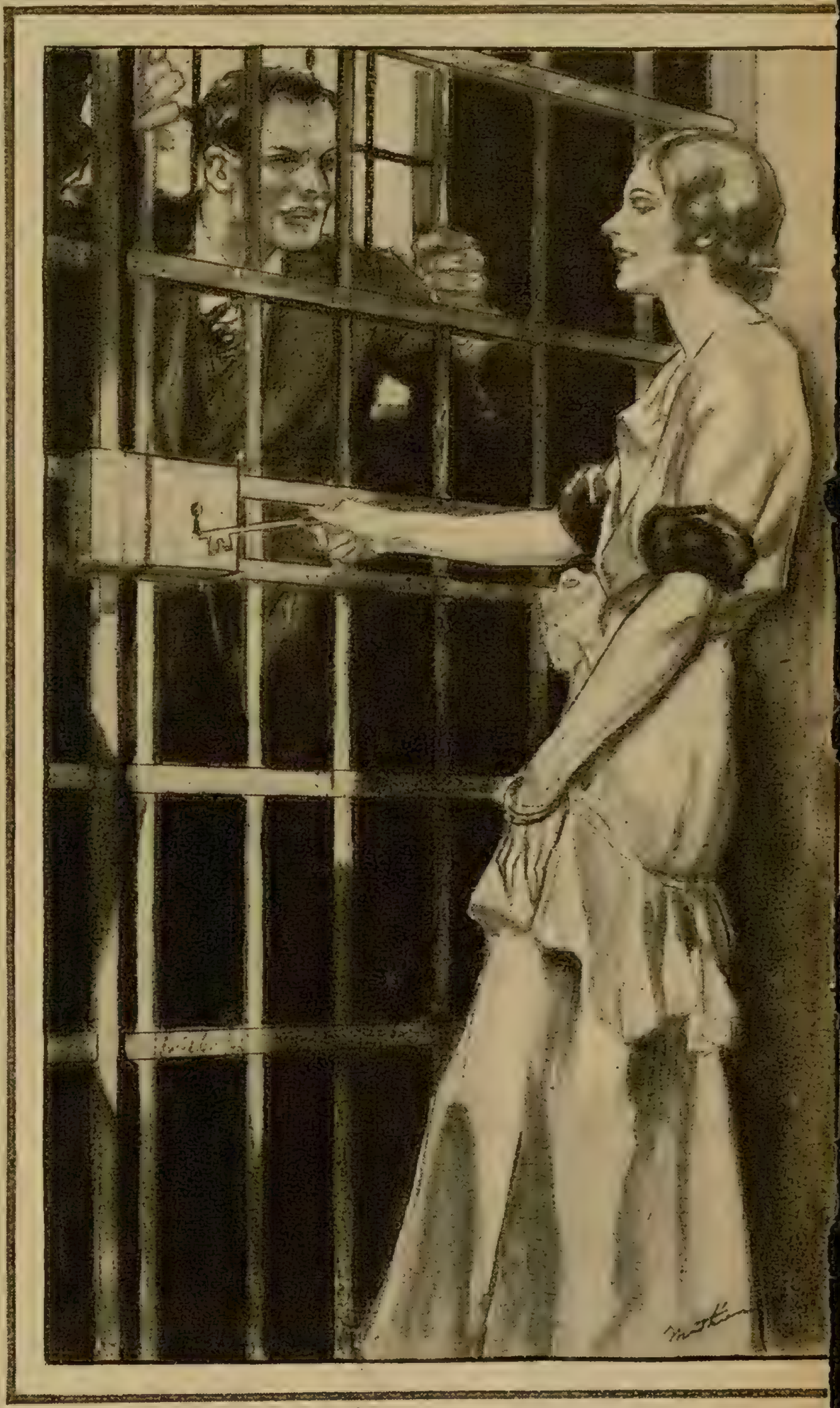
" Polly told me that she didn't have a dollar and that [illegible]e cause of her being out of a job and she had no [illegible]d no place [illegible] and her mother claimed that there were rumors all over New York that she had lived with me. She threatened suicide.

" After three weeks of unhappiness and conversation on her part, we went down to City Hall and the deed was done."

" You married to stop the flow of conversation? "

" One born every minute," was his quick retort. " We lived together two weeks. Technically, we were together for one year. We were legally separated in 1928. All the time, any time in those years, she could have got a divorce. The legal papers of separation provided two hundred dollars a month alimony.

" I paid the alimony regularly, sometimes not al



" All classes of men are helpless, according to this law, a

Put Us in Jail

Husbands Who Failed to Pay Alimony

OULTON

T MATHIEU

vindictiveness and the gold-digging greed of women."

it, sometimes more, when I had it. I gave her a car.

"I had a new invention and it was being tried out at Virginia Beach. The idea was to get power from ocean waves. We had been separated three years. Polly and a friend came around. I devoted two or three evenings to entertaining them at cafés and so forth.

"I lived down near the water front. Had a cottage. And week-end parties. You know how it is down there—everybody so friendly. A lot of my neighbors back from the water front used to go in bathing from my cottage. One Monday a man and a girl stayed longer than the others. The man left first. My wife had collected a couple of her other girl friends and they came to the place just as this girl was leaving. The girl had on a bath robe over her bathing suit. Her clothes were hanging on her arm. I was fully dressed. My wife made a nasty scene.

"However, nothing was done. A year passed. I was paying alimony all the time. I had to take a trip to Chicago. When I came back to New York, I was greeted with papers. The name of the girl had only her initials. When my wife found that I did not take this action as a terrible blow, she served other papers and gave the girl's full name. She also capitalized the publicity all she could—posed for the tabloids and made as big a scandal as possible.

"My wife employed one of those divorce specialist lawyers. You know the type."

A wan smile played over his sensitive face. He went on:

"At the trial they fixed things to suit themselves. The girl was said to have had on a bath robe, with no mention of the bathing suit underneath. I put up no defense.

"MY wife waited a year after the Virginia Beach episode. I was arrested in September of last year. She got a bond commitment, because she said I was going to Florida. I had to put up a two-thousand-dollar cash bond as guaranty that I would stay in New York. That's the law. Any wife can turn this trick, at carefully selected periods, whenever she pleases! Imagine how it can knock a man cold!

"I spent one night in jail. One of my inventions was being tried out in Florida. I had to be there, so I put up the bond. But as soon as my affairs could be arranged, I surrendered the bond and came here to jail to fight it out.

"My wife waited four years after our legal separation. During all that time I was paying two hundred a month alimony. Then she conducted a fake raid and waited a year longer and sued for divorce. The court gave her sixty dollars a week temporary alimony pending the trial of the case. She would not put the case on the docket. I paid her sixty a week for a year. I had to come to jail to force the case on the calendar. I've been here five months. Of course, I owe the accumulating alimony.

"If she wins, they will get out a commitment for six hundred and sixty dollars and put me in jail. I'll then come back here and serve six months. This process can go on forever. I can be kept in jail all the days of my life. I know men who have been here six and seven times."

I could no longer restrain my amazement. I exclaimed: "But to put a man in jail for debt is against the laws of the Constitution of the United States!"

"Oh, yeah? You just try to buck the alimony law along those lines and see what happens. Nobody wi know what you're talking about. The wives who put their husbands here do not need alimony. They prove it when they put us in jail. How can we hope to pay when they rob us of the possibility of making anything?"

Mr. Erskine had looked like a boy at first glance, but I saw gray hairs at his temples.

"Do you love her?" I asked.

"No. I never loved her."

"Does she love you?"

"She loves her meal ticket."

"How much longer will you be in jail?"

"Nobody can tell. I've been here already much longer than I expected. I've had three judges hand down decisions and each one took thirty days. That made ninety days. My hands are tied."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHY OUR WIVES PUT US IN JAIL
Continued from page thirteen

“ Mr. Erskine, do you think your wife would see me and tell me her story? ” I asked.

“ Sure. She's looking for publicity. She loves it. She wants her picture in all the papers. She'll talk and pose all you want.”

I thanked him and he left me. I sat on the wooden bench alone and pondered.

Woman began clamoring for Equal Rights, with a stubborn persistence that would not be denied, along about the beginning of this present marvelous age.

What did she mean by Equal Rights? She meant full citizenship with the power to vote and have a voice in the government affairs of the nation. She meant full equality between the sexes. A single standard of morality.

She must therefore have meant also to assume full and equal responsibilities in all the affairs of life.

Woman was given suffrage. She was given equal rights. She votes. She does what she pleases. She is free—as free as man. But what about responsibilities? What has she done with her newly won status in that direction?

I had come to Alimony Jail hoping to have this question answered. The case of the inventor did not answer it. A trick marriage he had called it, but it had put an alimony chain and ball around his neck for life.

I had been promised a talk with the son of a millionaire art importer. What would Emil Webber have to say?

He appeared and introduced himself:

“ I am Emil Webber. I was told that I could come in here to see you.”

Emil was a short, rather heavy-set man with a round face and black eyes and hair. He wore a brown sweater. He also wore a smile that was the sort that won't come off. It was a winning, contagious smile.

“ What brings you here? ” was my first question.

“ My wife.”

“ Why? ”

“ Because she wanted to. You writers are always giving out sob stories about poor little rich girls. Why doesn't somebody write about poor little rich boys? Look at me. I'm one of them.”

His smile deceived me no longer. In the depths of his eyes I saw a sorrow and heartache that he would have vigorously denied.

“ Tell me about it,” I encouraged.

“ Well, my present wife—or rather the woman to whom I pay alimony—was a very poor girl. I went with her for two years before I married her. I bought her clothes and many presents, a fur coat and jewelry. Well, that's all right. We went on trips all over the country. Her folks knew all about it. My people objected to my going with her. But I loved her and I married her.

“ HER father had a small delicatessen shop down in the lower West Side. I loaned him thousands of dollars and discounted many thousands more, as bank records will show. He opened another, bigger place on Forty-second Street. At the present time he pays seven thousand dollars a year rent. They went to Europe on a long trip. I sent her brother, who was sick, to camp. I paid her mother's bills for an operation. Oh, well—I helped them a lot. . . .

“ When my father died and I got my inheritance, I bought a beautiful estate at Bronxville, New York. She had this home and servants and diamonds and two cars. Also she had unlimited charge accounts at the department stores. We had one daughter.

“ My wife would come into New York every day, going the rounds. Business began to be bad, as with everybody, and I asked her to please stop spending so much money. Her answer was a bill from a fashionable store for sixteen hundred dollars. She didn't want to live in Bronxville. She would put in all day, every day, in New York. And spend money. I couldn't stand up under it, so I had to stop the charge accounts. Then she began making out checks, regardless. I had to go to the banks and make those checks good. . . . I went with her and our little girl to her family, to see if they couldn't help me straighten matters out. While I was there that night, they beat me up. I saw what I was up against, so I took her home and told her that she would have to choose between her family and me. She then declared that she was through.

“ She left me. I took her to her people, with all her clothes. That afternoon a neighbor phoned me that three moving vans were in front of my house and I was being cleaned out. She moved thirty thousand dollars' worth of furniture from the home. She tore up the carpets from the floors and pulled the ice box from the wall and all the electric fixtures. She left the house a wreck. She had moved to an apartment on West End Avenue.”

“ And you've been fighting ever since, I suppose? ” I said, my mind's eye taking in the dreary vista of it.

“ Sure. She got a divorce. I settled a big lump sum on her. She already had the thirty thousand dollars' worth of furniture and fifteen thousand dollars' worth of jewelry. I was ordered to pay thirty dollars a week for the little girl. I paid it as long as I could. I have paid her about three thousand at thirty a week. But my business! Who is buying art treasures these days? Why, you can't give them away. I haven't made a nickel in two years. She goes to the country this summer for a vacation. I send my daughter to camp—and then she has me arrested and put in jail.”

“ Just why? ” I prompted.

“ BECAUSE I got behind in that thirty dollars a week. I offered to pay ten dollars a week but she wouldn't accept it. I have no money. My money is tied up in frozen business.”

He paused a moment, then went on:

“ My wife sent me word only yesterday for me to call up her lawyer. She said she had decided she might let me out if I could get together with her lawyer. I phoned him. His first sentence was:

“ ‘ You have a rich sister. She should give you money.’

“ I replied: ‘ My sister and her husband are hard up now like everybody else. His business is in the hands of creditors. I've already borrowed from all my friends and relatives to make up the three hundred dollars I paid last week.’

“ He said: ‘ You are just out of luck, then. If you don't get the money some way or other, I'm going to slap another paper on you for six months more to stay in jail.’

“ I replied: ‘ What good will that do? I've been here four months. If you let me out, I might have a chance to make a few dollars before the holiday season.’

“ He snapped: ‘ I should say not! We got you where we want you. I'll use the law to keep you there.’

“ I heard him chuckle before he added: ‘ Your wife is my friend. I don't charge her one cent. I'll see that she gets what she wants.’

“ I said: ‘ I know you've been out with her. Why not? She's divorced.’

“ He replied: ‘ I'll keep you there, buddy, until you get us the money we want. We don't care how you get it—but GET IT! ’

“ And that was that. What can I expect now? ”

“ Why didn't you appeal to the judge in the first place? ” was my natural question.

“ I couldn't. I'm in contempt of court for not paying that alimony. I have no standing in court. I got to go to jail and serve six months before I can get a hearing in court and go before a judge.”

“ How funny! ”

“ It's funnier than you know. She lives on West End Avenue. She still has her own car. I often wonder how it is possible that my wife and her family can live up here in that fine apartment on the money that I made it possible for them to have, using the furniture that I bought and paid for, for my home—how they can ride in the car that I bought—how they can look into the eyes of my kid, knowing that they have put me down here in this hole of a jail. . . .

"They're all living in luxury up there. But I—I was six hundred dollars behind and she put me in jail. Then she phoned my sister. She said:

"'I got Emil in jail.'

"'Oh, yeah?'

"'What are you going to do about it?'

"'Nothing. What are you?'

"'It will take twenty-five hundred dollars to get him out.'

"My sister replied:

"'We'll pay no blackmail to you. I'll give Emil twenty-five dollars a week to buy his food while he's in jail.' And she hung up. I have two brothers who can afford it, but they aren't going to pay blackmail."

"Your wife really doesn't need that thirty dollars a week?"

"No."

"Then what was her actual reason for putting you here?"

"If you want to know, I'll tell you. She heard that I was interested in another woman in Florida—that I stood a chance for a little peace and happiness. Why shouldn't I? I'm divorced. She cleaned me out and left me cold. What more does she want?"

"HAVE you tried to reason with her?"

"Oh, my God! Reason! If she hears that I so much as speak to a girl, she writes the girl's father or husband."

"Since your divorce?"

"Sure. All the time."

"But—*why?*"

"You'll have to ask me something easier. If I married again, my wife would keep me here until I rotted."

"How?"

"You don't know the alimony laws of the State of New York."

"A little. Tell me."

"My wife can keep me here or she can let me out, just with a scratch of a pen. Listen, lady. The judges—why, there's not a judge in New York who can get me out of this jail. Not one. Governor Roosevelt can't get me out of this jail. President Hoover can't get me out of this jail. Jesus Christ couldn't get me out of this jail if He'd come down from heaven and try. But *my wife* can get me out, and—will—she—do it?"

"Tell me why she won't."

"Because of the satisfaction it gives her to know that I'm in here. That, and greed for money. She claims that my daughter, who happens to be her daughter also, needs thirty dollars a week—that I can't pay. She has fifteen thousand dollars' worth of diamonds and jewelry that I gave her. She has thirty thousand dollars' worth of furniture that I gave her. She has money. She lives on

[CONCLU

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IF shaving makes your cheek blaze like a nine-alarm fire, you're a man who ought to answer this advertisement.

For Ingram's will cool your blazing cheek. It will put out of your life all those "hot nicks." It will be old Extinguisher No. 1 for all the scratches and stings of shaving!

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Ingram's comes in jars as well as tubes. The jar may be more economical but the tube is more convenient.

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I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.

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WHY OUR WIVES PUT US IN JAIL
Continued from page fifteen

West End Avenue in luxury, with her own car. Why can't she share the responsibility of the child's support now that I am down and out? But—*will she do it?*"

It was a question that left me dumb. He went on:

"This place, Alimony Jail, is a collection agency for blackmail. That's all it is. Think of it! There are only fifty men here in jail. Men are hauled down here every day and every night. An army of them. Hosts of them. What happens? Their families frantically get together and raise *any* amount demanded, so that the victim will not have to stay in jail. They will pay anything to keep the jail stigma off the family. 'A jailbird!' People don't draw distinctions. Jail is jail. You're either in it or you're not. You've either been in it or you haven't."

"You feel this stigma deeply."

He dropped his eyes, but not before I saw a mist in them.

"I tell you, lady, men are helpless, *according to this law,* against the gold-digging greed of women. All classes. There's a poor old man in jail here—seventy-two years old. He supported his wife pushing a cart through the streets of New York in rain and sleet and snow for thirty-five years. Now she's got him in jail. His grown son brought him in. A man was arrested the other day standing by his father's grave, as they were lowering the body.

"There's a man in here who has five thousand people on his weekly pay roll. He refused to pay blackmail. Some of the poor wretches who come in are half crazy with worry, trying to meet alimony payments. After a few days, by George, some of them begin to relax! They have peace for the first time in years. They say, 'To hell with the rest of it!'

"Criminals get out on bail. I STAY HERE. There is no bail for me. I stay until it suits my wife's mood to let me out. My daughter must go through life taunted with the fact that her father spent a year in jail."

"But surely this jail is different," I protested.

"It isn't. Jail is jail, I tell you. You see those iron bars, don't you? Bars everywhere. That door is locked. They'll have to unlock it to let you out. Jail is jail!"

I had no answer. The man spoke the truth.

I called an attendant and sent a message to the warden asking if I could go through the building.

"You have a club here, haven't you?" I asked Emil.

"Sure. The warden, Mr. Kane, is a grand man. He let us organize a regular club. We have good food too and plenty of it. But every night, after the servants are gone, Mr. Kane lets us go in the kitchen and we have the place to ourselves. We cook stuff we've ordered sent in. Those who can pay chip in. Those who have no money, it doesn't make any difference. This place is a mighty leveler. We're all in the same boat. We're all victims of the same law that legalizes gold-digging in woman's alimony paradise. One man I know pays a thousand dollars a month. Some pay ten thousand dollars a month. Some pay ten dollars a week. It's all the same. One is just as tough as another."

THE warden sent an assistant to show me through. I inspected Alimony Jail from cellar to attic. I found it unique, as jails go. The men sleep in dormitories, with small black narrow iron cots covered with gray blankets. The cots are placed just as close together as possible. There are a few single "cells" on the first floor. They are grouped together and one heavy barred door gives access to the hall.

Emil occupied one of these "trusty" cells. It had a narrow cot with a gray blanket, bare floor, a cheap pine chair, a barred window that looked out on a gray brick wall. Grayness, drabness everywhere. There was barely room between the cot and the opposite wall for a man to stand. Emil's leather suitcase, plastered all over with labels from European hotels, was on the foot of the cot. When he goes to bed he has to put it under the cot.

At that, it was a jail cell *de luxe.*

tables whose tops evinced daily scrubbings. Wood benches without backs stretched the length of the tables on both sides, for seats. The kitchen was large and spotlessly clean. The whole place had that awful, *clean* smell peculiar to jails, much soap and water and many human bodies crowded closely together.

I found the men congregated in groups around tables in the recreation hall. Some were playing games, others were reading. I think all were smoking.

The "large yard" where they are allowed to get air and exercise proved to be a red-brick-paved narrow inclosure—but still, it was outside. Reminded one of a good-sized, well-thought-out chicken run.

Emil had followed along with us. In the recreation hall he whispered to me:

"See that man over in the corner by himself? He's mad. I don't mean crazy—just plain mad at his wife. He's been mad like that since the day he was brought in here by her six months ago. She comes to see him every day. His name is Benny."

BENNY did indeed look mad; a sullen, caught-in-a-trap victim. He was a small, wiry individual, with an expression of perpetual surprise on his countenance. All life had evidently been one unpleasant surprise after another to Benny.

He didn't even seem to enjoy the cigarette that he was smoking. Emil said:

"He won't have anything to do with anybody. He's so mad at his wife."

The men looked well cared for. I noticed a very old man with a withered arm and dragging one leg as he shambled across the floor.

Emil was saying: "See that man with a pipe in his mouth?" pointing to a short, heavy-set figure looking out of a window with his arms on the sill. "He's been here for ten months. His wife was awarded thirty dollars a week by the judge. He has never made thirty dollars a week in his life. He has always worked in a sweatshop pants factory and only gets pay for six months. Now that his year in jail is almost up, his wife's lawyer has had him put under a twenty-five-hundred-dollar bond to guarantee that he will not leave the state. It means life for him.

"How can he ever raise twenty-five hundred cash for a bond?

"The man next to him, sitting down—*his* wife is living with another man. There are no children to consider, yet she's had him put in jail. I guess her boy friend needs money.

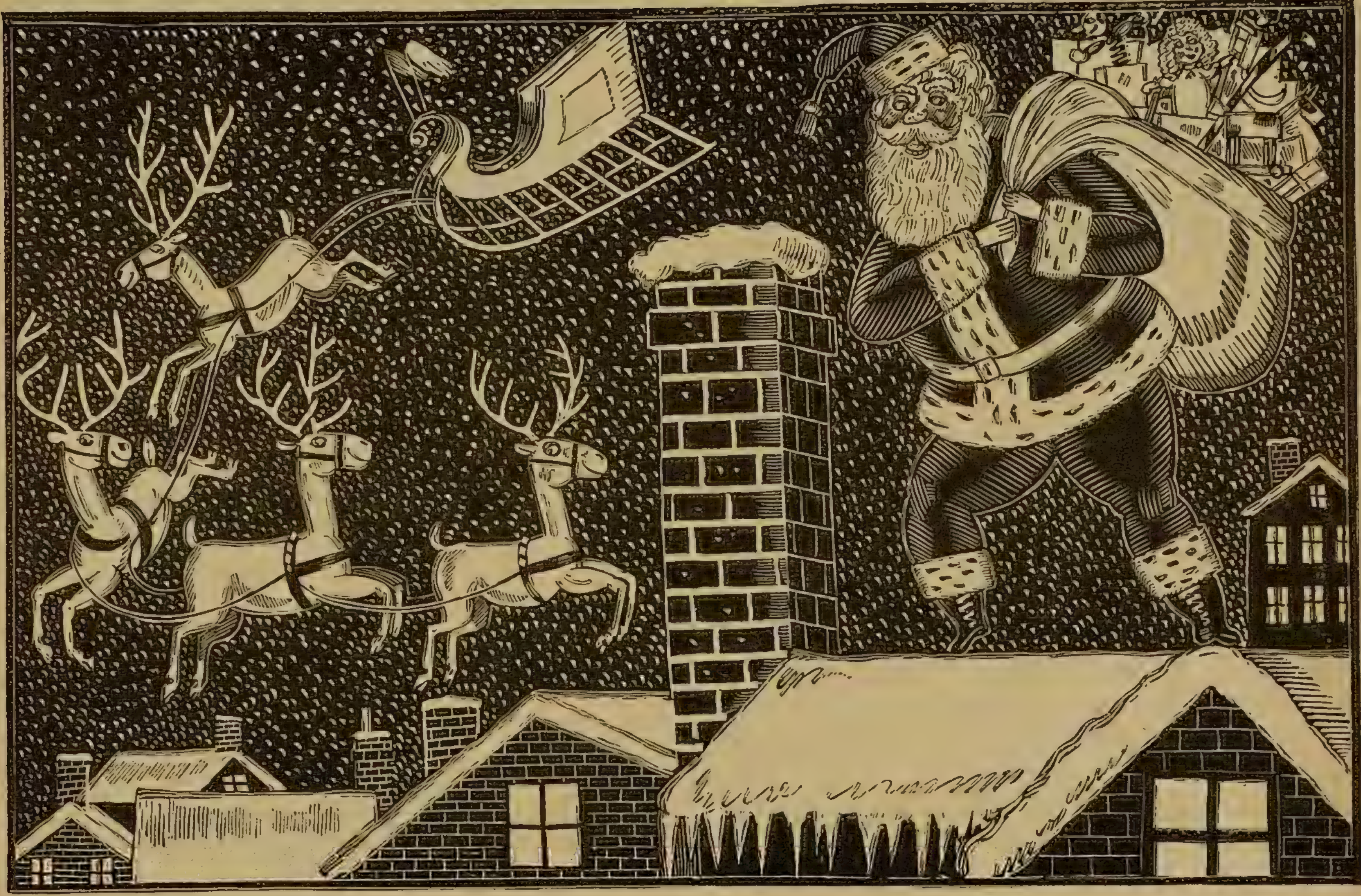
"Look at that one playing dominoes on the far side of the center table. He's had a raw deal. He was married twenty-two years ago. It was a forced marriage; there was going to be a baby. He never lived with his wife a day. He never saw the kid. His wife got a divorce and the judge gave her fifty dollars a week alimony. He's paid her fifty dollars a week for all those twenty-two years. He got fourteen hundred dollars behind and she slapped him in jail."

I had seen and heard amazing things in Alimony Jail. I was made to feel that surely we are living in the black ages of medieval vindictiveness and greed and hate, instead of this glorious year of our Lord 1931.

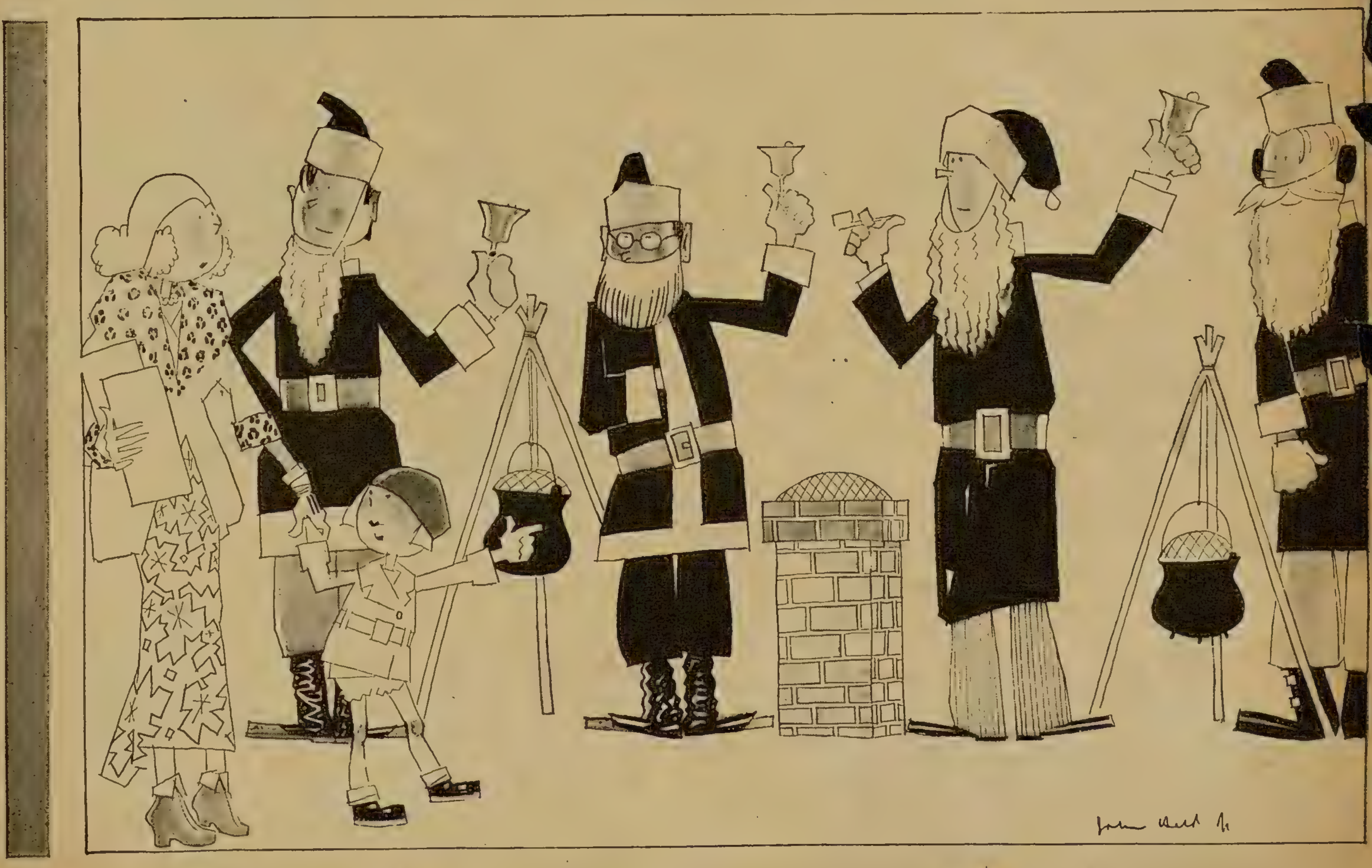
There are laws on the statute books of the State of New York that are as obsolete as witch-burning and far more cruel. We used to burn human beings at the stake. They suffered a little while and were dead. It was quickly over. In Alimony Jail there are human beings who are living day and night, week after week, month after month, in the burning fires of a hell that is stupid and useless and futile. *Why?* Because there are certain laws that play into the hands of greedy, selfish, jealous women. The old, old question of man and woman remains just about where it was in the Middle Ages.

The other side of this story, Why We Put Our Husbands in Jail, as told to Margaret Moulton by the wives of some members of the "Alimony Club," will appear in next *berty.*

CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS by John Held, Jr.



In the Days of Our Youth We Pictured Santa Claus—Thus



Today at Yuletide—We Find Santa Claus in Grou on Every Corner

Something Tha Slipped Away

Proving It's Never Too Late Where Love Lives

By JAMES HOPPER

(Reading time: 16 minutes 10 seconds.)

Pictures by
ROBERT A. CAMERO

THE maid had put on the finishing touches—had rectified the rouge of the cheeks, the carmine of the lips, the eyebrows' long slender curves—and Ruth Cardigan stood now ready in the center of her room. And she thought, "I have dressed exactly as any other time. I have dressed as if for the Fifth Avenue shops or tea at Sherry's."

But it was not to shops or to tea she was going. She was going to her lawyer. To complete what could in moderation be called a break in her life. A considerable break. The entombing of an entire period and its dreams. Something much like a death, after all. So Ruth Cardigan thought as she drew on her gloves, conscious of the limousine waiting at the curb outside.

But there sounded now a discreet knock at the door. Jacqueline left her and presently returned. "It was Beadle, madame," Jacqueline reported, naming the butler; and, her veiled eyes not on her mistress but carefully held to a point past and above: "He says that Monsieur Cardigan is downstairs and would like to see madame."

Another of those long dolorous scenes which had been their meetings of late? "Tell monsieur I will see him downstairs," she said hastily.

But it was at the half landing he met her, carried to her by his upward rush. He was panting a little. "Ruth," he cried, "I have come to take you out with me! I have something to show you!"

She stood, tall and cold, two steps above him. "I am on my way to my lawyer's," she said, making her articulation very precise. "I am to be there at four."

His face was turned up to her. The fact that he was two full steps below her made him look like a boy; and the boy's look was in his eyes—the look she had not seen for so long. But she held tight to her manner. "You have seen *your* lawyer, have you not?"

"Ruth," he cried, "don't go there now. Wait! Come with me. I've seen something this morning. By pure chance. I want you to see it!"

She said with muffled voice: "We were never to see each other again—that was the agreement. Not till the thing was over—well over—and we could meet again—without turmoil—as friends."

"Ruth," he said, "that shall be as you wish. The agreement will be kept. But this morning, I tell you, I saw something—and I want you to see it. Please come with me, just this once more. Just to see something I want to show you!"

And so she went. The car slid up the broad avenue for a while, then turned. Sitting in her cuirass of silence and reserve, she became aware of being in populous streets, under the roar of th[illegible]ated trains, skirting sidewalks crowded with slack-[illegible]sted women, and food shops and markets that spilled out avalanches of greens and fruit. As if in a dream, she bore a dim impression of having been here before. The car took a sharp right turn into a side street, and in its comparative quiet stopped. Jack Cardigan got out.

It was distrustfully she stepped to the sidewalk. *What* was he doing? *What* did he have in mind now?

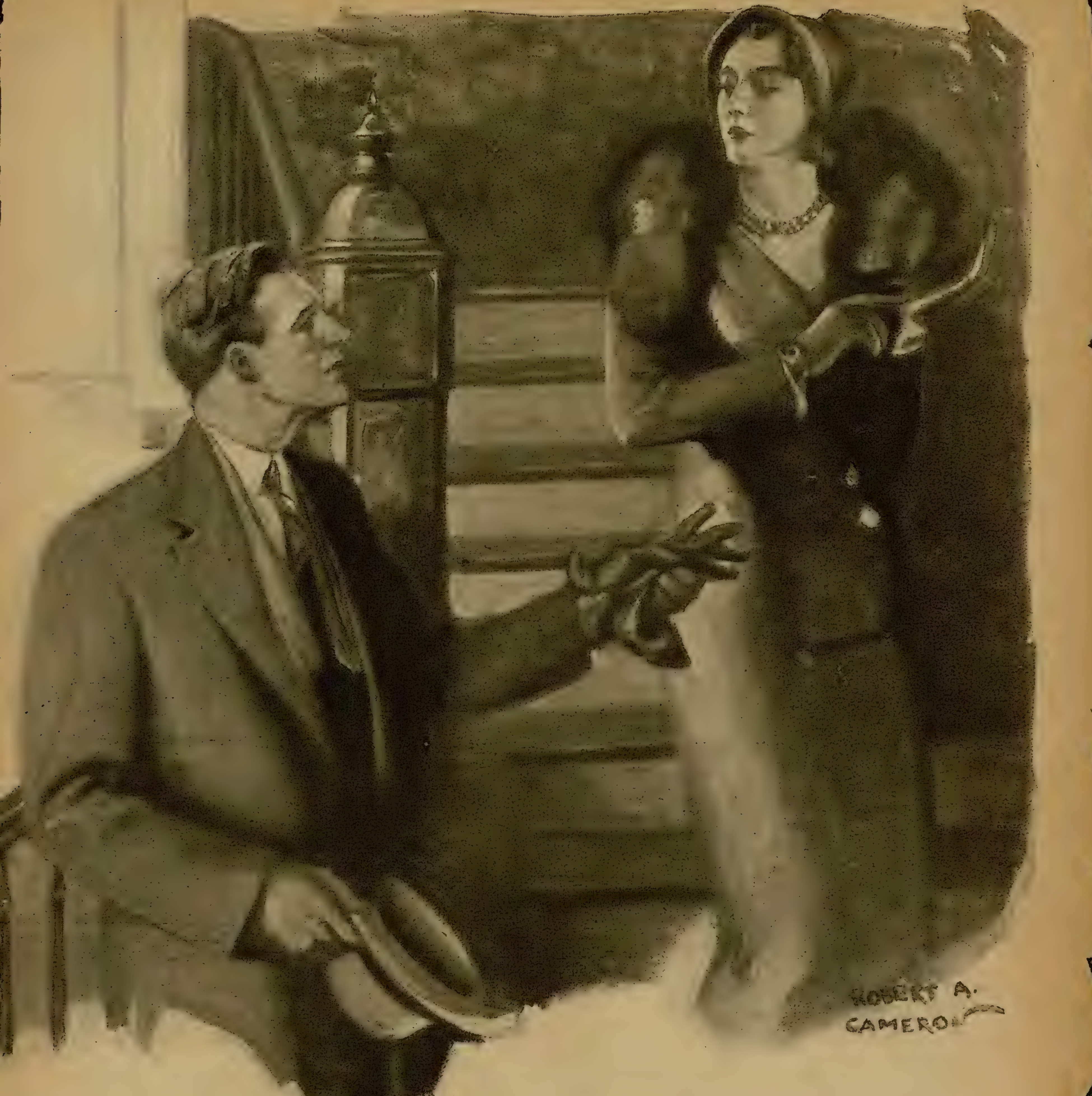
He spoke to Morton, and the car slid away.

She was looking this way and that, up the street, down the street, across. "Jack—it's—"

"Yes."

"Where we lived—when first we came to New York—"

"Fifteen years ago. There's the house."



It was at the half landing he met her. He was panting a little. " Ruth," he cried, " I have something to show you! "

She looked across the street. Yes, there it was—the tenement where they had lived. She did not remember it so incrusted, so leprous with soot; no, it had been a new building then. " New! " she thought. " Like our lives then! "

" Jack," she said, " why this comedy? "

But he said humbly: " I drove by here by chance today —it's mere chance that brought me here. See the sign, Flat to Let? I saw it. It's our old flat."

" Jack—I'm so tired. Put me in a cab, like a good boy, and let me go to my appointment."

" Ruth—please come with me."

So she yielded again, and together they crossed the street toward the iron-and-glass entrance door of meretricious elegance.

A roar went by overhead, along the populous avenue a hundred feet away, and they paused. " The el," he said. They took a step forward.

" That's the way I used to come home. Remember? "

" Yes."

" I'd catch it at Fourteenth Street, from the office. I'd come all of the way up on the platform—"

The janitress came waddling out of the area-way, and he asked to see the flat. " I'm the one who was here earlier," he said.

The woman gave them the keys and did not follow. They began to climb slowly up the narrow stairway, his hand under her elbow. " It's the top floor. Remember? Five flights up and no lift! "

" Then why take me up? I don't want to go."

" Please come with me, Ruth."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SOMETHING THAT SLIPPED AWAY

Continued from page nineteen

The green paper on the wall was soiled; at each step there was a moon-shaped oily spot, as though on each step a man slept at night, his head against the wall. “Remember how I used to go up these stairs, coming home?”

“You'd run up all the way.”

“All the way up, from street to top floor! I was in condition those days!”

“The whole building would tremble!”

“It wasn't all condition; it was also the gladness in my legs. They'd run all the way up to you.”

They labored up the winding way, and finally came to the top landing and four closed doors. “Do you remember which one it was?”

“One of the rear ones,” she said.

“Right. The rent was forty-two fifty. The front ones were forty-seven fifty—we decided to save that extra five. Remember?”

She was searching her memory. “Wasn't there, too, a question of the sun? Didn't the rear ones get more sun? For small Beth?”

“Yes! And now, which door?”

“The left.”

“The left. You remember!”

They stood before the closed door. “Here I would land at the end of my run. I'd push the bell. Like that.”

He pressed the button, and the bell shrilled in the emptiness inside.

He slid the key into the lock and turned it. “And then the door would open—like that. And there you would be!”

“Yes,” she whispered. “I'd be there.”

“You'd have on your pink apron; your face was flushed—and that would make your eyes still more blue. There might be flour on your hands, and then you would hold them back and away as you went up on your toes to kiss me.”

“Yes,” she whispered.

But when they stepped into the narrow hall, she gave a small cry and placed her hands over her eyes. “This isn't it! It couldn't have been that small!”

“Yes, that's it, all right.”

They passed along the hall in a few steps, and came into the heart of the flat. It was a room of which the architect had tried to make two by the device of folding doors. “This is the dining room and this the sitting room—remember, Ruth?”

“Oh, yes, Jack, now I remember. And we lived here!”

There was a little tightness at her throat. What was it? A feeling sorry for those two young people who had lived here? They had been—brave. And they had not known it. That is what put the tightness at her throat. The fact that they had been so brave without knowing it.

But Jack had gone back into the little hall and was calling: “The kitchen, Ruth! Remember?”

She couldn't, at first; it was so impossibly smaller than one could remember. The ice box brought it all back—the drunken ice box, askew on its uneven foundation as it had been years before.

THEY stood between it and the gas stove caked with cold grease; there was just room for them. “You'd be here, cooking dinner while I was coming up on the el.”

“At five o'clock, every day, I'd start.”

“At four you would have given Beth her bath.”

“When you'd come in, the water would still be in her small rubber tub. The first thing you'd do, you'd take it into the bathroom and empty it.”

“Yes—and the table would be all set and the dinner all ready.”

“You'd play with Beth first a while.”

“She'd grab my hair! I had a lot in those days! She'd tangle her hands in it. She'd feel up there like a warm small puppy I had when a boy.”

“She was a sweet baby.”

“She was.”

“Then we'd have dinner.”

“Facing each other—with Beth in her high chair—unless she was sleepy by that time. You'd take off your apron to do me honor. I'd flirt with you a little. I'd stretch my leg out and press your little foot with my big foot. You'd laugh—indulgently.”

“Yes,” she whispered, oppressed.

They moved along the hall. “The bathroom,” he announced.

“No!” she cried, almost in revolt.

They stood looking at the cramped tub, of zinc painted to a meager imitation of porcelain. (“I bathed in that,” she thought; “I had to sit up.”) They looked at the small round basin, with the thin tarnished pipes beneath, and the screw faucet which, leaking, had left an indelible yellow smear in the bowl. “That was our bathroom,” she thought. “Of us all, together. My bathroom, his bathroom, Beth's—that's all we had. Just that, all of us together!”

“The bedroom!” he said, and they looked into the bedroom. She had lost full capacity for surprise. She gazed silently. “I paced it off when I was here earlier,” he said, “but I can't believe it. I'm going to pace it off again. See, Ruth? Two steps and a half. See? Three steps. About eight feet by nine. That was our bedroom! Eight feet by nine!”

“AND we didn't even use that,” she recalled. “Remember? There was something the matter with it. What *was* the matter with it?”

“I know! The building had just been put up. They told us it would be all right, but it wasn't. The plaster of this room oozed water. We tried to stick it out and couldn't. Remember? So we made a bedroom out of the sitting room in front, and we turned the dining room into a living room. We put the bed, the cradle, the sewing machine in the sitting room. In the living room we had mostly the trunks—you made covers for them, and pillows. We had only two chairs and the high chair and a table!”

They moved back to the central den thus reëvoked. “Yes,” he said; “that's where everything was. Our life was right here.”

They stood together in the small desolate, empty place with the soiled paper, with the torn paper, with the creaking floor. Through the dirty, curtainless, savagely rectangular windows (“I had fixed them up with white and red denim,” she thought) they could see the rusty rail of the fire escape, and a line of drying wash beyond. It was still in here, and the city's eternal turmoil came to them in a drone.

“Your whole life was practically in this room, wasn't it, Ruth? Keeping things in order, taking care of Beth—your whole life was practically in this room—”

“I'd go out to the park with Beth every day,” she corrected defensively.

“The bed was here, Beth's cradle there.”

“Yes.”

“I can still hear your voice, calling in the middle of the night, when something was the matter: ‘Jack—please make a light.’ And pulling myself out of deep sleep with beating heart, and hearing Beth's small wail. Most always it was just colic, and all that was needed a little hot water! But do you remember that time we thought it was diphtheria?”

“Oh, yes!”

“We had no telephone. That run for the doctor! Running with that heavy feeling that things had been going all too well and that now maybe we must pay. And the self-blame—for I don't know what! . . . And that other time when it was you, Ruth, with the fever and the cold, and the doctor was out and his assistant came instead. He was a very young physician; he was terribly important. He stethoscoped and stethoscoped and stethoscoped, and I kept thinking, ‘Pneumonia!’”

“And it wasn't!”

“Ruth,” he said. “I wasn't a very good father, you know. I wasn't much of a father. Whenever I was awakened like that, as I went reeling into the kitchen r hot water I'd have a feeling of desolation. I would nk then how beautiful our life might be, just the two s together, in love. I would think that! In the stupor half sleep, with my bare feet on the cold floor.

"But let me tell you something else. All the same, hat night cry of yours, that cry of alarm—it has remained with me ever since. It calls there often, quiet, in ny heart. Soft and muffled, but very distinct. Many imes it has started sounding when I was about to do some crazy thing—and I haven't done the crazy thing!"

She drew away from him. "That last time, you did not listen, did you? Oh, Jack, you didn't listen at all! I was calling, truly calling—softly, desperately calling. And you never listened!"

"That's true," he said helplessly. "Yes, that's true."

She walked from him and to one of the windows, and leaned her brow against the cool glass. On the roof across the court, a red-haired man was fussing with a pole, with wires. She knew that Jack had come forward, and was now at the next window, his head also against a cool pane.

"He's putting up a radio," she said at length.

"Yes, that's what he is doing. He's putting up a radio."

Now and then the glass against their foreheads trembled as a truck passed outside.

"I used to have my drawing board at this window," he said. "Saturday afternoons and Sunday mornings."

"Planning the ideal skyscraper!"

"We'd all be in here with you. I don't see how you worked."

"Beth crawling and tumbling and crooning about, you at the humming sewing machine, or dusting or sweeping—I didn't mind. How I could work in those days!"

They were silent again, apart, each at a window.

"Ruth," he said after a long time, "I haven't shown you yet what I wanted to show you. What I discovered here this morning."

"Don't show me any more, Jack!"

"But this was the particular thing I wanted to show you. Oh, please come here, Ruth."

SHE stepped over to his window.

"Remember a habit I had? When I was working at this window? Now and then I'd stand up and look out of the window, and because I'd have a pencil in my hand I'd draw things there, without knowing it, along the window edge."

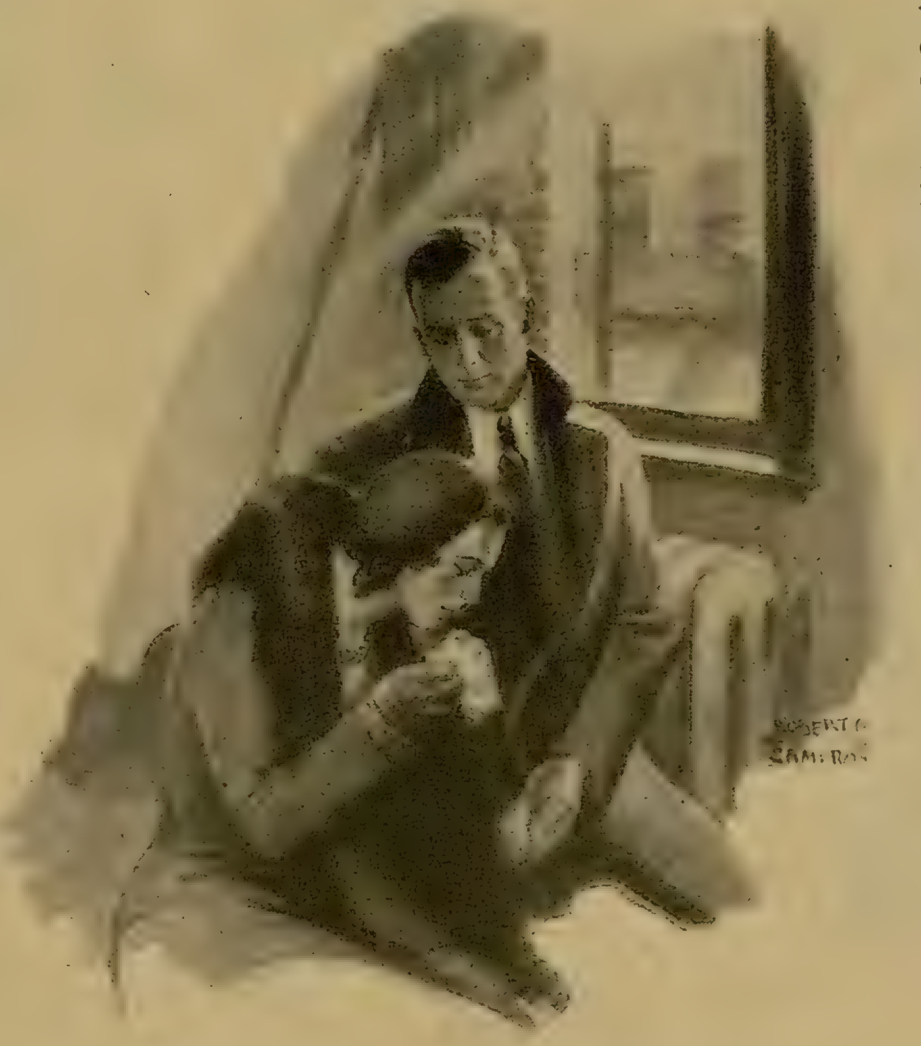
"You had the plaster covered with funny figures."

"Well, Ruth, just look here—what I found this morning here."

He lifted a large triangular piece, already torn, of thick wall paper made of many superimposed layers, and the original plaster showed beneath, covered with faint scrawlings. "Look close, Ruth."

She drew near, and saw a weave of meaningless and rlicued designs, drawn close to each other, and the other angles, squares, full moons, cres-

me.



"Ruth," he said, "let's drop that thing that has to do with the lawyers."

"No."

He pointed with the nail of his little finger, and she saw a faint small heart, and inside it initials interlaced—"J. C." and "R. C."—and an arrow through the whole, and underneath, "Forever."

They stood close, looking at the naïve figure.

"I must have drawn that sometime," he said. "Just like a fourteen-year-old schoolboy! Or one of those loony lovers of romantic plays who ran around carving trees! But, Ruth—I wasn't thinking when I did it. It's what is called automatic drawing. It must have come from some part deep in me, Ruth."

"I don't know," she said. And distrustfully withdrew from his side. They were silent again.

"RUTH!" he called suddenly and sharply—so sharply that with soul startled she went unconsciously to him.

"Ruth!" he cried. "We were happy then! In this ugly little hole, all tight against one another, we were happy!"

"Oh, yes, Jack. We were happy."

"Ruth—what have we done? What have we done?"

"Oh, Jack, I don't know! We've let something slip away. Something beautiful slip away!"

"It was my fault, Ruth!"

"Oh, no. Mine, Jack!"

"Ruth," he said humbly, "I've been in hell lately. Just in hell. . . ."

She reached out her hands to him in a timid half gesture, and he stepped forward within it and laid his head on her breast. Her arms curved about his head. She felt along her whole body that he was weeping, and head up, above him, herself began to weep.

They wept, clasped in a communication of grief that rose to sharp pain; and, unable to stand, sank slowly to their knees. They wept there, kneeling clasped in the center of the empty and desolate little flat; and little by little the passion turned to a weakness and a peace, till at length they were weeping naïvely like children.

"Ruth," he said after a while, "let's drop that thing that has to do with the lawyers!"

"Yes. Let's," she wept.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Ruth. Let's give up that big duplex. Let's get a smaller place. Let's live closer and tighter together."

"Yes, Jack."

"And Beth—how old is she now, Ruth?"

"Fifteen."

"Let's take her out of that school; let's have her home with us. And Junior, too."

"Yes. Let's do that."

"Let's all stick tight, Ruth. It's true that hearts get a little weary now and then when too close. But they intertwine, too."

"Oh, yes, Jack!" . . .

The janitress, unquiet over the long absence of her guests, painfully climbed the five flights and opened the door. She saw the fine gentleman with the fine clothes, and the beautiful lady with the beautiful clothes, kneeling together in the center of the grimy, empty little flat, and withdrew, a bit scared. "They're daffy," she muttered as she went all the way down again.

THE END

Boris Karloff (in circle), the Monster in Frankenstein, and in a scene from the play with Dwight Frye.

Frances Dee, Sidney Fox, an
Alan Mowbray in Nice Wome

Frankenstei
Stalks o

Boris Karloff Another Chan
Flaming You

By FREDERIC

(Reading time: 5 minutes 30 seconds.)

HOLLYWOOD is searching eternally for a new Garbo, a new Bow, a new Lon Chaney.

The Chaney searchers now can give attention to Boris Karloff, a Russian who was given the coveted rôle of the man-made monster in Frankenstein. In his way, the Frankenstein robot is as menacing as the murderous monster created by our own prohibition. It is a fat rôle.

In this difficult part Karloff gives a performance that will haunt your best dreams. For your records, Karloff was born in London in 1887, was educated at King's College, London University, and made his stage début as a boy in England.

Subsequent stock-company engagements in Canada led to appearances on the New York stage.

Out in Hollywood his advance was slow. He did well with a small rôle in The Criminal Code.

His performance of the fake minister in Five Star Final led to his selection for the part of the Monster in Frankenstein.

At this writing Karloff is still without a regular contract. Hollywood is waiting to be convinced.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ FRANKENSTEIN

CAST

Henry Frankenstein	Colin Clive
Elizabeth	Mae Clarke
Victor Moritz	John Boles
The Monster	Boris Karloff
The Dwarf	Dwight Frye
Baron Frankenstein	Frederick Kerr
Dr. Waldman	Edward Van Sloan

Directed by James Whale.
Produced by Universal.

Back in the middle of the last century Mary Wollstonecroft Shelley wrote this shocker of a scientist who created a synthetic man. The soulless robot quickly got out of hand, went on a blundering, bloody rampage, and had to be killed by the indignant populace. Thus science, for presuming to be God, was put in its place.

For all our blasé new-century viewpoint, there is still a kick in Professor Frankenstein's creation of life in a hulk constructed of stolen corpses—when the Monster first moves on the experimental table, when he goes stumbling, inarticulate, into the warmth of the sun, when he smells the scent of a rose, and when he unknowingly kills a little girl who innocently invited him to play with her.

The Monster—clumsy, hollow hulk of unguided power—is done with a fine nightmare touch by the aforementioned Boris Karloff. Frankenstein, that silly fellow who monkeys with the sacred problems of life, is well done by Colin Clive, who was the nerve-racked British officer of Journey's End. And Frankenstein is shrewdly directed by James Whale, the man who made Journey's End.

★ ★ SUICIDE FLEET

CAST

Baltimore	Bill Boyd
Dutch	Robert Armstrong
Skeets	James Gleason
Sally	Ginger Rogers
Commander	Harry Bannister
Holtzman	Frank Reicher

Directed by Albert Rogell.
Produced by RKO-Pathé.

The producers either borrowed a section of the navy or spent a lot of money—or did both—on this yarn of the World War. Uncle Sam sinks the mother boat of a roving U-boat subcruiser. A duplicate vessel, fitted with one gun, is rigged out, the intent being to trap the German submarine.

Our hero and his two sez-yo me pals are on board. Imagi embar

Billie Dove, once famed on the silent screen, is back in The Age for Love, with Charles Starrett.

A scene from Suicide Fleet and (in circle) two of the cast, Bill Boyd and Ginger Rogers.

s Monster the Screen

U-Boats, Sisters, Home or a Career, and Bing Crosby

AMES SMITH

brave and dauntless, the pals are not to be denied.

Artificial heroic hooey, but possessing some excitement. The three hard-boiled pals are Bill (Films) Boyd, Robert Armstrong, and James Gleason. Ginger Rogers is wasted completely as the girl they leave behind.

★ ★ NICE WOMEN

CAST

Bess Girard	Sidney Fox
Jerry Girard	Frances Dee
Mark Chandler	Alan Mowbray
Mrs. Girard	Lucille Webster Gleason
Bill Wells	Russell Gleason
Mr. Girard	James Durkin

Directed by Edwin H. Knopf.
Produced by Universal.

Which is the better of two daughters of an impoverished family—one sweet, shortsighted, the other canny and worldly-wise? The first is loved by a millionaire, but rejects him for a poor young fellow. The other sister takes Mr. Moneybags on the rebound.

There was the possibility of a real yarn here: cold sanity *vs.* soft, clinging unreliability, both wearing the mask of beauty. However, the director-author, Edwin Knopf, seemed to fluctuate between the two girls, played pleasantly by Frances Dee and Sidney Fox.

★ THE AGE FOR LOVE

CAST

Jean Hurd	Billie Dove
Dudley Crome	Charles Starrett
Sylvia Pearson	Lois Wilson
Horace Keats	Edward Everett Horton

Directed by Frank Lloyd.
Produced by Howard Hughes.

Is woman's place the home or the office? This adaptation of an Ernest Pascal work-*vs.*-babies novel brings back Billie Dove, who adorned the silent screen so charmingly. Unfortunately, it plays the game against the home woman with marked cards.

Jean Hurd, the pretty and able master mind of a literary agency, marries, gives up work, and discovers she cannot stand the monotony. The young husband gets a divorce, marries another—and then comes back to Jean. He finds he must have her, which proves nothing much.

Despite a lavish production, this film never gets anywhere.

Others—

★ ★ I SURRENDER, DEAR. Produced by Mack Sennett. A short subject presenting Bing Crosby, radio's newest crooning menace, as the hero of a slapstick flirtation.

★ ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN? Produced by Radio Pictures. More flaming youth. Mixture of preachment, symbolism, modernistic photography, and just plain bad movie making.

Do you know that—

Barbara Stanwyck danced in th cabaret on the Strand Roof?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—The Champ, Street Scene, Bad Girl, The Smiling Lieutenant.

★★★—Strictly Dishonorable, Blonde Crazy, Way Back Home, Th Yellow Ticket, The Sin of Madelo Claudet, Susan Lenox, Get-Rich Quick Wallingford, The Spirit o Notre Dame, Palmy Days, The Un holy Garden, Five Star Final, Th Guardsman, Personal Maid, Th Spider, Waterloo Bridge, The Las Flight, Alexander Hamilton, A American Tragedy, Young as Yo Feel, The Common Law, Bough Sporting Blood, Laughing Sinne Forbidden Adventure, The Man Possession, Night Nurse, Sma Money, Five and Ten, Chances, I Million, Daddy Long Legs, Alwa Goodbye, A Free Soul.

The Reparations

Why No Nation Can Win a World War

By

CHESTER T. CROWELL

(Reading time: 11 minutes 55 seconds.)

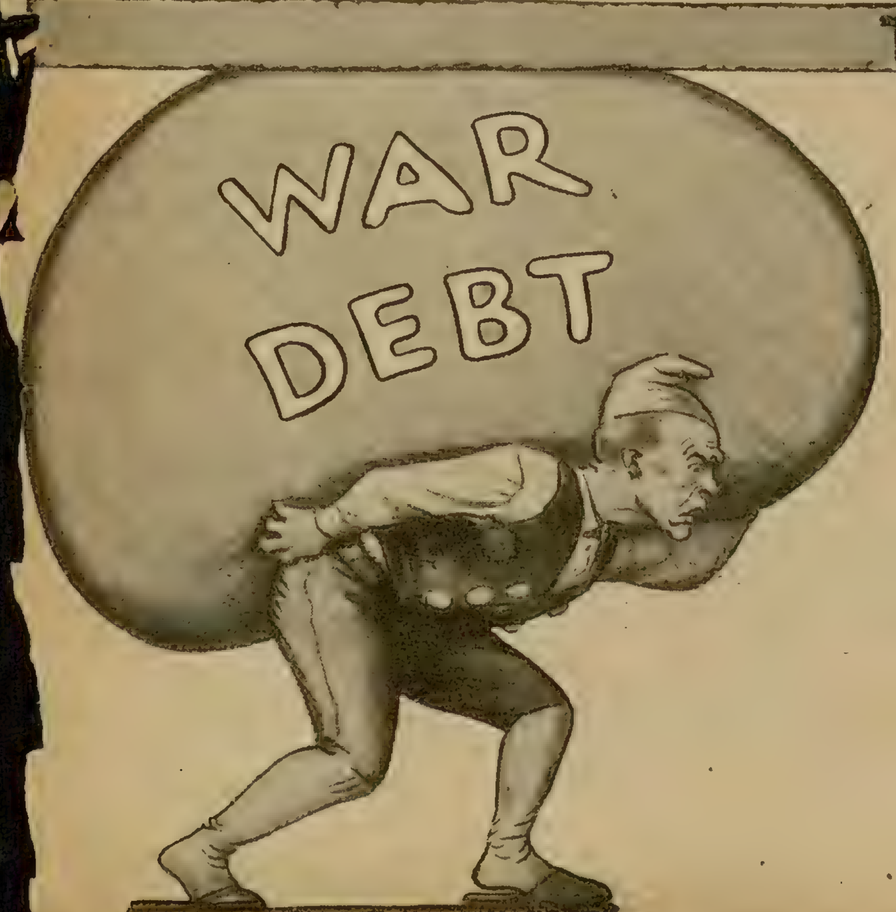
NOW that a moratorium on intergovernmental debts is in effect—declared primarily for the salvation of Germany—it may be possible to point out the tremendous difference between the popular conception of reparations payment and the actual functioning of the Dawes plan. This subject has been so full of political dynamite that no one wished to risk disaster by explaining its fundamentals. Either personal fear or anxiety for the success of the Dawes plan itself sealed all lips.

The very first step toward an explanation of this problem requires the shocking statement that it is impossible to collect reparations in the sense that the public has believed they were being collected. It is so impossible that no one has ever attempted the task. No one ever will.

The Dawes plan has almost no relation to reparations payments in the sense that the European as well as the American public understands the term. The damage resulting from a great war is so vast that the combined efforts of victors as well as vanquished cannot raise enough cash to repair it. The aim of the Dawes plan was not to collect reparations, nor to save Germany alone, but to save the economic structure of Europe, possibly our own also. But the audience had not been prepared for any such statements and they would have been destructive. Therefore the plan was presented to the public as something designed to carry out their conception of a program for punishing Germany by collecting reparations.

To say bluntly that the whole subject of reparations is bosh would have driven from power whoever uttered such criticism. Actually it is nothing more nor less than a simple way of making the plain statement that no one can win a world war. Europe was not ready for any such disillusionment, though it may be now. Quite a number of Europeans thought that they had won a world war. They were going to do certain things to Germany, which country, they felt sure, had been on the losing side. In short, they were still thinking of war in military terms and carrying over this thinking into an economic realm where it had no application whatever. In order to make the point absolutely clear, let us assume that Mr. A and Mr. B have a fist fight to decide the possession of a dime. At the beginning of the fight each is wearing one hundred dollars' worth of clothing. At the end of the fight both are in rags. Mr. A is sitting on Mr. B's chest and Mr. B gives up. Pugilistically speaking, Mr. A wins. Economically, Mr. A and Mr. B are each losers to the extent of their hundred dollars' worth of clothing, and Mr. A's offset of one dime is not very important.

To discuss the World War or any other specific war in such unromantic terms has always been dangerous. If you just say "war," everyone agrees that something more or less like loss for both sides results—but *in a recent specific war* there is always a culprit, and a defeated culprit at that, who should pay reparations. Very well, that was the attitude toward Germany. It led eventually to the Dawes plan. The Dawes plan was supposed to collect reparations. If that was not its primary purpose, what was?



The time has come when a clear understanding of this matter becomes vitally important.

Let us take a brief glance at the Germany for which this plan was devised. It was in a state of complete collapse. Nothing comparable to that collapse had appeared in Western civilization, consequently the world did not realize how terrible it could be. The crux and center of the difficulty was that German currency had almost no value, and within a very short time it had none whatever.

When the Americans arrived the value of the paper mark was falling at such a rate that some of the larger industrial plants were paying their workmen twice a day—once at noon, and again at the close of the working day. At noon the workmen would line up, receive their pay, and each would hand it to some member of his family, who would run with all possible haste to buy the necessities of life because the money was depreciating in value even as he ran. With each depreciation of the paper mark the government would print other bills of larger denomination. Within a short time they were printing million-mark bills; by this I mean the European million, or more accurately, milliard. Our million is one thousand thousands, but their milliard is one million millions.

Well, they were printing these bills, and they were, for

MYTH

IC BALANCE

Pictures by ROBERT A. CAMERON

a time, worth one gold mark. But once money hits the toboggan it travels fast, and very soon the government printing plants had to cease functioning because a million million paper marks were not worth the paper and the printing necessary to produce the bill.

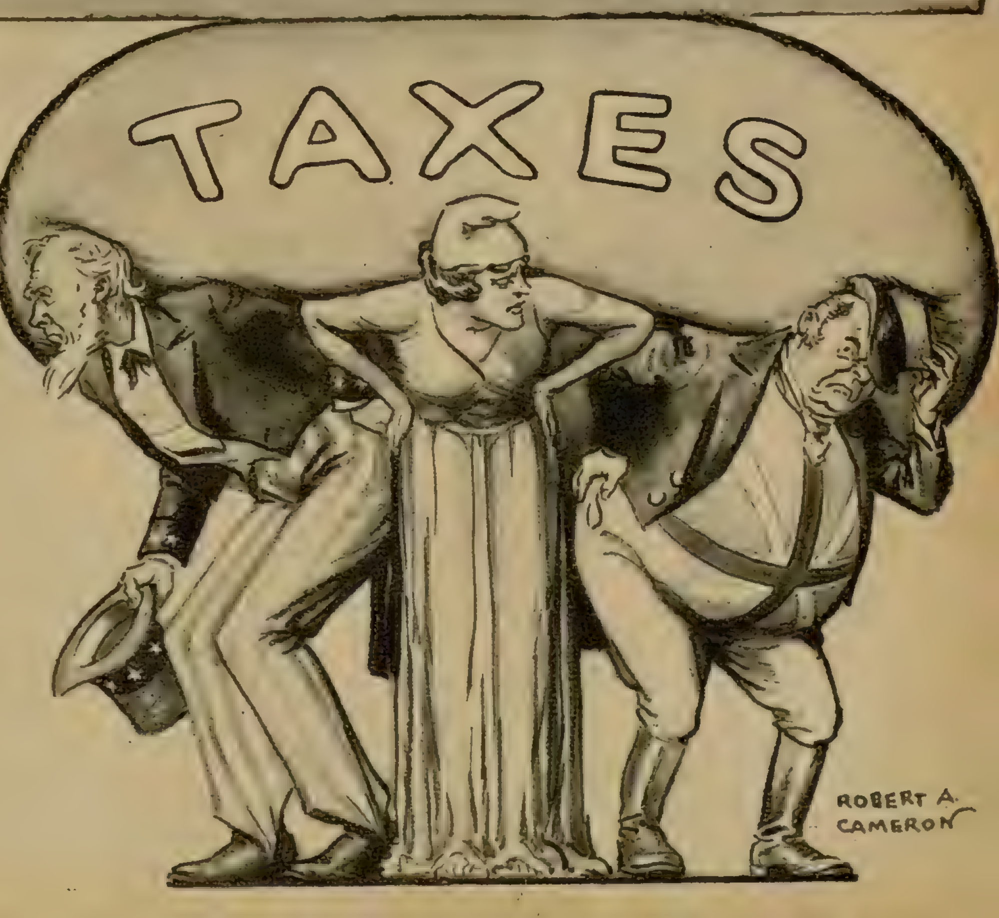
That, of course, was the end. No more money. And all the bills in existence were just as valueless as the last one off the press.

The streets were a nightmare because of the pinched, miserable faces of starving children. Now the time had come to loot the food shops from which the public could no longer buy. The next step, of course, would be for roving bands to go out of the cities into the country and steal food from the fields and barns. Remember that all this would happen in days, not months. Modern industrial cities such as were—and still are—the pride of Germany carry food stocks adequate for only a few days. Once the mobs started on their course they would not leave the farmer his brood sows nor his seed. Then the farmer would have to join the mob and sweep on to the next territory to be despoiled. Behind these mobs, the less hardy would die of hunger and disease.

This process would not have been slow, but appallingly rapid. It doesn't take long for hunger to kill, nor for disease to strike down the hungry. If we can imagine such a thing as the outside world giving no help under such circumstances, it might be possible for a population of fifty or more millions to be reduced within a few months to a few thousands.

No one had ever dreamed of any such possibility. Yet there it was, and the mobs already looting, the hungry already dying, disease already raging. Yet German territory had not been ravaged by the war. They had their industrial plants, their tilled lands, their crops and cattle; in short, they had everything necessary except the medium of exchange to transfer goods in an orderly manner to the persons who needed them for subsistence.

Generally we have assumed that without money as a medium of exchange the world would again go back to barter as it existed before there was money. The German crisis proved that that isn't possible. Russia came very close to the same condition in the course of her collapse and would have run the whole gamut of misery to complete ruin and death but for the fact that the army remained. Here again was something new in economics: an army can, measurably, take the place of money. If the army will force the production and distribution of more food and clothing, under no matter how terrifying conditions, life at least may be preserved.



The situation which confronted Germany, however, pointed clearly to the collapse of all authority along with the collapse of the mark. So the first objective was to give those people a medium of exchange before they became corpses. That, as everyone is aware, was done and the German people were saved from disaster almost beyond our imagining.

But when this part of the task was discharged another problem appeared to demand immediate solution. It was far more important at the moment than reparations. Failure to deal with it adequately would have brought world-wide disaster. Absolute fairness and hairsplitting justice were not necessary, nor was there time to attempt any such efforts for perfection.

The essence of this new difficulty was that, during the course of the depreciation of the mark, bonded indebtedness had been paid off and the productive machinery of German industry stood as a free gift from heaven. The burden of fixed charges, such as our American railroads, for example, must carry, had disappeared. Thus there arose, with kaleidoscopic speed, first the problem that Germany couldn't function at all and without foreign help would starve to death; and, second, that with this danger

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

removed Germany could immediately function under conditions that placed all the rest of the industrial world at a tremendous disadvantage.

While this was sensational and unprecedented, it is not hard to understand. When a nation's currency finally collapses utterly, as Germany's did, the effect is exactly the same as a capital levy comparable to confiscation. If the United States government were to seize all the railroads and repudiate all of their securities, unquestionably it could lower the freight and passenger rates. Similarly, if the United States Steel Corporation could retire all of its bonds, preferred stocks, and other evidences of indebtedness with strips of wall paper it could sell steel profitably at lower rates. Well, this is what had happened in Germany. And now the question was how to preserve the equilibrium of Europe.

If ever there is another world war something just about like this problem will recur. What it amounts to is that the defeated country loses the war and after a financial revolution is in an excellent position to win the peace. To put it in another form: If your competitor in business goes through bankruptcy but remains in command of an unimpaired physical property, you may be forced to go through bankruptcy and get rid of all your debts, too, in order to continue doing business in competition with him. Now let us see what this would mean in international affairs. It is fairly obvious. It would mean a similar collapse in Great Britain, France, and all of the other great nations. Once they got rid of all their debts they would be on the same footing with Germany. And instead of the United States going to the rescue it is just as probable that the United States would be caught in the storm and forced to follow their example.

IT was not possible at that late date to undo the wrongs inflicted upon Germans who had held the securities that were, in effect, repudiated. But it was possible to place upon German industry a burden comparable to the burden of taxation being borne by the other nations which had participated in the war and thus restore a reasonable equilibrium. Either the world had to start off again on something approximating a fair basis, or every other country would be forced to follow Germany's example. There was no dodging this fact. It was too apparent. The problem was not a delicate computation of war damage and Germany's ability to pay. War damage had nothing to do with the payments; they had simply to be comparable to the tax burdens of countries that had not gone through repudiation. Under these circumstances, if the logic of facts and conditions had argued in favor of reparations twice as high as the sums fixed, or half as high, one of those sums would have been adopted.

The situation was so dangerous that justice in the matter of reparations simply could not be thought of at all. The first and almost only consideration was this: France and Great Britain, as a result of the war, have a tax burden of so much. Germany's, therefore, must be equivalent. Never mind what it is for. Call it reparations or any other convenient name. It must be equivalent to the war burden of the nations that have not gone through the purge of bankruptcy. If reparations had been based upon a calculation of the actual war damage, the total would have been so far beyond Germany's ability to pay that any attempt to collect would have placed her right back where she was. If the burden had been made too light, she would have won the peace after having lost the war.

So the calculation was made on the basis of seeking an equilibrium for a group of nations starting over again after their witches' dance. And that calculation has worked fairly well. It had to be flexible, of course, and it is flexible. But the important point to remember is that the fair balance between nations had to be retained, not that reparations had to be collected at the earliest possible moment. Likewise it is worth noting that there was no possibility of finding a solution without reparations. Germany had to pay something. Otherwise—world-wide disaster.

THE calculation of the amount was made with due consideration of the fact that Great Britain, France, and the United States owed most of their war debt to their own people. As they paid it off it was more or less like trading jackknives in the family. German reparations would have to go outside the borders of the nation. This difference had to be estimated in order to arrive at a fair and equal burden for all concerned. because there were no precedents. Considering the problems involved, the plan has not worked so badly. None of the affected nations have collapsed as they unquestionably would have done without the Dawes plan or something similar.

Germany, of course, came very close to collapse, and President Hoover took the initiative in suggesting a moratorium for one year. World conditions have changed since the Dawes plan went into effect. They will still be subject to change during the year of the moratorium. At the close of that year the condition of all Europe, as well as Germany, will suggest what should be done next. But with the public believing that reparations for war damage is the fundamental issue, the discussion may be clouded. Men in high office are no less hampered now in their dealings with this problem than they were when the Dawes plan was drawn. For them to explain the actual situation now is just as difficult and politically dangerous as it has ever been. But once the world public grasps the real purpose of these payments, it will be much easier to adjust them to meet their true function. The Dawes plan has been a tremendous success and the moratorium is not inconsistent with it. The plan was intended to be completely flexible.

In the future, adverse criticism of the moratorium will probably come from those who are unwilling to see the culprit of the war escape payment of full damages. The only possible answer to that criticism will be a plain statement of the fact that modern war is too destructive for full damages ever to be paid. The culprit, however guilty, must be saved and restored to a useful place in the economic society of nations. In short, war as a solution of anything has utterly failed. It no longer allows even a victor. Not only the glory but every ancient conception of justice has departed from war. That is the lesson of the Dawes plan and the moratorium.

THE END

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Long Distance

A Short Short Story

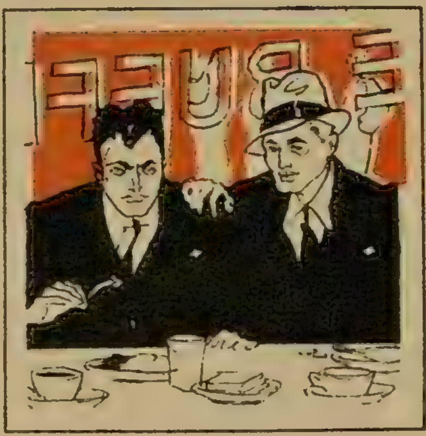
(Reading time: 5 min. 35 sec.)

By

ELISE JERARD

DAN was a bachelor. Yes, and glad of it. Not that he had anything against the ladies. The big trouble with them, though, was that they were always at your heels, wanting you to "get somewheres." That was the trouble with most people. Wherever they were, they wanted to get somewheres else. But not Dan. Not him. No, sir!

He had his good six feet of health and his good three meals a day. A crack mechanic like him could always hold a job. He had his brother, the apple of his eye, and no other relatives to bother him. He stepped out now and then and he took life easy.



But look at his brother, now. Sitting there beside him on the tall stool in the Exchange Café, looking like thirty days' rain rolled up in one man. Sighing over his stew. There was a bright boy for you. A first-grade detective at thirty. And what did it get him? Racking his brain the whole time. The pleasure was all his.

Just now it was the Bud Haskins case. Ever since that kid had held up the jewelry store and slipped right out of sight through the fingers of the force, there was no other thought in his mind. To solve that case—to solve that case. Well, so far it certainly looked as if he was getting nowheres. Even with the kid's sweetheart—nowheres today and nowheres tomorrow. She was weak from just having pneumonia, but not weak in her head. She knew nothing. Not a thing. Dan stole a look at his brother. It had certainly got him, all right. Though, as far as Dan could see, it'd be all the same in a hundred years.

His brother spoke. He said his piece. "Gee!" he said. "I'd like to get that bird! Somebody'll catch him, all right. But I'd like to be the one to do the catching." His eyes all hungry to "catch that bird" and the stew cooling before him.

Dan slid off his stool, laid a hand on his arm. "So long," he said, "big boy. Don't be giving yourself a belly ache. I'm off at ten tonight, and if you'd like a little game, you know where to find me. It'd do you good. A nice royal flush would take your mind off your troubles."

His brother shook his head.

Dan walked up Broadway. To either side of him the empty textile houses darkly slept. The street that teemed by day with the business of life and the life of business, with faces of many racial types, was drained of color. But Dan did not notice—he never noticed very closely. He went to his job; he went away from his job.

He checked his thoughts about his brother and all other thoughts at the door of the tall Telephone Building where he worked, and whizzed up to the tenth floor. That was his precinct at present. Here he was a "trouble shooter"—one of the squad who repaired defects in the long-distance lines.

He hung up his hat and got an order from the dispatch man to examine a reported wire. Taking his time, as was his way, he sauntered through the long room where rows of girls sat busy before the winking green and yellow signals.

He exchanged a flat-footed wise crack with the supervisor. Then he loomed, a good-natured mountain, over a red-headed operator. "This the baby that has the colic?" he said, attacking the wire. And proceeded to listen in—not to the words but to transmission and vibrations. Words weren't part of Dan's job. His ears might hear them. But his mind, long used to them, peeled them off. Words were just extras that came along with the sound, like the shell on a nut. The sound was the thing as it flowed in his receiver.

A man's voice: "Be reasonable, Isabelle! You can't come on to New York. Suppose somebody who knew you should see us together!"

"How solicitous you are! You weren't so solicitous here in Washington where everybody knows me."

"And if your husband should come home?"

"Oh, George! Why do you deceive me? Why not say it right out? That it's all over! The play is played! You're tired of me now—" (To Dan it sounded like so much blah-blah-blah.)

"Nothing sour on this wire; reception all O. K.," said Dan. He called up the dispatch man and reported the same.

Then almost at once a little blonde down the line yelled:

"Trouble man!"

He went to the rescue.

"Something's all balled up here!" she cried, rolling baby eyes. Her fingers shook. She was new. These green operators did every darn' thing with the wires but hang themselves.

A glance at the switchboard told the tale. Same old stunt. She'd crossed her trunks. Dan yanked them out and set them right. "Wanna look out for that, girlie. Now let's see how she goes."

The operator raised bright eyes. "Don't you ever listen to what they're saying?" she cooed. "I do. I think it's fascinating."

"Naw," said Dan. "You'll get over that. That's 'cause you're new. That's why you get your wires crossed. When you've been at this game as long as me, these conversations don't mean a thing."

HE took the earpiece then. Did the sound come a little thin? Muffled-like?

"Oh, Bud, why did you risk calling? You shouldn't of."

"Had to, Bess. Had to know how you were. People die of pneumonia. Chest O. K.?"

"Yeah. A little weak, though. If every cop in New York wasn't on my neck it might help—"

"You said it. But it'll all blow over. I'm laying low here in Atlanta—Atlanta's O. K. I got the ice with me—"

"S-sh! Please hang up. I'm scared!"

"Don't lose your nerve, girl. You've been a smart kid. I've read all about it. Just you *keep on knowing nothing. Nothing.*" . . .

"Transmission's fine now," nodded Dan. "Thought I heard something, but she's clear as a bell. Lookit, sister. Them two plugs—you wanna set 'em in tight." He showed her.

Then it was ten o'clock. Dan took his hat.

He reached the street. He drew a deep breath. A swell night. Calmly he strolled over to the Fulton Athletic Club.

There was his brother, still at it. "If I only had a break—just one little clue—before someone else gets him."

That was ambition for you. Shortening your life.

Dan sure wished that he could help him, poor fish, he sure did. But of course he couldn't.

So he grunted sympathetically, "Tough luck," reached for the deck, and placidly dealt the cards.

THE END

Education in EXILE

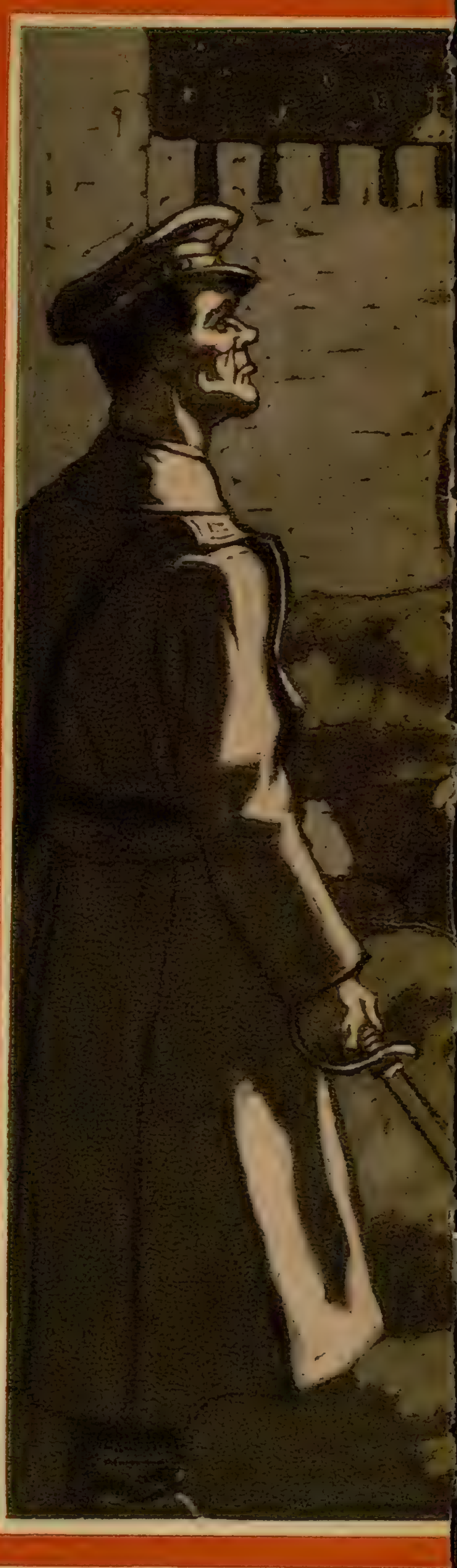
White Armies and Red—A Reunion with Princess Paley—My Father's Murder

By

MARIE

Grand Duchess of Russia

Pictures by B. LATHAM KIDDER



The Grand Dukes were confronted with the sight of a long and deep grave. The soldiers stood them in a line in front of the grave and shot them.

(Reading time: 23 minutes 50 seconds.)

TRAGI-COMIC experiences as a refugee in London during the fall and winter of 1919-20 were related by the Grand Duchess in last week's installment of these memoirs. She told of her first naïve attempt at housekeeping, and of her first business venture, which consisted of knitting sweaters and dresses for sale to a women's wear shop. This proving unprofitable, she gave it up, and then learned how to make her own clothes. Later she consented to head the organization of a workroom in which Russian women refugees made underwear and bandages for the White armies fighting the Reds.

The Dowager Empress of Russia, the slain Czar's mother, arrived in England, and the Grand Duchess took part in the melancholy welcome to her. Meanwhile, with her husband, Prince Putiatin, the Grand Duchess was seeing something of the feverish refugee social life that revolved about Prince Youssoupoff, Rasputin's assassin.

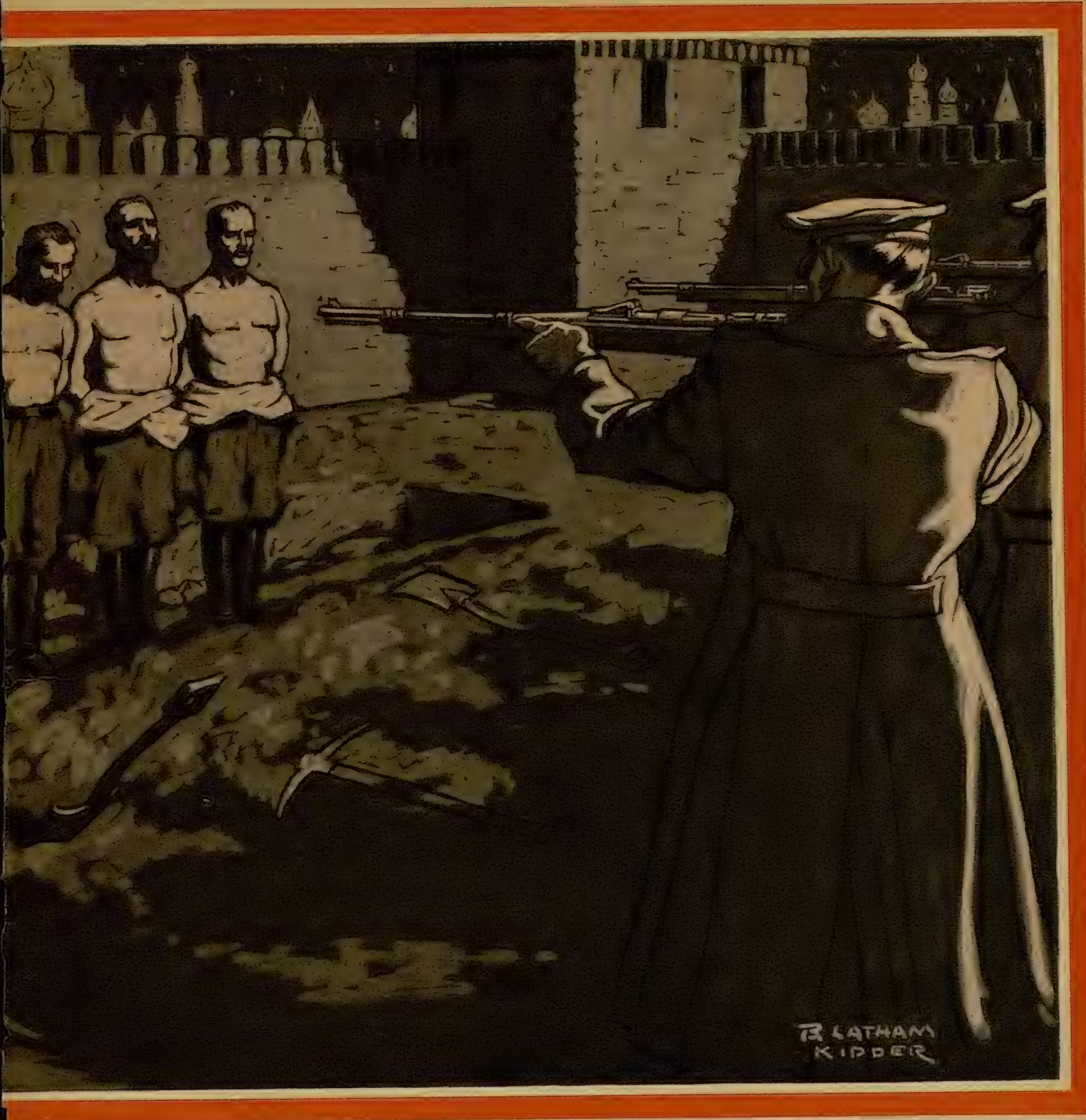
PART SIX

THROUGH all these months our hearts were still in Russia, and nothing was more important to us than news, either concerning her or coming directly out of the country. We could not resign ourselves to the idea that the Bolshevik rule had come to stay. And at first our hopes were encouraged by what then seemed important and viable movements against the Reds, which in some cases were supported and conducted by the Allies, in others led by Russians.

To the Allies the sudden collapse in 1917 of the Russian armies and the steady increase of Bolshevik influence in the country meant the strengthening of Germany, and they fought the Reds in so far as they themselves and their interests were directly threatened. To the Russians the struggle against the Bolsheviks was a crusade. Many human lives, much energy, and vast sums of money were involved in these movements, and yet every time they were on the eve of succeeding, something went wrong. First the English at Murmansk, then Kolchak in Siberia, General Denikin in southwestern Russia, and General Yudenitch in Esthonia and Finland, one after the other dispersed Bolshevik forces, overthrew Soviets, instituted local governments. Kolchak's armies planned to be in Moscow in June, 1919; in October, Moscow was threatened by Denikin at a distance of 200 miles; Yudenitch, also in October, was within ten miles of Petrograd.

The Red forces could not at the time be considered a seriously organized army, and yet at the very moment when they seemed to be hopelessly crushed they would rally, check the advance of the Whites, and reverse the attack. Opinions differed on the reasons for the persistent failures of the Whites; some explained them by lack of strategic coördination among the Russian military leaders and between the generals and the civil authorities, and by incapacity for organization and absence of authority; some attributed them to the mistakes made by Allied statesmen and military chiefs, due to their ignorance of the Russian situation and requirements.

The struggle was fierce, merciless on both sides—a struggle in which not only regular units, but the entire civil population of a region were involved. The civil population played an important if not a decisive part in the final miscarriage of the White movement. The peasants had not yet experienced the rigors of an organized communistic system; they believed that through the rev-



olution they were at last enabled to satisfy their century-old longing for the possession of the soil, and now they wanted no more changes. The White armies, they were told, were composed of officers, which to them meant the former landowners whose estates they had divided among themselves. They did not want to be forced to return them, and feared reprisals.

Red propaganda took every advantage of the situation. In vain proclamations were issued by the Whites in which the peasants were assured that they would be allowed to keep the land; that it was theirs. They did not believe it. And in their vast majority the peasants were hostile to the Whites and resisted them as far as possible.

WE lived and fed upon the various reports from Russia, following breathlessly the activities of the anti-Bolshevik movements. We were either full of hopes or crushed with despondency. In Russia blood was flowing; the communists were trying to wipe out an entire class of the population. Europe, licking her own wounds, and America watched without comprehending this mysterious fire of Bolshevism spread wider and wider, its sparks flying all over the world.

Several dates belonging to that period remain engraved in my memory. The day in October when we heard that General Yudenitch was already as far as Gatchina, some thirty miles from Petrograd. Dmitri and I, expecting at any minute to get the news of the capital's fall, could not sit still; we walked the streets, anxiously awaiting the special newspaper issues. We waited in vain; they never appeared. General Yudenitch's failure after he had been so near the goal was a terrible blow to us.

In November came the first anniversary celebration of the Armistice. The whole of London was rejoicing. Throughout the day troops paraded the streets, colors flying, military bands playing. All three of us had taken part in the war but had no place in the celebration of the victory, or what then was thought the victory. In the evening noisy gayety reigned in the restaurants and hotels, but we kept to our rooms and our hearts were heavy.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EDUCATION IN EXILE
Continued from page twenty-nine

In January, 1920, Admiral Kolchak, who had been so successful in his advance through Siberia and on whom all our hopes now rested, had experienced reverses—military, political, and moral—and had resigned his command. In February the news reached us that he had been betrayed by the Czechs, former prisoners of war interned in Siberia, who had formed units and joined the Kolchak army chiefly with the aim of fighting their way through to safety. Admiral Kolchak was delivered to the Bolsheviks under the indifferent gaze of the chief of the French mission, General Janin, and executed. The Kolchak operations had lasted the longest and had seemed the most reliable. When in his turn he failed, we began to doubt whether anything coming from outside Russia had a chance of being successful.

Admiral Kolchak's armies had occupied during a certain time the two small towns in western Siberia, Ekaterinburg and Alapayevsk, in the first of which the Czar's family, and in the second Aunt Ella, Volodia, and their companions, had been murdered. These murders had been certainly precipitated if not caused by the rapid advance of the Whites. The Bolsheviks were afraid that the members of the imperial family, by getting away from them and into the enemy's camp, would create additional difficulties for them, especially as the Kolchak operations had the support of the Allies. Many months had already elapsed since the murders; nevertheless an investigation was undertaken, as thorough as the circumstances then permitted. The procedure was complicated, but finally most of what had taken place was established with apparent certainty. At Ekaterinburg remnants of a pyre were discovered, in which bones, objects of clothing, and precious stones were found. After careful examination and identification of the various objects, they were proved to have belonged to the imperial family and to those who perished with them. The remains were put into cases, taken away, and subsequently sent to Europe.

At Alapayevsk the bodies were found in an abandoned coal pit. They were taken out, put into coffins, and sent in a special railway carriage to the rear. Aunt Ella's body and that of the sister of her convent who had lost her life at the same time as she, were later, by the efforts of her sister the Marchioness of Milford Haven and of her brother the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, sent to Jerusalem, where they now rest. The remains of the other victims, those of Volodia among them, were deposited in the church of the Russian Orthodox Mission in Peking. But there was one member of the family—Grand Duke Michael, brother of the Czar—of whom no trace could ever be found.

IN the winter of 1920 cases were sent to London with things which had belonged to Volodia and my cousins, found in the house at Alapayevsk where they had spent the last months of their lives. The unpacking of these things made a ghastly impression upon me. Volodia's belongings were not numerous: a double leather frame with photographs of his parents, a small pocketbook containing paper money, and a few yellowed letters from home, some trinkets. The frame and pocketbook were covered with mold and had a peculiar musty smell of earth, as if they had been dug out of the ground. We knew that during his captivity Volodia, who was a writer and a poet, had worked a good deal, but we found no manuscripts in the cases.

With the lists of the objects were included photographs of the bodies after they had been carried out of the mine. When I had seen the first one I could not look at the others.

In the early spring of 1920 Princess Paley, who after her escape from Petrograd had been in Finland and then in Sweden, wrote to me that matters concerning my father's estate obliged her to come to Paris in the spring. She had by then recovered from her operation. I was extremely anxious to see her, and my husband and I decided to go to Paris.

Princess Paley and I met at the Ritz, where she was stopping. As I took hold of the door knob before going into her room my knees shook so violently that I wondered how I would be able to cross the threshold. The drawing-room was empty when I dragged myself in. I saw a black figure moving about in the bedroom.

"Who is there?" I heard a startled voice.

"It is I, Marisha," I answered.

And then she appeared. Her face was deathly pale and transparent, terribly aged and lined. She had grown smaller, shriveled up, or so it appeared, smothered as she was in her black, widow's clothes heavily trimmed with crape. We fell on each other's necks, weeping and speechless. That afternoon we sat in silence; nothing that we could say would have expressed our feeling or brought us any comfort.

After that I went back every day as long as her stay in Paris lasted. Her grief had completely changed her. All the magnificent self-assurance, the composure of the past, had totally disappeared; she was cowed, downtrodden by her misfortunes; she abandoned herself to her misery completely, passionately. Hidden beneath her exterior worldliness there had always been something untamed, elemental, which was now more apparent than ever.

SLOWLY, painfully, by bits that I afterward pieced together, she told me the dreadful story of my father's last months.

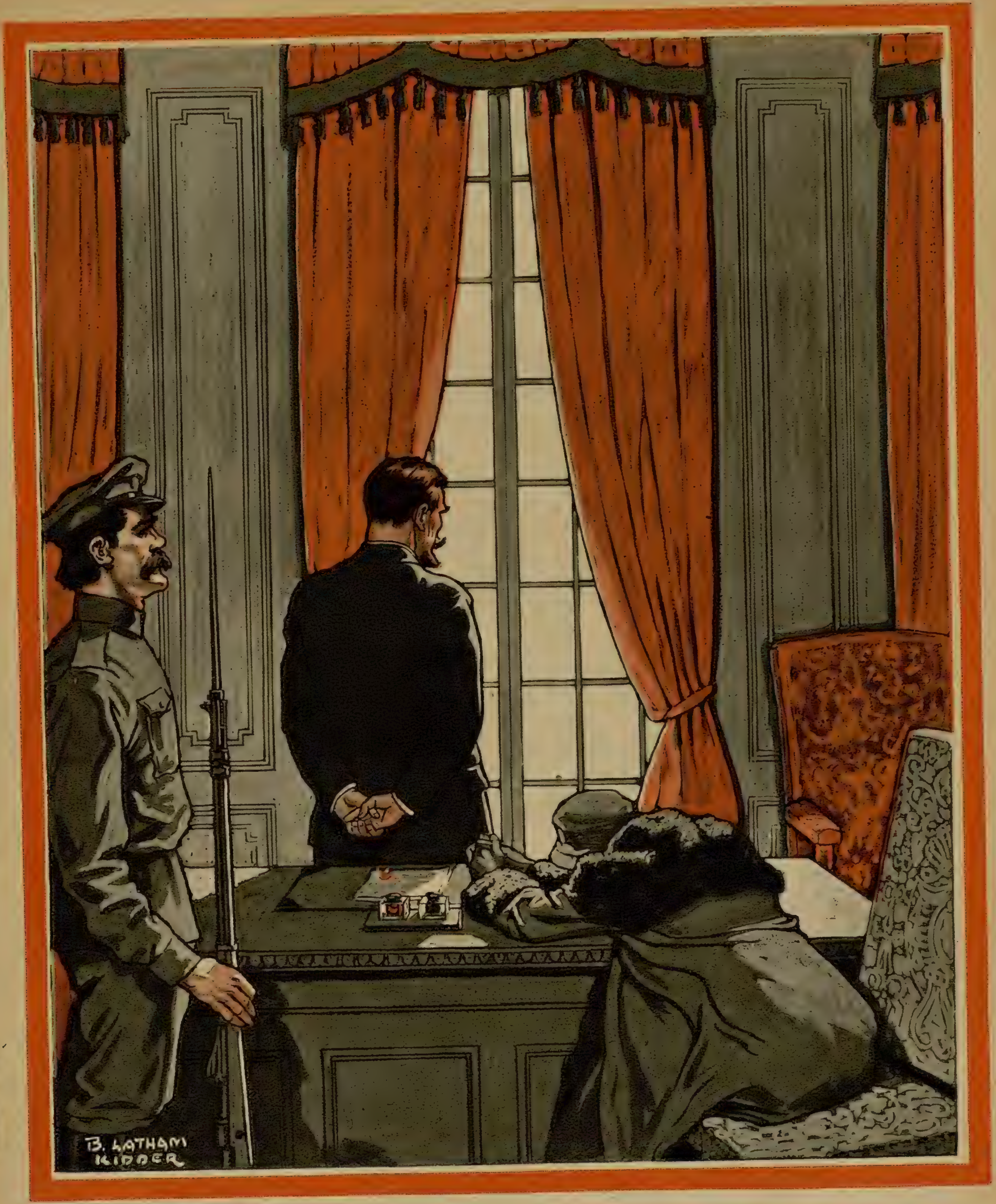
Exactly ten days after my husband and I started on our perilous journey toward freedom, in the night of August 12, 1918, the house at Tsarskoe Selo where my father was then living with his family was visited by a detachment of Red soldiers. After raiding the house and confiscating all the food and alcohol they could lay hands on, they arrested my father. The order of arrest was duly signed by Ouritzky, chief of the Cheka. The word Cheka was formed out of the initials of the Russian words meaning Extraordinary Commission. This organization was formed in December, 1917, for the purpose of dealing with "sabotage" and so-called counter-revolutionary manifestations. Subsequently it was the Cheka which headed and led the Red terror; the word itself has become a synonym of horror and desolation.

To protest against the arrest was useless. My father dressed himself, and so did my stepmother, who felt that she could not be separated from him at such a moment. They were taken to the local Soviet headquarters which was situated in one of the palaces, where they spent a sleepless night on the benches of an office. Early in the morning they were both driven in by car to Petrograd and brought to the chief headquarters of the Cheka, where my father was subjected to a very summary interrogation by an individual who seemed to have no experience in such matters.

Here my stepmother was separated from my father. Till now she had succeeded by her energy and perseverance in protecting him, but of late things had taken a decided change for the worse, and she realized to its full extent the danger of the situation. Three of my father's cousins had been put into prison a few days previously.

Terribly upset, she tried to think of new ways and means whereby to help my father. She decided at last to ask for an interview with Ouritzky, the powerful president of the Cheka himself. He agreed to receive her. She tried in vain to make him formulate a definite accusation against my father; all he said was that the Romanoffs were "the enemies of the people" and would all be made to pay for the three hundred years of oppression. He told her that in three or four months my father would be sent to Siberia, but that at present he was going to join the other Grand Dukes in prison, where he would be transferred that very night. She, however, would be given passes which would enable her to visit my father and bring him his food.

Their first meeting took place the same evening in the prison yard where my stepmother was waiting in the hope of snatching a glimpse of my father as he was being brought to the prison. During the four months that followed my father was kept in a cell by himself. My stepmother was allowed to visit him on certain days and so was his private physician, but there was always someone else present at the interviews. They met, besides, in the prison office which was usually crowded with other pris-



Ouritzky said the Romanoffs were " the enemies of the people " and would all be made to pay for their oppression.

oners and their visitors. On the days when the prisoners could not receive, my stepmother would herself carry to the prison heavy baskets with food and crockery, and bring back the receptacles which had contained the previous delivery.

At the same time my stepmother left no stone unturned in her efforts to save my father; she made use of every influence, spent hours waiting for the important men of the moment, patiently swallowing every humiliation, every insult. Turbulent and outspoken as she was, it was at times extremely difficult for her to suppress an angry retort. She hoped that if it were impossible to obtain my father's release, she would at least be able to get him transferred to a prison hospital, where he would be more comfortable. While making her wearisome rounds of the Bolshevik authorities, the poor woman would try to get some information about the fate of her son Volodia, of whom since July she had had no news. The reticence she encountered everywhere on the subject ought to have wakened her suspicions, but it did not; she still believed that he had escaped.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

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Opening the presents
Christmas dinner
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Birthday parties

Anniversa
Babies
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EDUCATION IN EXILE
Continued from page thirty-one

My father, since his illness during the war, had not been strong; he had to be under the constant supervision of his physician and keep to a diet. Food was difficult to procure, and the little there was had attained tremendous prices. The selling of things to get the necessary cash, the hunting up and buying of provisions of the kind my father could eat, occupied all my stepmother's spare time. Although she made her headquarters now in Petrograd, where she was nearer to my father, she often went to Tsarskoe Selo to visit my stepsisters, who remained there. Irene and Nathalie, fifteen and thirteen at the time, were living through anxious days. Not only were they constantly worrying about my father, whom they worshiped, but they were themselves surrounded by dangers. Raiding parties often broke into the house, generally at night, and the soldiers who took part in them were as a rule far from sober. My stepmother was at a loss to know what to do.

In September occurred the murder of the notorious Ouritzky, animator of the Cheka, which was followed by fearful reprisals and wholesale executions. Princess Paley trembled. My father told her that at night he would hear heavy footsteps in the prison corridor, the clicking of arms, the opening and shutting of cell doors. At noon, when the prisoners were taken for their walk, several familiar faces would have disappeared, never to be seen again. Every night my father expected to hear steps at his own door and the click of the lock; to see, outside the door suddenly thrown open, a detachment of soldiers come to take him away. He was waiting to hear his death warrant. The anxiety was wearing him out physically.

But in the face of all these trials, in the face of imminent danger, my father showed no signs of moral weakness, never was impatient. On the contrary, seeing my stepmother's anguish, he tried to keep up her spirits by being gay and hopeful himself; he even found the courage to make fun of his sordid surroundings. The discomforts, the insults, and humiliations he did not appear to notice.

In the meantime my father's own house at Tsarskoe Selo, in which, because of its size, the family had not lived for several months, was confiscated by the art division of the Soviets and made into a museum. In the way of private belongings my stepmother was only allowed to take the icons and the photographs. Then she and my stepsisters were ordered out of my cousin Boris' house which they and my father had been occupying since they were obliged to leave their own. Princess Paley was forced to get ready to go in a few hours' time. She and the girls moved to Petrograd, where they settled down in two rooms, keeping one servant. At the beginning of December my father was at last transferred to a prison hospital. My stepmother drew a breath of relief.

HE had a clean room with white walls and real windows, a welcome change after four months spent in a dark cell. The only trouble now was the distance at which the hospital was situated from the part of town where Princess Paley was living. The trips to and from it, laden with heavy food baskets, completely exhausted her. Most of the way she had to walk, as the sole means of transportation, the tramcars, ran only in the center of the town. Besides, she was beginning to suffer a great deal from the tumor in her breast. Once or twice she let the children go instead of herself, as they were anxious to help, but after Irene had been knocked down by a passing car which never stopped, she did not dare do it again.

My stepmother, however, was now allowed to visit my father more frequently, to spend more time with him, and she talked to him in his room and without witnesses. Her hopes rose; she was now trying to get my father out of the prison hospital and into a private nursing home.

Several people at that time offered their services to help my father escape. The surveillance at the prison hospital was comparatively lax, and it would not have been an impossible matter for my father to get away, but he gave up his chance for freedom, fearing that by escaping himself he might cause the death of his cousins who were in prison. Princess Paley took advantage of the offers for my stepsisters and sent them to join some friends in a sanitarium in Finland where she was sure they would be well taken care of.

On Christmas Day, when my stepmother went to see my father, she found a commotion reigning throughout the hospital, and was soon informed of its reason. The authorities had discovered that the régime at the hospital was too lenient, and were changing the entire administration. After this day, which was the last time she ever saw my father, do what she might she could never again obtain a permit to visit him. She was desperate, but continued to drag herself through the snow to the hospital two or three times a week with her heavy load of baskets. She would wait outside in the cold to try to catch a glimpse of my father through the window in spite of the guards, who tried to drive her away either by curses or with the butts of their rifles. From time to time, though, she would be rewarded by a note, which was brought out to her by the nurse or a maid. The doctor's visits had also been stopped and my father was not feeling at all well. More than a month passed in this way.

AND then on January 28 she was told at the hospital that my father was no longer there, that he had been removed to the Cheka headquarters. Strangely enough, the news gave her no particular shock. On the contrary, as long as he had not been taken back to the prison, she thought him safe; it might even mean complete release. She was at that time only preoccupied by his health and by the idea of how to deliver to him the provisions he was so seriously in need of.

But on the next day all her fears returned with renewed force. Starting early in the morning, she went to the Cheka and the prison, where she could not obtain any information. Getting more and more desperate as the day wore on, she telephoned to every official, only to get evasive and often sneering answers. The next day passed in the same way.

Early in the morning of January 30, a friend came to see my stepmother at her rooms. He insisted that she telephone immediately to Madame Gorky, the wife of the author, whose help Princess Paley had often enlisted of late, and ask her for news. Madame Gorky reassured her and said that Gorky himself was returning from Moscow, the seat of the government, where he had obtained the complete release of all the Grand Dukes. Hearing this, the friend showed Princess Paley the morning paper. In it she read a long list of names of those executed on the previous night; among them were the Grand Dukes Paul, Nicholas, George, and Dmitri. She swooned. By the time she had come to herself, Madame Gorky had already confirmed the news.

All was over. After the months of anxiety, feverish activity, efforts, suffering, hopes, there was suddenly this awful emptiness. My father was gone; there was nothing more that she could do for him; he needed her no longer; she was all alone, useless, lost. She was in a stupor, not caring about anything any longer.

Only much later, when she was living in Finland, did she hear in detail about what had been going on at the prison hospital during the period between Christmas Day and January 28, and especially about what had taken place on January 28 and 29. A doctor who was himself a prisoner at the hospital told my stepmother what will follow. The subject of my father's last hours I never had the courage to approach when speaking to her, and I know this only through reading it in her book, which was published in 1923. I will quote most of the narrative from Princess Paley's writings, some of it in her own words and some condensed by myself:

> At noon on January 28 a soldier with an automobile came to the hospital from the Cheka to take my husband away. The prison commissar sent for the doctor and ordered him

to tell "the prisoner Paul Romanoff" to get ready to go. The doctor went to the room which the Grand Duke now shared, among others, with a colonel of the old army.

"Sir," said the doctor, "I have been sent to tell you that you are to pack your things and dress; you are going to leave this place."

"Am I free?" was my husband's first joyous reaction.

"I have the order to get you ready to go; they are taking you to the Cheka."

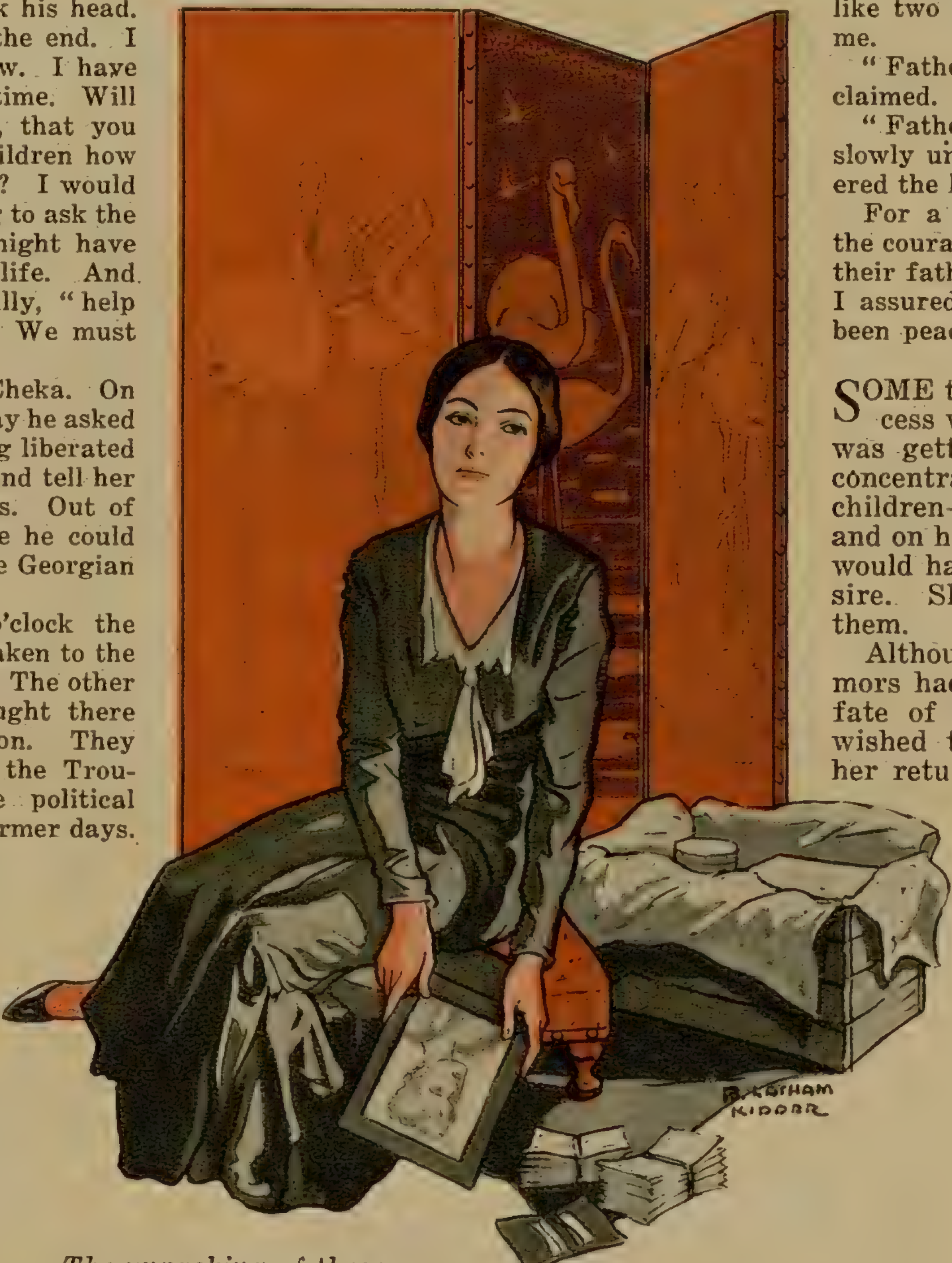
"They will probably liberate you," said the Grand Duke's roommate, the colonel.

The Grand Duke shook his head.

"No," he said, "it's the end. I know that all is over now. I have felt it coming for some time. Will you promise me, doctor, that you will tell my wife and children how much I have loved them? I would have wished before dying to ask the forgiveness of those I might have harmed or hurt in my life. And now," he added cheerfully, "help me to pack my things. We must go."

He was taken to the Cheka. On the evening of the next day he asked a Georgian who was being liberated to telephone to his wife and tell her about where he now was. Out of fear, or perhaps because he could not get to a telephone, the Georgian did not do so.

That night at ten o'clock the Grand Duke alone was taken to the Peter and Paul Fortress. The other Grand Dukes were brought there directly from the prison. They were then locked up in the Troubetzkoy dungeon where political prisoners were kept in former days.



The unpacking of these things from Alapayevsk made a ghastly impression upon me.

The last phases of the tragedy were told to the same doctor by an old-time warden of the fortress prisons. At three in the morning two soldiers came down to the dungeon, made the Grand Dukes strip the upper parts of their bodies, and took them out into the fortress square, the square on which stands the cathedral where all the Romanoffs since Peter the Great had been buried. Here they were confronted with the sight of a long and deep common grave where thirteen bodies lay already. The soldiers stood them in a line in front of the grave and shot them. A few seconds before the shots were fired the old warden heard my husband's voice say:

"Oh, Lord, forgive them for they know not what they do."

OTHER versions no less dramatic exist of my father's last moments, but as they come from less reliable sources it would be superfluous to state them.

A week after the tragedy my stepmother's friends and relations in Petrograd arranged her escape. She was not capable of making any decisions about herself and it was thought best for her to go to Finland, where she could join my stepsisters. She got over the border with surprising ease.

As rapidly as possible she proceeded to the sanitarium at Rauma where the girls were staying. Here she was met by the doctor and a lady in whose care the children had been during the last weeks. Not only had they not dared to break the news to the girls, but they had not even ventured to tell them of their mother's arrival.

Of this Princess Paley has written:

So as to avoid giving them a too violent shock, I took off my heavy crape veil before going to their rooms. I opened the door and looked in. Hearing the sound of the door opening, they looked up and, catching sight of me, they ran toward me with exclamations of surprise and joy.

"Mother, mother!" . . . and then, after a second, "But where is father? Why is he not here?" . . .

Trembling violently in all my limbs, I leaned against the doorpost. I answered:

"Father is ill, very ill." Nathalie burst into loud sobs; Irene was white to the lips, her eyes like two burning coals questioning me.

"Father has died!" she exclaimed.

"Father has died," I repeated slowly under my breath as I gathered the little girls into my arms.

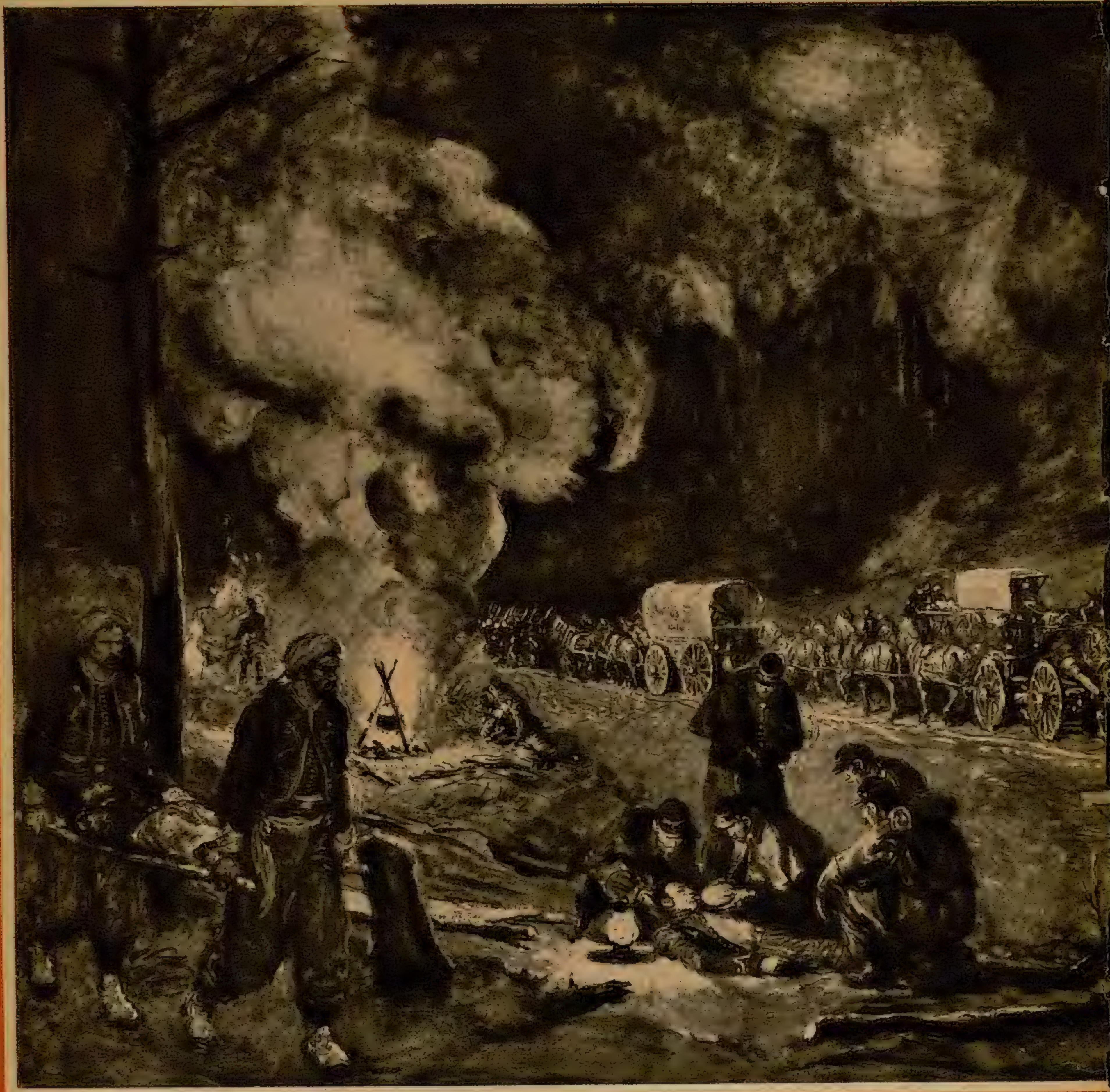
For a long time I did not have the courage to tell the children that their father had been assassinated. I assured them that his death had been peaceful, without suffering.

SOME two weeks later the princess was operated on. As she was getting better she tried to concentrate her thoughts on the children—on her son Volodia, and on her little daughters. This would have been my father's desire. She had now to live for them.

Although some sinister rumors had reached her about the fate of Volodia, she had never wished to believe them. Upon her return to the sanitarium at Rauma from Viborg, where she had been operated on, she got a letter from Grand Duchess Elisabeth (widow of Grand Duke Constantine), whose sons perished at the same time as Volodia. The Grand Duchess inclosed a report from Siberia received by her from the British military mission attached to the Kolchak armies. In this report were stated the details of the murders. Until that moment my stepmother had been trying to keep up her strength. Now she broke down completely. All was over; her life was finished; she prayed for death.

Afterward, however, she slowly recovered her balance; her amazing vitality got the better of her moral depression, and she began again to take an interest in life. She was forced to, as her daughters still needed her, but her wounds never healed; they remained as fresh as on the first day. In 1929, ten years after the murder of my father, she died in agony after a second recurrence of cancer. Strangely enough, although for all these years she had longed for death, when her time came her physical self and fundamentally iron constitution fought desperately for life; step by step, inch by inch, she relinquished her hold, and only gave way at the last moment when her vital energy had been totally exhausted.

In next week's installment the Grand Duchess tells of her return to Paris, where she hoped to find new horizons. She tells of multitudes of refugees evacuated from southern Russia, and of relief work in which she took part. She also recalls her meetings, after years of separation, with her son, Prince Lennart, in Sweden.



The moon had been down for an hour. Like endless lines of phantoms,

WHISTLING

By ROBERT W.

Pictures by

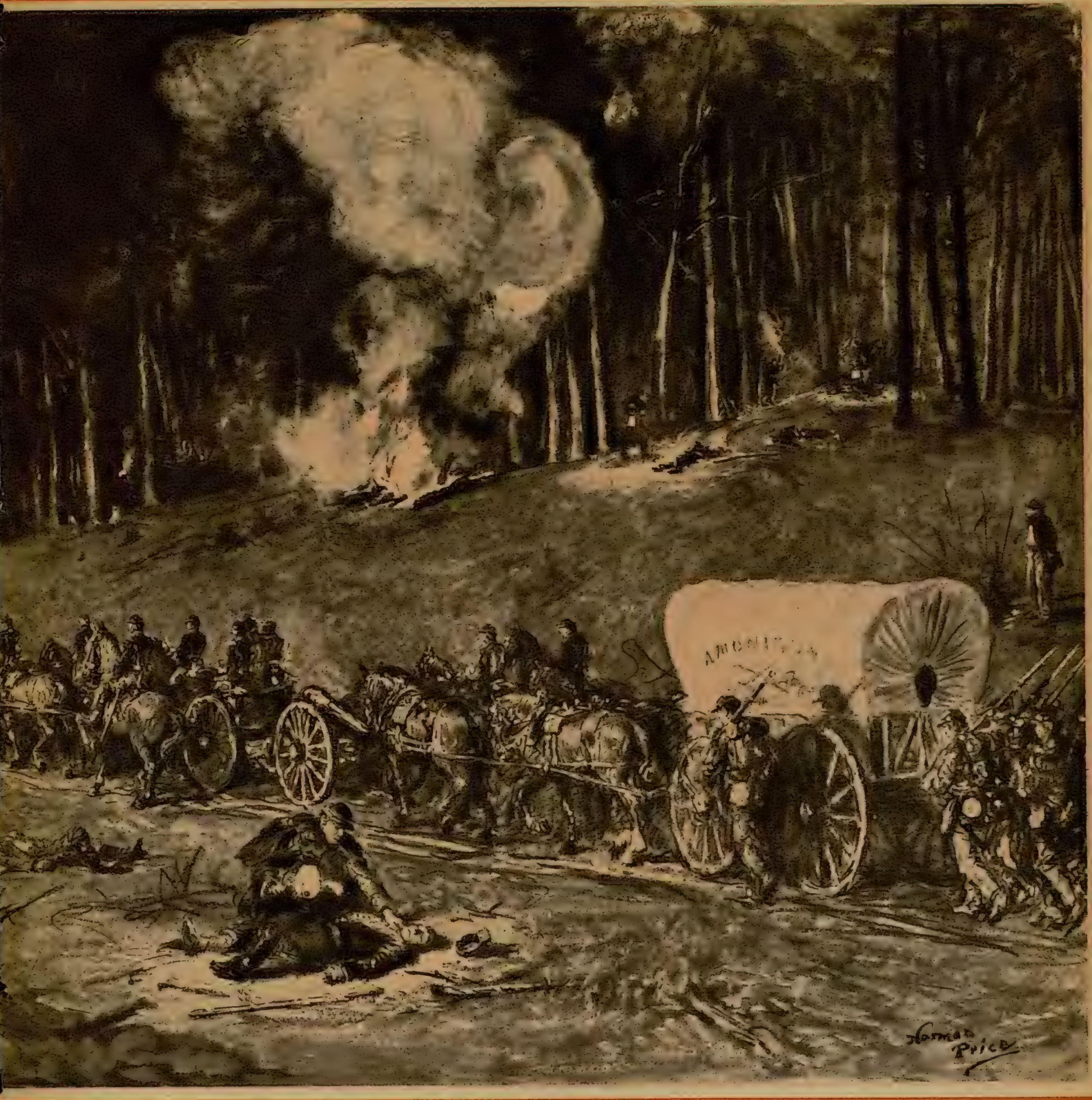
(Reading time: 29 minutes 15 seconds.)

THIS is a story of danger and devotion during our Civil War, told by Juan Maddox. Juan and Iris O'Brien, young Texans, became Federal Military Telegraph operators in the same district. They fled before a Confederate raid and worked together, later, at Culpeper, Virginia, where Juan was disturbed by the fact that Conway, a detective, persistently followed Iris. Near the line of battle, Juan met, by chance, Captain O'Brien, Iris' father.

PART SEVEN
GRANT'S MISTAKE

"WELL, I'm delighted," said Captain O'Brien. "What are you doing down here, wearing our uniform and working the telegraph?"

The bugles were sounding "Halt" and "Dismount."



men, horses, guns, wagons continued to pass through the smoking forest.

CAT

Spy Trouble—Mysterious Captain O'Brien—Racing Armies—Suspicion Still Follows Iris—The Thrill of First Love

CHAMBERS

NORMAN PRICE

Then "Stand to horse!" pealed out.

He offered me his gloved hand in his peculiarly graceful way, and pressed mine warmly.

"This is like old times," he said. "You've grown like a weed, Juan. You're nearly eighteen, though. Have you e'er a word from the child at all?"

I told him about his daughter. "Don't you hear from her?" I asked.

"Devil a word," said he, with that gay toss of his handsome, reckless head which I remembered so well.

"And Iris, now; you've seen her?" he inquired.

"Yes; a day or two ago. You may talk to her, if you wish. She's at G. H. Q."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page thirty-seven

“ I’ll do that! We’ll be standing to horse a bit longer, then into pup tents, or I’m sorely mistaken. They’ll not send us in here. . . . Well, anyhow, what news have you from Whistling Cat? ”

I told him the gist of my mother’s letters. His mobile features reflected every detail in sympathetic accompaniment.

“ Your mother’s a sweet woman—she is that. Well, well, to think on it all! Poor Texas! Poor country! Juan? ”

“ Sir? ”

“ Do you chance to have a wee drop to warm a poor sodger? ”

I was sorry.

“Ah, well; ’tis a cruel war entirely! ” He laughed. “ Well, then, lad, don’t be standin’ here in the rain gossipin’ with an old man, but get into your battery wagon yonder and sit snug and dry till we pitch camp.”

So I went back to my wagon and lay down there, and presently fell asleep, the surflike thundering of a battle ended haunting my ears as sea sounds linger in dead sea shells.

Noises awoke me. Out of the back of the wagon I saw a stout, jolly, whiskered major general on a handsome horse.

He was laughing and joking with his staff and with Colonel Fitz James O’Hara.

“ Sedgwick,” whispered Wild. “ He is always jesting.”

Wild went on: “ The Johnnies are blocking us near Spotsylvania. Wait till old U. S. G. gets his teeth in ’em again. Oh, dear Mr. Jeff Davis! Help! Help! Mr. Grant’s biting me! ”

It was very dark.

The cavalry had camped, had watered, fed and groomed, and were cooking rations by scores of glowing fires.

I saw Colonel O’Hara, but couldn’t discover Captain O’Brien in the wavering torchlight.

However, I did discover in the uncertain red glare an old acquaintance: Mr. Conway of the Secret Service.

He came up to the wagon; we shook hands. I asked him in a low voice about the leak.

“ Not plugged, so far. But I guess we’ll stop it, Maddox; I guess so.”

“ Has there been more leakage? ”

“ Some.”

“ That’s damnable,” said I.

“OH, well,” said he grimly, “ we’ll hear the dead march yet. And there’s still timber for a gallows.”

He wandered away presently, chewing a dead cigar. A little later Captain O’Brien sauntered up for a visit.

“ Do you want to talk to Iris? ” I asked him. “ I guess it’s all right. She’s at G. H. Q. I’ll get her—”

“ Just send her my love and tell her I’m all right,” said O’Brien cheerily.

“ Don’t *you* want to talk to her? ”

“ Well, then, I think I’ve forgotten how to rattle the key, Juan.”

He not only had been one of the Texan gentlemen associated in the management of the highly aristocratic South Western Telegraph Company, but, to amuse himself, he had become a good operator.

So I merely smiled and called G. H. Q.

“ Oh, Juan! ” came the rapid writing I knew so well. “ I’ve been thinking about you, and here you are! ”

“ Is all well? ”

“ Yes, darling. Are you astonished to know I’m in the field? ”

“ Yes. Where’s Beckwith? ”

“ Gone on to S. C. H. You understand? ”

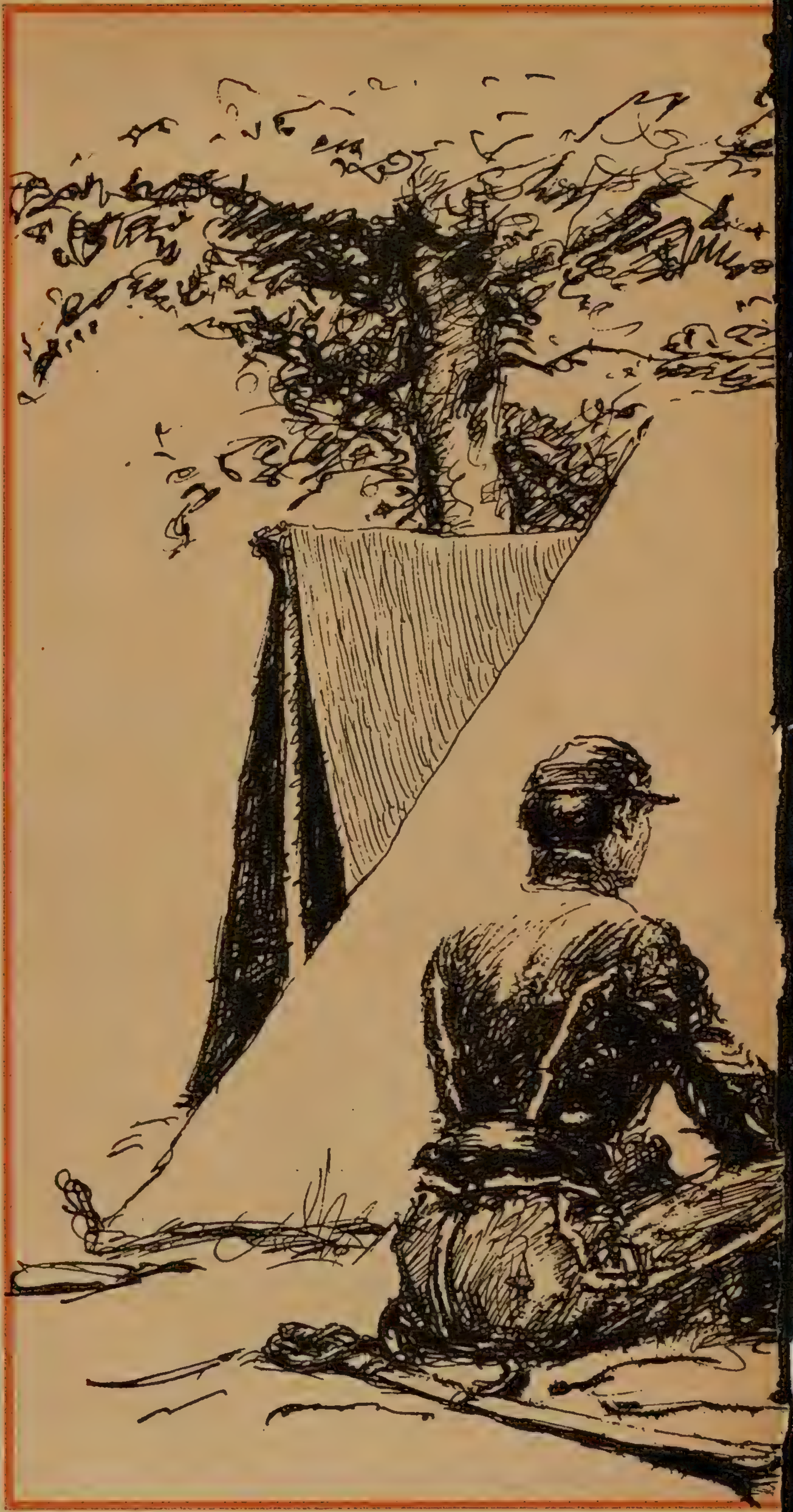
“ Yes. I think Doren is crazy to send you out.”

“ He had to. There was nobody else, at a pinch. I don’t suppose they’ll let me stay.”

“ Do you want to? ”

“ Yes, if I can’t be with you.”

A warm feeling enveloped me.



“ You’re a darn’ fine girl, Iris. I’ve got a happy surprise for you.”

“ What? ”

“ Your father is here.”

“ Where? ”

“ Here.”

“ Not near your wire! ”

“ Why not? ”

“ You know it’s forbidden. Oh, Juan, I didn’t mean that! Only, you know the rule about anybody remaining within hearing of our magnets.”

“ Yes, but he wants to talk to you.”

“ Oh, my God, I can’t do it. Is he near enough to read what we are saying? ”

“ No. He’s over by our fire.”

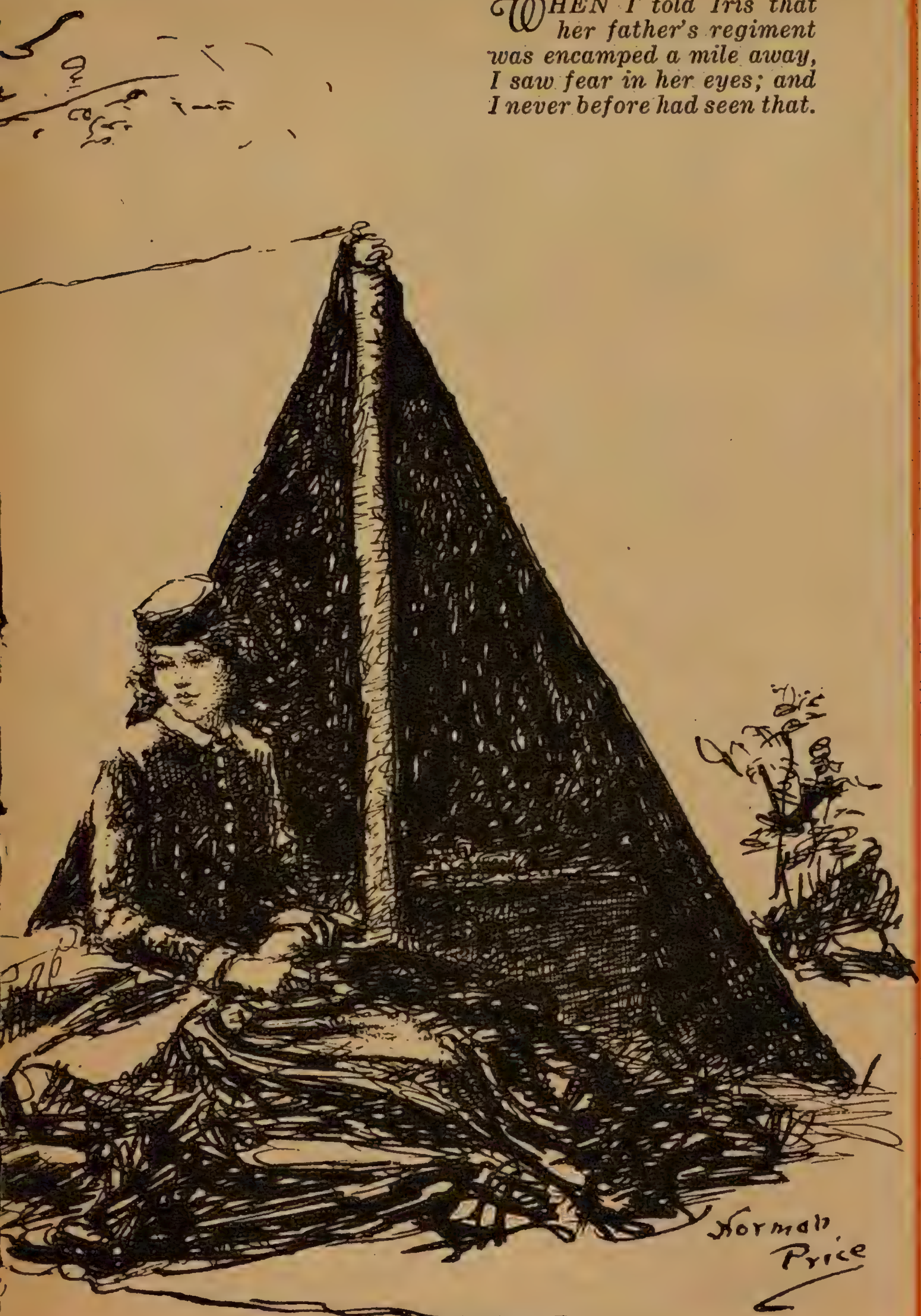
“ Then you tell him I am all right. I can’t talk to him, I tell you. You know well enough he understands telegraphy; and you know the rules.”

“ But an officer in our own army! Your own father! ”

“ No, no, no! I’ve taken the oath and so have you! It doesn’t say anything about fathers or mothers.”

I could feel myself flushing painfully at the just rebuke.

WHEN I told Iris that her father's regiment was encamped a mile away, I saw fear in her eyes; and I never before had seen that.



"I guess you're right, Iris. I don't *guess* it; I *know* it! It can't be done, of course. Thank you, dear. I might have got myself into a bad mess. You are a brick, Iris, and I'm a pooch!"

"No, you're not. Only for God's sake be careful, darling. You never know who's listening in. A perfectly innocent impulse like that might ruin you. And me, too."

"And your father, too."

"Oh, yes. We must never do such a thing. Keep my father away from your wire. And everybody else who has no business to be within hearing distance. Just tell him to—to take care of himself. That's all, darling. Sign off!"

Wild, who had been listening in spite of himself, said: "Say, that's a damn' fine girl of yours. Talk about Sparta! She's right, too."

"Oh, shut up!" said I angrily. And I got out of the wagon to give Stephen O'Brien his daughter's lukewarm greeting. On his handsome, mobile features tenderness, sympathy, and gay satisfaction alternated as I told him what our rules were and how sorry Iris was that she could not talk to him herself.

"God bless you, Juan," said he. "May you never know trouble or shed a tear till the world blows up with a bang on judgment day in the morning!"

He went off whistling St. Patrick's Day in the Morning, and all his tired troopers turned in their blankets to look up at the best beloved officer in the 3d New York Black Horse.

II

WILD shook me awake. I got up and looked out of the battery wagon. All around us were the horses of General Grant's staff, General Meade's staff, and a regiment of headquarters cavalry.

I dried my face and hands on my shirt, buttoned jacket and breeches, pulled on boots and cap, and climbed out. I saw Sam Beckwith almost immediately. He was sitting on a log, near some officers' horses tied to his battery wagon, eating breakfast. Cavalrymen on guard, parading up and down with bared sabers, warned me away from the place; but Sam saw me and called out, "Come over here, Juan," and they let me through.

We shook hands. I could hear the noisy click of a telegraph machine behind the hood of the battery wagon, so I knew business was going on within.

Beckwith seemed to have plenty of rations. He politely asked me to share them; so I helped myself to bacon, fried tack, fried potatoes, and coffee.

From where we sat we could see General Grant, General Meade, and officers of both staffs, sitting on great logs which had been pulled around to form three sides of a square facing a fire, from which breakfast was being served them by Negro servants and white orderlies.

General Grant wore the same faded uniform and the wrinkled, muddy spurred boots which came to his thighs. Only the stars on his shoulder straps revealed him as the first soldier of the Republic. He sat motionless and mute, his strange, still gaze fixed on the invisible.

There was never a moment when some of his officers were not looking at him with hard intentness, with anxiety, with tragic perplexity, with a sort of submissive awe.

It was plain that none would interrupt the silence of the man unless invited.

Beckwith said to me in a guarded voice: "He's having a bad time. Lee's strategy has been superior to his. We have been outmaneuvered and stopped. And that's all there is about it." I nodded.

He said: "Yes, we cipher men learn such things mighty quickly. The butchery has been terrible. But he's still continuing the movement."

"Around Lee's right?"

"That's it. He's *got* to get around—or go back."

"He won't do that, will he, Sam?"

"No; he won't do *that*. It's a cipher secret, of course, but I suppose your cipher dispatches have disclosed to you where he is going, haven't they?"

I nodded and whispered: "To Spotsylvania Court House."

"Absolutely. He hopes to get there before Lee finds out where he's bound for. If he can cross the North Anna he can turn Lee's right. That's the strategy. Get past Lee's right flank. Then—the rest must follow."

We ate in silence, thinking over all we knew, all we surmised, and all we hoped.

"I'll tell you what is worrying old U. S. G. over yonder," said Beckwith. "Last night he woke me up and told me to call his wagons and start them toward S. C. H. Came in all alone. Hadn't been to bed.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHISTLING CAT
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"Well, while I was grunting around, setting it up, he came in the tent again and said haste was imperative and that I need not use our cipher.

"I was afraid; but you know you don't argue with U. S. G. Besides, he was coldly mad at something or other, and frightfully calm and silent about it. So I took one good look at that mouth and jaw—and I sent the dispatch. It was a mistake, I fear."

"Why?"

"Well, I *think* Ellsworth got it."

"Good heavens, Sam—"

"I *think* so; I'm not sure. I had to send by the upper fords; no current below; and I expected to hear McCarty, and got a perfectly strange writing."

"Whose?"

"I don't know. He signed O. K.; couldn't be tripped; knew all the tests; knew how to rattle the key, too. As for identity—said his name was Jones."

"What have you done about it, Sam?"

"I told the general. He said: 'Well, I presume it is my fault. It's all right, Beckwith.' And a little later said the same thing to a desponding cavalry general just in—'It's all right, Wilson; we're still headed south!' When old U. S. G. makes mistakes he never takes it out on others.

"And, Juan, he's got a terrible mouth and in his eyes is the minus zero of the pole, but he is as human as Old Abe; and he has the trustful, tender heart of a child."

Grant got up leisurely, listened to something that Badeau, one of his colonels, said, walked across behind Meade, who was glancing at a map, and looked over his shoulder. After considering it in silence he drew his cigar end to a dull glow, turned, and came toward us.

We stood up; I saluted and remained at attention.

"How are you, Maddox?" he said quietly. I had no idea he would remember me. To Beckwith he said: "We ought to know in a little while. I'm afraid that telegram has damaged us."

"Ah, well; 'tis a cruel war entirely!" He laughed.

HOW he was going to learn "in a little while" whether it had damaged us or not I could not guess.

Then, beyond our fire ring, sentinels challenged; and after a moment we saw two soldiers emerge from the dark misty void, guarding between them a young fellow in Confederate gray. With a slight nod, Grant dismissed the two guards. Three or four staff officers had started toward him, but halted, the general's attitude not inviting them farther. Then I looked at this young fellow in enemy gray, who had taken off his slouch hat, and was startled to recognize the thin features of Gilfred Spurlock.

"Well?" inquired Grant quietly.

"Reckon they air off, gin'ral," said the lad. "Yander go Lon'street's men. Fitz Lee's ahead; Hill, he be ahint. Early, he done 'light an' hitch. Ewell, he done bide to vittle twill this hyar Hill war off'n the pike. Then he tuk after him atwixt this hyar Fitz Lee an' this hyar Lon'street."

"The whole Confederate army is now marching east parallel to our line of march?" demanded Grant.

"Reckon it air, suh."

"Very well. It's all right, my boy. Colonel Sharpe is over there with the escort. Say to him that I tell you that you have behaved well."

The boy reddened with pride. As his eyes stole around toward us he recognized me. General Grant had turned away with Beckwith.

"Hello, Gilfred," I whispered. "Glad to see you in our service."

"Reckon I be, too, suh."

"Connie is still safe and happy with Mrs. Camp at Brandy Station," I said.

He thanked me awkwardly and slouched away.

Caldwell appeared suddenly, motioned me to follow; and we walked across to Beckwith's battery wagon, where General Grant dictated telegrams to Wild, while Beckwith, stripped to his shirt, was setting them up.

"Operator Maddox, general," said Caldwell in a low voice.

Grant turned to me and looked me through and through.

"I am told," he said, "that you know the writing of the Confederate operator Ellsworth."

"I've heard it, general. I think I'd recognize it."

He pointed to a telegraph field instrument on a stump beside him.

"Call Willow Run on the upper fords. *And listen.*"

I knelt down, tested the current, tasted it strongly, called, "B-O! B-O! B-O!"

"Sign!" rattled the swift reply.

I signed and sent back the question 134.

"Jones. 18."

"Where were you last night?" I replied.

"Harry Jones," he repeated. "Don't you remember me at Knoxville?"

"Yes, I remember you now."

I looked up at General Grant. "It's Ellsworth, sir."

BECKWITH had stopped setting up to listen. Wild, too, was staring at me. The general said calmly: "Get what you can out of him, Maddox."

"Any news up there?" I asked "Jones."

"Plenty. Garrard's cavalry are chasing John Morgan up the valley."

Beckwith, listening and reading by ear, translated for the general, adding: "Morgan is *there*, sir, and probably in possession of our upper station. Ellsworth is General Morgan's confidential operator."

The general nodded. God! what a grim mouth he wore now!

I went on with my sending, asking for details and getting glib misinformation, which came faster and faster with a new and gayly reckless "style."

"He's suspicious. He's chaffing Maddox now," said Beckwith.

Then, suddenly: "Ha-ha-ha!" came rollicking over the wire. "You young fox, Maddox! I knew *you!*"

The game was up.

"How are you, Ellsworth?" I replied. "And what are you doing at Willow Station?"

"I got your man O'Rourke. Don't worry; I'm treating him well. How are you yourself, Maddox? How's dear old Golden Brook? And the saucy little O'Brien? Oh, you naughty boy!"

"I suppose," said I, "you'll lie to me if I ask where General Morgan is."

"No, I won't! He's here. He's gobbled the whole line! That's what Lee's doing to that dear old Mr. Grant! Well, Maddox, I see that the jig is up. Too bad—too bad! We've had such a pleasant visit. Yes—yes! So kiss all the girls good-by for me. Sorry, but I've got to go. Oh, you naughty boy, you!"

"Ellsworth! Are you still there?"

But he was there no longer.

Beckwith's features were agonized. General Grant said nothing for a moment; then he turned to Beckwith.

"It was my fault," he said pleasantly.

Then he walked over to where an orderly held his horse, and got into the saddle. All around us was the sudden confusion of mounting. The escort got to horse as quietly as possible. Beckwith's wagon train swung out into the road.

The general sat his horse for a while unstirring, looking into the forest with cold, remote eyes.

Presently he motioned to Badeau, who rode up and handed him pencil and note paper. The general wrote, sitting in his saddle, and as he finished each order and dispatch an orderly ran over to me with a scribbled sheet:

Cipher.

Gen'l Sheridan: Push on and seize fords along the North Anna.

U. S. Grant,
Lt: Gen'l Comding.

Cipher.

Gen'l Garrard: Drive off John Morgan, who has cut the telegraph west of upper fords on the Rapidan.

U. S. Grant,
Lt: Gen'l Comding.

Cipher.

Gen'l Butler, Army of the James: Lee is marching on the North Anna fords. Push out.

U. S. Grant,
Lt: Gen'l Comding.

I was setting up these as fast as I could. I heard Grant say to his quartermaster general:

"Go after those wagons. Push them."

And to Colonel Sharpe: "Keep in touch with Lee's progress. I presume your Indians will be useful on the Pamunkey."

Then he said to Horace Porter: "Those cavalry over there—whose are they and what are they doing?"

"It's Fitz James O'Hara's 3d N. Y. Black Horse, general, awaiting orders."

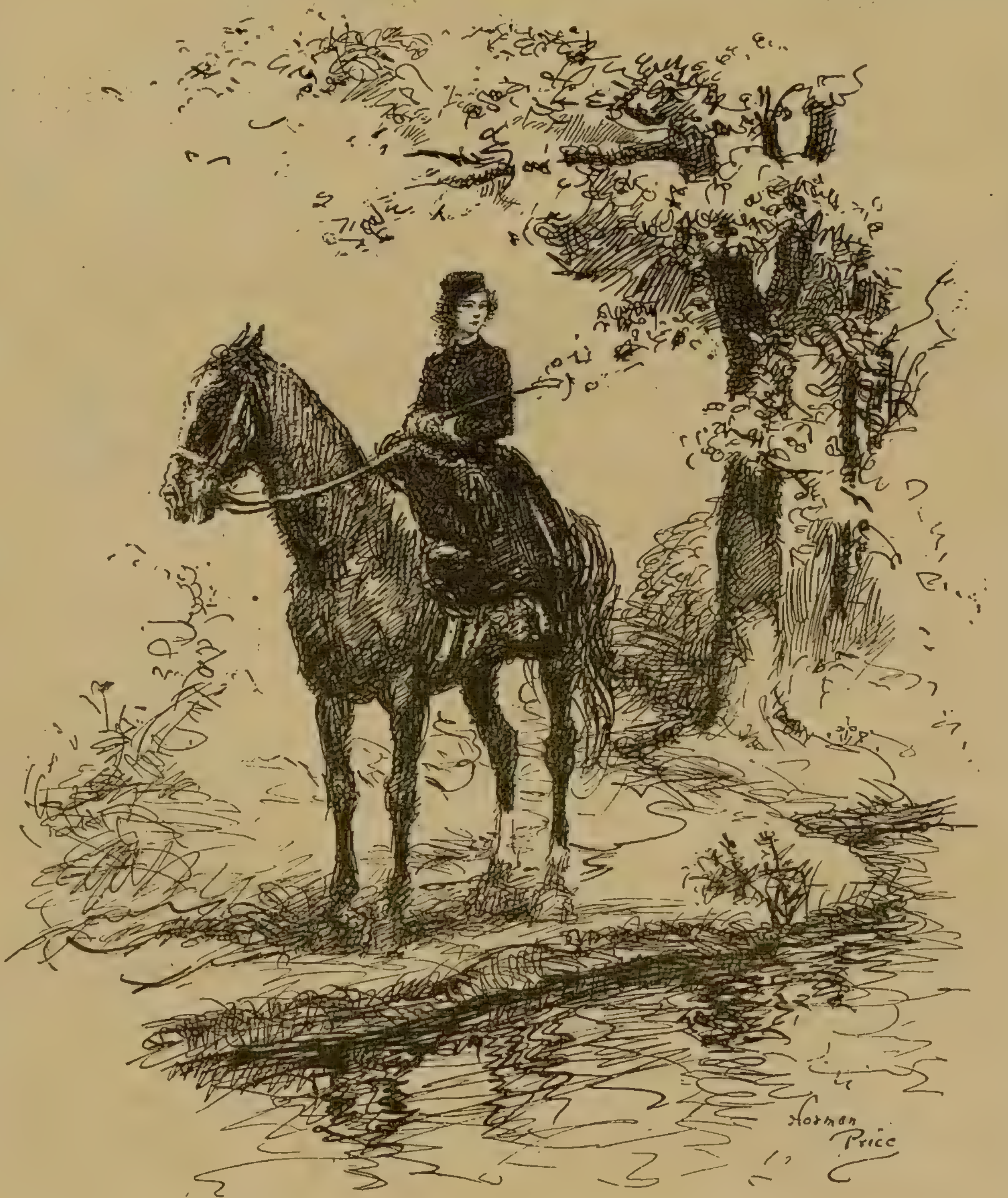
"Go over and tell O'Hara to patrol this telegraph line until he hears from Sheridan."

He turned in his saddle. "Beckwith, push on!"

He turned still farther and gave me a swordlike look.

It was broad daylight now, but the sun had not yet risen. Birds were singing in this place of death.

I had a last glimpse of Grant, handsomely mounted, spurring his horse to a gallop. He was a superb horseman.



I saw a mounted figure in army blue draw bridle in the woods just across the shallow brook.

III

THE moon had been down for an hour. Like endless lines of phantoms, men, horses, guns, wagons continued to pass through the smoking forest. From the junction of the Germania ford, Chancellorsville, and Orange Court House roads, thousands of camp fires glimmered, and lanterns moved where searchers for dead and wounded roamed between field hospitals and forest depths.

Twenty minutes later a cavalryman tore back with a sheaf of orders and dispatches from General Sedgwick. Wild sent them off. Our fire, torches, and lanterns lighted up everything.

As I was finishing Grant's ciphers, General Sedgwick himself, stout, hearty, capable, good-humored, rode up with his entire staff; and I saw tight-lipped Dennis Doren and calm Mr. Caldwell with him, and also apple-cheeked young Andrew Carnegie, the shrewdly smiling Pittsburgh telegraph and railroad man.

General Sedgwick was, as usual, gayly joking. Everybody was laughing, but it was the jangling laughter out of tune of men under the terrific mental strain of nervous reaction from horrors unspeakable.

Sedgwick's wholesome smile faded. "Gentlemen, if you please!"

He spurred his horse toward the east, riding thoughtfully toward Death, who was waiting him with horrible confidence a few miles farther on. But God alone knew that. The never-ending army continued to pass like a vast shadow over the moonless earth.

AN order came to test the wire at all the fords; and I called Raccoon ford, Russell's, Germania, Ely's, and the Rappahannock stations at Ellis', Norman's, United States, and Banks; and found all the latter in field connection and guarded by Sheridan's detached cavalry regiments, while the former were intact and even Willow Station and the upper river already restored.

"I hope to God they caught Ellsworth," said Wild. "He's the most dangerous man in the Confederacy. Except that little rat Colt Racker."

At that moment, in the torchlight I saw J. H. Caldwell riding toward us. I had supposed he had gone on with Sedgwick. When he came up he said: "I've got to take Operator Wild and the wagons and all your men. Dan Harrison is ordered here to help you out, Maddox. Can you get along without orderlies till he turns up?"

"I'll do my best, Mr. Caldwell."

He looked about at the woods irresolutely. "It's rather a ticklish place for you," he said, "but on this line you and Operator O'Brien control the wires, and you have all the strands of the web in your own fingers. If anything happens to either of you, everybody will know it."

Wild was swearing, saddling, packing, and rolling his blanket.

Our men were pitching a couple of pup tents for me and installing my effects and some planks. A block of wood and a cracker box served as a table for my instruments, and connection and adjustment were very quickly made.

"Maddox," Caldwell said, "if you don't mind having a woman with you, I can call in Operator O'Brien until Harrison arrives. I am going to send her on to Sedgwick at the North Anna when I get the order."

"I thought she'd already gone," said I, surprised.

"Not yet. I have to hear from H. Q. first."

"Do you mean to say she's over at the Wilderness Tavern alone?"

"She has a mounted escort. Wilson's rear guard is still there."

"Well, sir, if you ask me, I am very strongly of the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

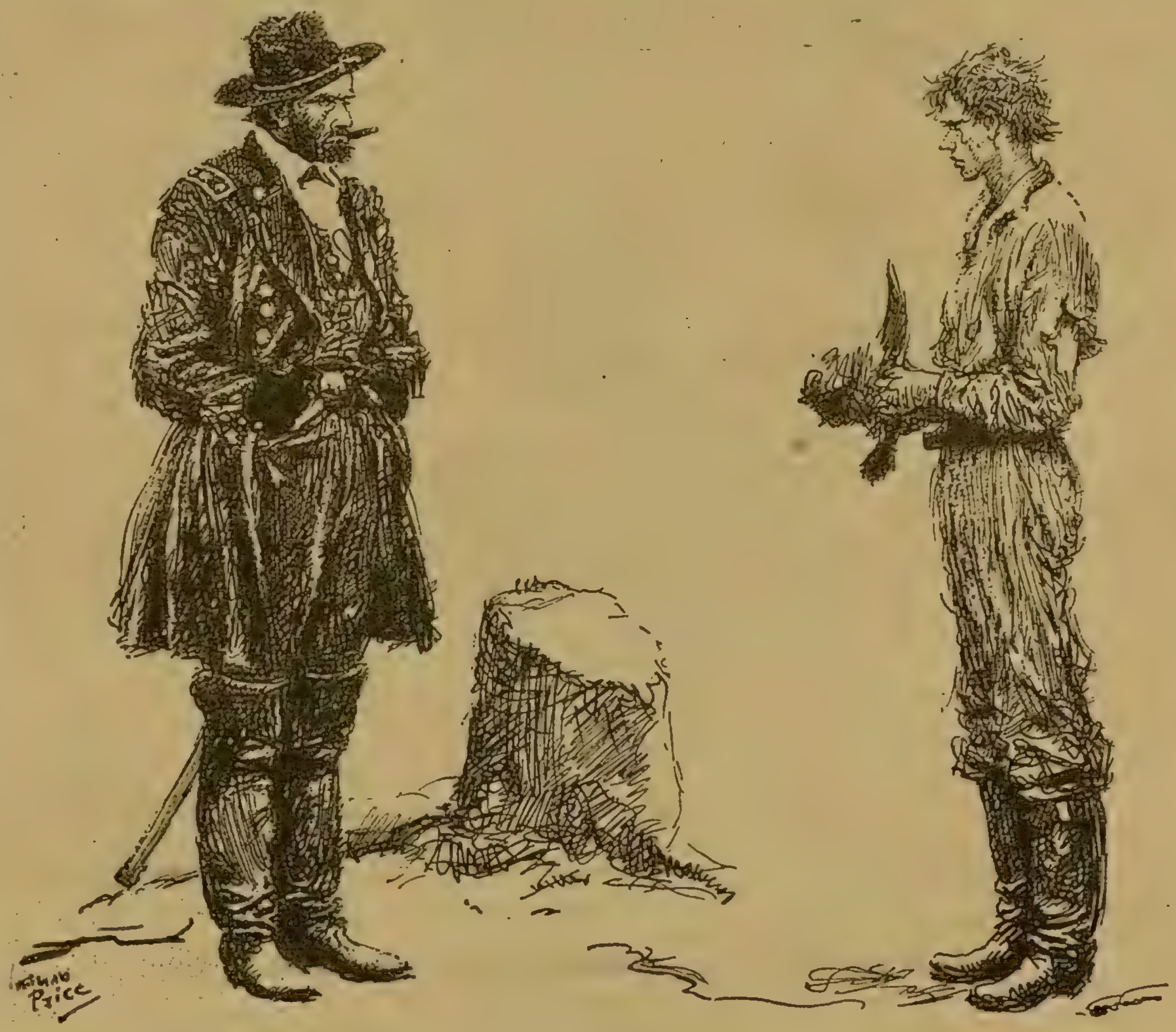
WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page forty-one

opinion that Operator O'Brien should come here until you send her to General Sedgwick."

Caldwell said: "I agree with you. That's no station to leave a woman in alone. I'll stop on the way out by the Germania and Chancellorsville plank road and send her over here."

Wild got into his saddle; the two four-horse wagons made a half turn into the road. Caldwell said: "Take care of yourself!" and cantered to the head of the section. And they were gone down the line, following the iron wire overhead by torchlight.

Colonel Fitz James O'Hara had pitched his tents about a mile to the westward. His camp lay along the telegraph line in that clearing where we had laid our cable. From there he commanded all roads and trails and Rapidan fords, and his troopers could patrol them and watch the line clear to Willow Station in the west and as far as Chancellor's.



"Reckon they air off, gin'ral," said the lad. *"Yander go Lon'street's men."*

IV

ON Sunday I remained absolutely alone except for an Irish sentry on guard from O'Hara's Horse.

On Monday, May 9, while I was frying some hard-tack in grease, I heard the trooper on guard challenge, and saw a mounted figure in army blue draw bridle in the woods just across the shallow brook.

"Juan!" came a clear call through the rustling trees. And I heard her add to the sentinel: "Oh, hush up and mind your business!"

As I got up and went forward she began to sing The Whistling Cat in her gay, careless voice, and she waved her hand when she caught sight of me.

"Operator O'Brien," said I to the trooper.

She dismounted, favored the trooper with a dazzling smile, offered me a polite, demure hand, and, leading her horse, walked over to my fire.

"Well," said she, "are you glad or sorry?"

I told her I was both happy and relieved. "You're very pretty in your army blue," I added.

"Juan, I'm glad to see you. What a horrible battle that was!"

"Pretty bad. Here, I'll take your horse—"

Our horses attended, the shelter tents, blanket bunks, telegraph paraphernalia inspected, we cooked our rations by the coals, gossiping, gayly excited by our reunion, wondering what new experience Fate held for us shrouded in the folds of her ghostly robe.

When I told Iris that her father's regiment was encamped a mile away, I saw fear in her eyes; and I never before had seen that.

We couldn't spend much time over our hard-tack and bacon; my magnet clicked continually, demanding attention to a lot of petty routine.

And there was almost nothing at all from the front where two great armies were racing for the distant river on parallel lines.

"We'll never make it," said I. "The rebel army has the shorter interior route and main roads. There's bound to be another battle at Spotsylvania."

Iris was lying on her army overcoat spread across her blanket. The day had become very warm. She had taken off her military blouse, rolled up her shirt sleeves, and kicked off both spurred boots. Her hands were clasped under the back of her head. She seemed to pay little attention to what I was saying. She closed her eyes.

I got up and walked out toward the dawdling sentry. Just beyond him I saw a civilian on horseback looking across the brook at me; and when he caught my eye he crooked his forefinger in silence.

It was Conway.

I WALKED past the sentry with a curt word of reassurance, and presently stopped beside the detective, who had remained mounted.

"Maddox," he said, "look out for your line."

"Certainly. What worries you now?"

"Ellsworth, for one thing."

"He's gone, hasn't he?"

"He's gone *somewhere.* That boy spy Colt Racker was with Ellsworth at Willow Station. One of our linemen who escaped saw him wire-tapping and using a field instrument. He does that, you know."

After a silence. "You've got your girl with you, haven't you?"

"You're damned impertinent, Conway—"

"Hold on! I don't mean to be. She *is* your girl, isn't she?"

"Don't say that again!"

"Look here, Maddox—you're loyal, are you not?"

"You know damned well I am."

"Girl or no girl?"

"What the devil—"

"Hold on! Hold on! I'm talking to you in line of duty. I'm asking you whether your first loyalty is to your government or to a girl you may be in love with. And you'd better answer me, Maddox."

"My oath comes first, of course. What are you driving at, anyway?"

"I'll tell you. A leak has been located pretty close to where Operator O'Brien has been stationed. Twice we have detected leakage in her vicinity. And I'm telling you to keep an eye on her and on anybody she talks to. I'm not trying to tell you she's guilty. If I thought so I'd arrest her. But there's something wrong somewhere in her neighborhood. And we're going to find what it is."

"There is nothing wrong with Miss O'Brien," said I quietly, "and I'm not going to spy on her."

He said patiently: "You're a fine fellow, Maddox. We know that. And I believe your girl is all right, too. But—*if she isn't, tell her to resign and go home to Texas.*"

"If she isn't loyal," said I, "I'll tell her that, Conway. But she is."

"And be sure to take away her key," he added.

I smiled. "Of course. But that will never happen. There's no disloyalty in her."

He shrugged. "And here's another thing, Maddox. Don't lose any time in getting out of these woods when Doren gives the word. I think the Confederate Military Telegraph is after you in particular, and after your key and papers, too; and O'Hara's troopers are scattered for miles along the telegraph line."

"All right, Conway," I said.

He touched his horse with his spurs. "See you again, Maddox!"

I watched him canter away through the woods.

While talking to Conway I was within hearing distance of my telegraph, which so far had not sounded.

When I came back to our two tents, Iris seemed to be asleep, so I crept in quietly beside the silent telegraph instrument, and settled there, cross-legged. Iris opened one eye a little way.

"Are you my beau, Juan?" she said drowsily.

"Oh, shut up," I murmured; "go to sleep—"

Her arms settled around my neck and she pulled me down against her. The warm, close contact silenced me. There followed a pulseless moment of constraint; then relaxation; and I felt her heart beating. Her eyes were closed, her face flushed like a sleeping child's. Very softly I kissed the delicate parted mouth.

The strain of our close embrace tired us; our cheeks rested side by side. "I suppose you are laughing at me," I murmured.

"I adore you," she breathed. "I always have. . . . Can you slip your arm under my neck? . . . Do you like me, Juan?"

"Yes."

"Do you like to kiss me?"

"Not if we're going to talk about it."

"No."

THE spell was strained. Then she turned toward me and her mouth touched mine. Faint fire clothed our lips and cheeks and fingers interlaced. I felt her heart again, and my own.

After a while I sat up, confused, blinded, and reached for the telegraph key, guided by the clicking armature, which was rattling, "W. J.! W. J.!"

"It's Raccoon ford," said I to Iris. "Sandy Smith wants Colonel O'Hara."

I read the magnet as he poured out his tale of woe about rebel cavalry threatening the post and the wire, and the impossibility of protecting both without reënforcement of the patrol.

"All right, Smithy," I replied; "I'll find Colonel O'Hara and give him your message."

Iris watched me in silence while I saddled up.

"I won't be very long," said I. "Do you want to see your father?"

"No," she said in a low voice.

"He must know that you're here," I insisted.

"I don't want him to come here. . . . You won't be away very long, will you, darling?"

"I don't think so."

I got into the saddle and rode off at a smart trot toward the cavalry camp a mile west of us.

O'Hara welcomed me genially.

He read his message aloud to a certain Major O'Dowd and a Captain Hogan.

"Ah, what the divil!" he exclaimed. "Have I a brigade, then, that they'll be axin' me to pathrol twinty thousand miles o' line? Bad luck to them, is it Raccoon ford they're wishful I should guard? Isn't that the job of Gineral Garrard? L'ave him guard his own, then, and I'll guard mine. Say that to this felly Smith, Maddox, and bad cess to th' likes of him—th' bould-faced omadhaun!"

BUT he was smiling when he said it; and I myself knew well enough he couldn't take care of Raccoon ford. So I saluted him, wheeled my horse, and started back to tell poor Smithy to yell elsewhere for help.

And, as I rode out on the wooded ridge in view of our tents, I saw an officer in Federal uniform emerge from between our two tents, pass the cavalry sentry, who came to attention, saluting with poised carbine, mount his horse, and spur away down the narrow woodland path that enters the Orange pike to the southward.

Whoever it was seemed to be in a hurry, for he quickly galloped out of sight; and I touched spur and urged my sweating nag through the open and larger timber toward our tents.

"Who was that officer, Pat?" I demanded of the sentry as I rode up all in a lather.

"Sure, sorr, 'twas Captain O'Brien," replied the lad.

"Oh. Do you know why he came?"

"Himself, sorr? No, sorr, I do not."

"Did he ask for me?"

"Himself, sorr? No, he did not, sorr."

"All right, Pat."

I let my horse stand, busy nibbling green leaves from convenient bushes, and walked over to the tents.

Iris sat on her bunk, her head bowed on her knees, sobbing convulsively.

As I knelt down to see her, she looked up, startled.

Iris is desperately afraid of something concerning her enigmatic, reckless father. In next week's installment of Whistling Cat you'll see Juan try to fathom the mystery of her fears.

First of a Series of

Yardleygrams

By HERBERT O. YARDLEY

Author of "The American Black Chamber"

ALLAN CROSSLE, the most brilliant cryptographer and secret-ink chemist of the American Black Chamber, began the difficult task of teaching his sciences to his nephew, Leonard Russell.

"In 1917, during the war," Crossle began, "our wireless stations in the forests of Maine intercepted this message from Berlin to the German Minister to Mexico: 'KYPGM LEPYF YKMLS QCTCL.' Deciphered it read: 'Marion Graham on U-seven.' We solved it by taking the first letter K, and writing the next few letters of the alphabet, LMN, in a vertical column; then the second letter Y, and writing ZAB in a vertical column, and so on with all the other letters of the message. We now examined each horizontal line and found the message in line three:

KYPGMLEPYFYKMLSQCTCL (cipher)

lzqhnmfqzgzlnmtrdudm

mariongrahamonuseven (message)

"Six weeks later the German submarine U-7 was seen in Mexican waters, and within a week we found Marion Graham, a beautiful brunette, in Mexico City. We held her as she crossed the border at El Paso and examined her effects for secret writing by the iodine vapor test without success. The matron ordered her to undress. When we placed her clothing under ultra-violet rays we found on her chemise secret writing in the handwriting of the German Director of Espionage in Berlin. It read: 'BCQRP MWNYL YKYAY LYJ.'

"This is your first problem," smiled the white-haired, white-faced Crossle. "Let's see what luck you have."

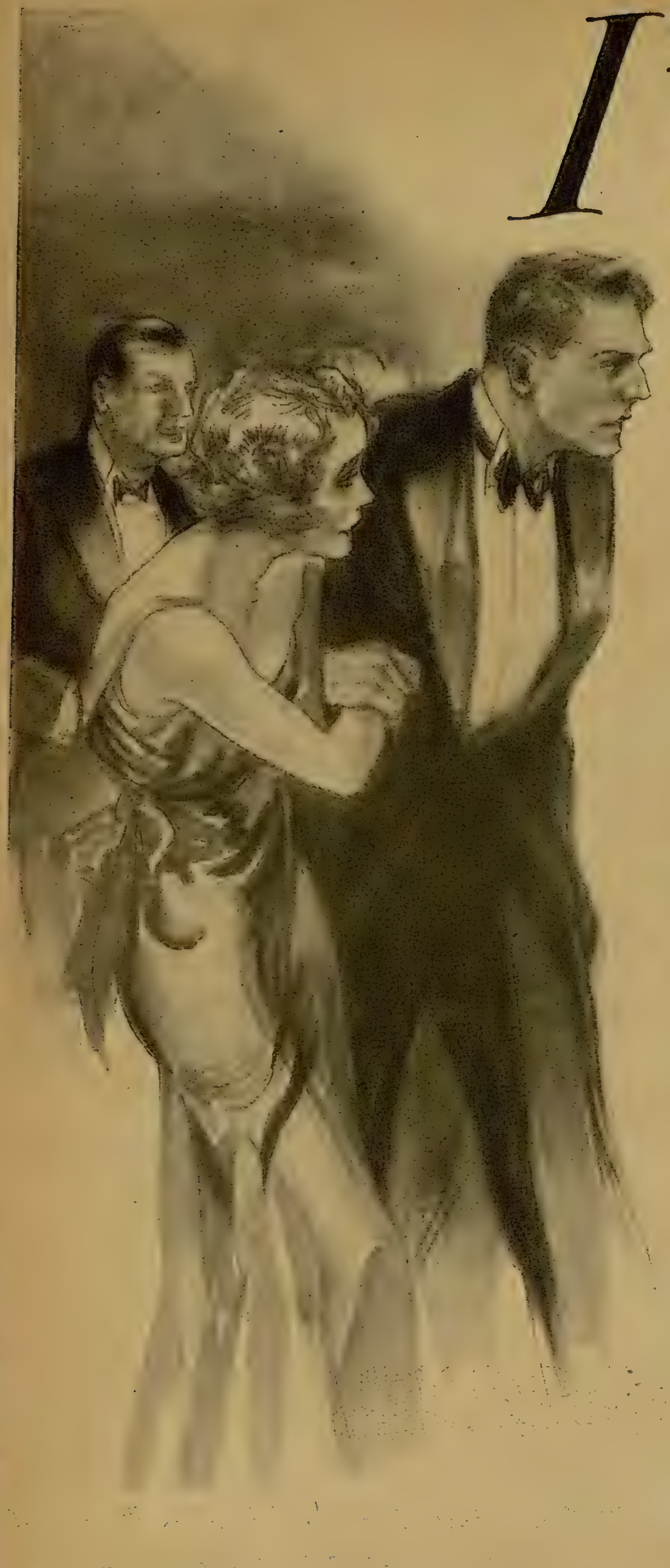
How did he do it? The solution will appear in next week's Liberty.

I'm a Dan

A Modern American Gig

to MARI

Pictures



(Reading time: 22 minutes 55 seconds.)

YOU'VE never been in a dance hall before? Then I suppose you have some very funny ideas about dancing men—that is, if they're like most people's, they're funny.

"Gigolos!" they say. "A class by themselves—more to be pitied than scorned."

How do we feel about it? No man likes to be called a gigolo. Personally, I'd fight—have, in fact. Came out pretty well, too—for a gigolo. Broke a couple of bones—his.

Here we're called "instructors." As a matter of fact, I'm a ballroom dancer. You may have heard my name—it's L——. . . . Oh, "admired" is too much. Just make it "noticed" and the world will seem a better place to live in.

What am I doing here?

Oh, you know the answer to that one. There are only two answers to everything this year. Who killed your grandmother? Prohibition. What about the price of cabbages? Depression. Between them they finished the night clubs, where we made our living—so what does the robin do then, poor thing? Goes to the dance hall. Personally, I have a mad passion for bills marked "Paid"—a totally incomprehensible trait in an otherwise worthless character.

Can I make a living here? Depends on what you call living. It's scarcely the luxury to which, as a ballroom dancer, I'm accustomed.

Still, I seem to eat, drink, and make extraordinarily merry. At ten cents a dance? Certainly not. At entertaining the ladies.

Why, do you suppose, do these women come here? What kind of women want to dance with a gigolo? What is expected of us? Instruction? Entertainment? Love-making?

Well, frankly, all three. A fellow, to make good here, must, of course, be a good dancer, nice-looking, well dressed, good talker, pleasing personality; but all that's not the big, smash effect. A chap might dance like Nijinsky, look like Gary Cooper, dress like the mayor, have a personality like Chevalier's, and still be a washout here.

THE one thing he must be, written in electric lights a foot high, is ATTENTIVE.

Oh, women may think they come here to dance, to eat strawberry ice, or because they're mad at their husbands; but what they really come for is Attention—and plenty of it.

Some of them want it said with love and kisses, but most of them are satisfied with unlimited doses of pure, unadulterated Attention.

Little things—a compliment, an admiring eye, an ear pricked to their every word, an eye that never wanders, a quick move to recover a handkerchief, can I get you this, shall I fetch you that, oh, no trouble at all for anyone so attractive!

Well, for me, that's a whole lot easier than selling hardware or counting money inside a cage. I like people—I like women. I like to talk and I'm willing to listen. I can bear to hear about the children's measles, their husband's bad temper, Aunt Emma's goldfish, and Cousin Nellie's flier in Wall Street, and I can usually get a laugh out of it.

Better than that, I can usually hand them a laugh out of it. It doesn't take dynamite to get a laugh out of me.

You could think a long time, you know, before you'd hit upon anything much funnier than life.

What kind of women come here?

Well, suppose I tell you about some of them. There's Mrs. A, for example. She's certainly one extreme.

Some months ago a lady phoned in and asked a lot of questions. We seemed to know the answers, for she said she'd be in at four o'clock. The hostess here introduced

ing Man

burdens Some Secrets of His Trade

EYNON RAY

RT MATHIEU

me—oh, yes, it's all done strictly according to Emily Post—to a lady of the *grande dame* persuasion but not of the whalebone school. You know—stately but not haughty.

In the wake of the leviathan came a young girl, her daughter, pretty and so shy she seemed to have weights on her lashes.

She'd been brought up in Switzerland—that was the trouble with her. Imagine my horror when I found it was with the daughter I was expected to dance. We don't get a break like that every week.

Mama from Park Avenue sent her daughter off to powder her nose and explained that she was bringing the dear child here as a last resort. She was a Problem. She didn't like men, she hated to dance, she acted like a stuffed crab at parties. And lately she had refused to go to parties at all.

THE whole trouble was that she was painfully self-conscious.

Skiing on the Matterhorn, it seemed, hadn't properly prepared her for the society of men. The best dancing schools in New York couldn't do a thing about it. Once on the dance floor, she seemed to have tetanus. Every joint became rigid.

"So I thought," explained mama, "that if she could go some place where the people didn't matter, where she didn't know anyone, and wasn't constantly being told to do this and not to do that, where she could just dance with some attractive young man who didn't—who wasn't—"

"I understand," I said, sparing her. What I understood was—"who wasn't her social equal."

"Thank you—that then she might let go and really learn to dance."

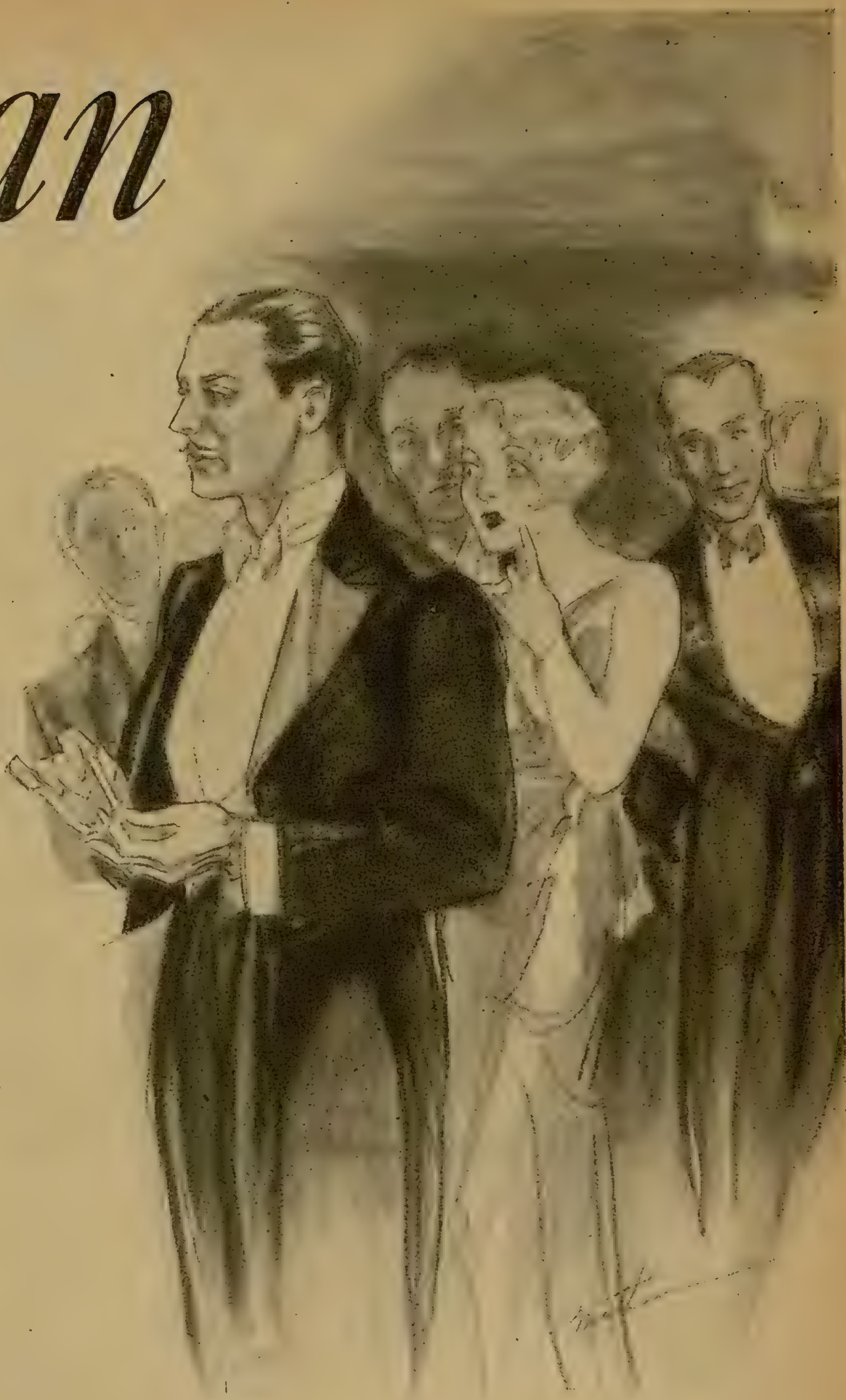
Well, there must be something to psychology after all. Whether it was because she just didn't care, being surrounded by so many social inferiors, or whether my feeble attempts at entertainment, which certainly seemed to go over big, did the trick, I don't know, but that subdeb certainly let go and learned to dance. Of course, I didn't tell her I was a professional dancer. That always makes women shy.

I get a great kick reading about her successes at the débutante parties. She says it's because I taught her how to laugh.

Well, that's one extreme—the kind that comes for instruction only. Then there's the other extreme whom, to be honest, I've met more of in ballroom dancing than here—the kind who want love and are willing to pay for it.

There was a woman of a certain age—that age at which the hair suddenly turns red—more forty than fat, more fat than fair, who came here regularly.

She wasn't a bad sort—a bit vulgar and given to telling *risqué* stories, but rather fun when you got her straightened out.



You've always got to keep a weather eye out for the kind of husband who threatens to call the police and have the place raided.

One evening she said she was having a little supper party and would I make a fourth? Well, then, meet her in the lobby of the hotel where she was staying, and we'd all go up to the roof garden.

One ages fast in this life, but I occasionally forget that I'm really an old, old man with a Broadway education and act as though I'd never heard the facts of life. I didn't suspect a thing when, in the elevator, the lady said pardon her, but she wanted to get off at her floor and collect some pre-Volstead rye, and did I mind? Who? Me? Mind making connections with a quart of good rye? Is that the fastest you can walk?

EVEN after the second old-fashioned I still thought we were going to a party. I even started a couple of times. Kept telling her her friends would get sore and leave us flat.

"Oh, be your age, sonny," she said. "I thought you had hair on your chest. This is all the party there is—there isn't any more. So how about a little supper here—just us two?"

Well, after that I wasn't surprised to feel a hot knee under the table and finally an arm slipped around my

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

I'M A DANCING MAN
Continued from page forty-five

neck. Not surprised—only embarrassed. It's moments like those that make one regret being a dancing man.

"You'll forgive my leaving early, won't you?" I asked. "I think I mentioned that I had another date."

"Don't be silly," she said. "You're not going home. Why should you? I've registered as Mr. and Mrs. Jones." She giggled.

There are lots of things a girl can do in such a situation—yell, call for the police, faint, slap his face—all good classic procedure. But a man's a fool before he opens his mouth, and no gentleman after. Oh, I'd been propositioned before—ballroom dancers are the predestined prey of ladies out on their own—but never actually assaulted. There's no way of getting out of such a situation gracefully. Women aren't accustomed to having their fair, white bodies scornfully flung aside. Somehow they don't take to it.

Out on Madison Avenue I didn't compare favorably with the Chrysler Building. A keyhole would have fitted me neatly.

I didn't see the lady again for several months. Then one evening she came in, walked straight up to me, and held out her hand.

"Friends?" she said.

And ever since we have been—best in the world. Just needed straightening out.

Well, that's the other extreme. And in between are all the women who come here for any number of other reasons—those whose husbands are old or tired or dead, or, they thank God, never *have* learned how to dance; those who come on a doctor's prescription, to exercise or reduce—oh, a lot of tonnage is lost on this floor. One thing you soon learn here is that no man ever danced as much as the woman wanted him to. *We* have to. They buy those tickets by the mile, and then it's dance, boy, dance.

Another thing you learn is how many lonely people there are in the world, men and women who are bored to death with the third-person entertainment of the stage and the movies and long for second-person contacts, someone they can say "you" to, even if it's only "Where have you been all my life?"—a usual salutation here. And some of our best people are the loneliest.

There's one lady who comes here regularly who is so rich that it takes practically all her time giving her money away. She has homes in New York, Long Island, Philadelphia, Canada. She is the daughter of one of the biggest department-store owners in the East. Yet she's lonely—and she loves to dance.

Ah, I thought that would come soon. How much can we make here? But there's one point we should take up first: Why is a gigolo?

Well, personally, I started for somewhere else and got lost. I wanted to go on the stage, and the first thing I did was to win the "Ideal Juvenile" contest over some three hundred boys. If you want to wound me to the quick, call it a male beauty contest. My lashes *were* pretty long in those days, but I keep them clipped now. That gave me ten months in a vaudeville sketch at one hundred and seventy-five dollars a week. Not bad. Later I was in various musical shows doing dancing specialties.

THEN Murray Anderson started me in ballroom dancing with Miss H——, and we became, unbecoming though it may be for me to mention it, one of the foremost ballroom dance teams in America. We appeared not only at most of the best night clubs and hotels in New York, but in London, Paris, Ostend, Cannes, Deauville, Havana, etc.

That's what makes this job so fascinating. A dancing foot is a wandering foot. And I've certainly been places. Give it up? Not while my teeth are tight. There are several places I haven't been, and a few kings I haven't met. Flat on my back and waving my feet in the air, I still say I wouldn't give it up.

Now as to the ducats. There are those who make only ten dollars a week, and those who make over one hundred dollars, depending on how long they've worked here, how many patrons they've acquired, how many sessions a week they come (they can come fourteen, from two till six in the afternoon and from nine till one at night, but no one does), but depending most of all on their capacity for Attentiveness. I'm a bear for punishment. I take it and like it. A quarter for three dances is all it costs to rent the best gigolo in captivity. Walk right up, ladies and gentlemen, and see the world-famous tame gigolo.

You see, even if we danced every dance (about fifteen an hour) eight hours a day, seven days a week—if that were physically possible, the result wouldn't be exactly a princely income. Of course, we sit out a lot of dances and are paid by the hour—two dollars an hour for us, eighty cents for the house—and for anyone who "loves to wind his mouth up, dearly loves to let it go," as much as I do, that is gross overpayment. And there are plenty of women who prefer "the tintinnabulation of their automatic jaws" to dancing.

BUT it's the tips and the outside work that really make it worth while. And here it's the good old Sex Appeal that counts.

Horrid idea, taking tips—like a waiter, like a bell boy. Still, a lot of better men than I have done it. It took me a long time to learn to extend a grateful palm. I had to be quite harsh with myself.

"Look here, Billy, my boy," I said, "you've got to be reasonable. Do you really yearn, you know not why, to drag fat, middle-aged women around to no known time or rhythm? If you give them the best years of your life, why shouldn't they at least pay you a living wage so you may live to dance another day? And if you have no regard for yourself, at least consider your landlord, consider your tailor, above all, consider your laundress.

"You know what it costs to turn you out the perfect, perfect thing you are every day: two clean shirts a day, two clean collars—twenty cents for plain shirts, forty cents for boiled. One white waistcoat, one white tie—sixty cents for the first, ten cents for the second, eight cents for collars—thrown away after three wearings. Not to mention the unmentionables.

"And shoes—and socks. A pair of shoes lasts about a month. Suède, at sixteen-fifty a pair, last only two weeks, and fifty cents to clean. Six or eight pairs of socks wiped out in two weeks. A pair of shoes cleaned every day, ten cents; a suit pressed every day, fifty cents. Tot that up and weep."

(Of course, it isn't necessary to dress as I do here. I acquired my champagne appetite in clothes doing ballroom dancing, when I learned to order my suits from Bond Street tailors and pay as much as two hundred and seventy-five dollars for my tails and one hundred and twenty-five dollars for my street suits. I still pay one hundred and seventy-five dollars for my evening clothes, ol' silly that I am. And the specially made light-weight patent-leather shoes for ballroom dancing cost twenty dollars a pair, and I wear a pair only three or four times. But when I pay that I'm earning two hundred dollars to three hundred dollars a week.)

I wound up that little lecture to myself by saying, "And now, young fellow, the next time a lady offers you a tip, remember you're no gentleman, and take it."

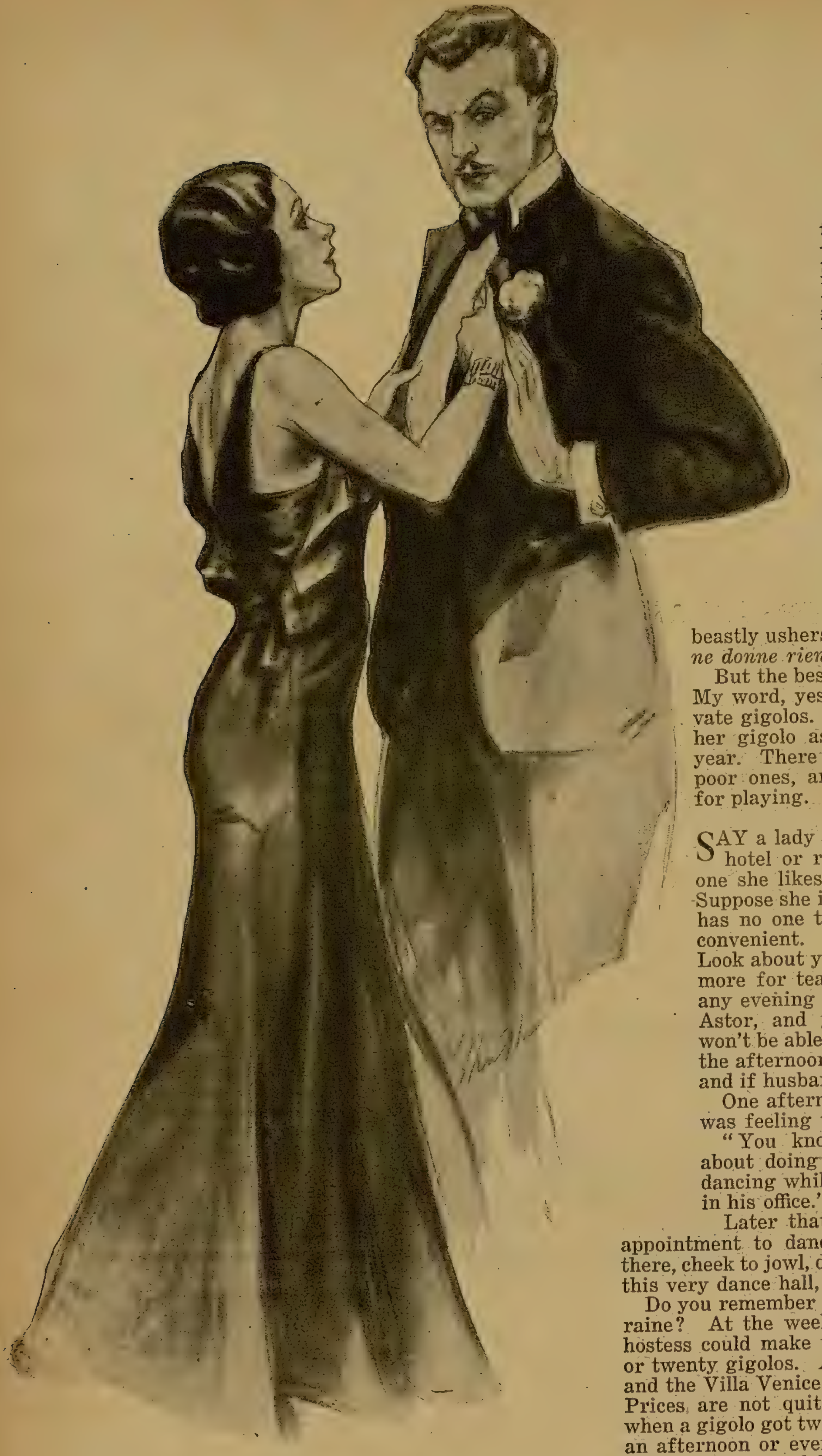
And that very evening a lady did.

She was short, stocky, middle-aged, with iron-gray hair and a crisp let's-get-down-to-business air. She didn't seem interested in any brand of attention, and I wondered why she was here. I tried various topics of conversation and didn't get a rise, but she seemed a willing victim. Suddenly she burst out laughing, as though she'd been trying not to.

"Say, you can talk, can't you? I didn't suppose you could do a thing but dance. Let's sit down."

We sat. We did a good job of it. We sat for two hours. She'd been everywhere, seen everything, and knew how to tell about it. When she found I could laugh, that was her one idea. More contagious than influenza, she said.

She holds a big job—in charge of all the welfare work for a large city department.



I'd been propositioned before. There's no way of getting out of such a situation gracefully.

At eleven thirty she said, "Tell me, are you doing anything the rest of the evening? If not, why not come home with me?"

Well, that evening I wasn't a child at heart.

"I'm rather expecting one of my regular clients," I said. "I can't afford—"

She laughed.

"You needn't be alarmed," she said. "I'm old enough to be your mother. I have a daughter your age. You come along. I live at Blankville. We'll drive out, I'll send you back in my car, and give you ten dollars. How will that be?"

I went, and I took the ten dollars. Since then I'm immune. It's business. The lady is a regular customer now and always gives me ten dollars. She comes to laugh, not to dance. The T. B. W. relaxing.

I come here, usually, nine sessions a week. That gives me thirty or forty dollars, plus tips, which bring it up to sixty or seventy dollars. I'm so hardened now that if a lady doesn't give me a tip, I find myself muttering, like one of those beastly ushers in the French theaters, "*Madame ne donne rien?*" That gives me a laugh.

But the best bet of all is the private gigoloing. My word, yes. Plenty of ladies have their private gigolos. In France a lady sometimes hires her gigolo as she does her chauffeur—by the year. There are rich playboys in the world and poor ones, and the poor ones have to be paid for playing.

SAY a lady wants to go to a tea dance at some hotel or restaurant. Husband too busy. No one she likes to ask to take her. Get a gigolo. Suppose she is invited to a charity ball or tea and has no one to escort her. Get a gigolo. Very convenient. Husbands should appreciate us. Look about you the next time you go to the Biltmore for tea, or to the Casino in the park, or any evening at the St. Regis, the Cascades, the Astor, and you'll see, although you probably won't be able to spot them, men who are hired by the afternoon or evening. For ladies must dance, and if husbands can't or won't—

One afternoon I was dancing with a lady who was feeling very sorry for her husband.

"You know, sometimes I feel very guilty about doing this. Here I am enjoying myself dancing while my poor husband is slaving away in his office."

Later that afternoon I happened to have an appointment to dance at the Pennsylvania Hotel, and there, cheek to jowl, dancing with a fair young thing from this very dance hall, was her poor slave of a husband!

Do you remember the Pall Mall Club at the Hotel Lorraine? At the weekly club dances, smart as a snooty hostess could make them, you could always spot fifteen or twenty gigolos. And at Rudy Vallée's Heigh-ho Club and the Villa Venice and any number of high-hat places. Prices are not quite the same in these days as then, when a gigolo got twenty-five dollars or thirty dollars for an afternoon or evening; but the popular ones still get fifteen or twenty dollars. When the *thé dansant* was at its height, women used to reserve the time of an "instructor" here certain days every week—and pay for his time whether they kept the appointment or not.

One of the first things a man in this kind of work must learn is Discretion. Fortunately I had good training. I was born in the South and was dragged up by a colored mammy who had just one standard of morality: a quiet

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[I'M A DANCING MAN
Continued from page forty-seven]

child was a good child. Her sole and constant admonition to me was, "Hush yo' mouf, honey." It's my motto, and it's saved me many a cracked head. I make it a principle, when I meet in other places the people I've seen here, not to know them; or when I meet the husbands of women who come here, not to open my mouth. A lot of women don't want their husbands to know they come here—oh, not that there is any harm in it, but some women are just naturally secretive. Some women are secretive about what they eat for breakfast. So I just "hush ma mouf." But sometimes I overdo it.

A few months ago, when I was doing exhibition dancing at one of the night clubs, I saw a lady who has frequently engaged me to go to tea dances with her. She was with a party of six, and as I passed their table I was careful not to see her.

A week or so later I met her on the avenue.

"Why were you so rude the other evening?" she asked. "I know you saw me."

I explained. She laughed.

"How silly! I was proud to know you. I quite bragged to my husband about introducing you. So now, to make up, you must come to the house to dinner."

I went. Park Avenue—roof garden—butler—that sort of thing. And after dinner, when his wife and I danced to the radio, the husband was so intrigued that he asked me to give him lessons. Oh, some husbands are reasonable. There's the president of a big suburban bank, for example, who brings his wife here himself almost every week—never dances himself, but sits and smokes and seems to enjoy himself while she dances. But you've always got to keep a weather eye out for the kind of husband who rushed in here a couple of weeks ago, dragged his wife, screaming, from my arms, and threatened to call the police and have the place raided.

It's the afternoons in winter that are the big time for the men in this business. In the evening it's the hostesses who get the break, but at the tea dances it's the men who carry off the fur-lined bathtub. In spite of all we've been able to do for them, women are really very shy, timid creatures. They still don't like the idea of going out alone at night. And then every afternoon is bargain day here, and what woman could resist a bargain? They serve tea for eighty-five cents, including everything but the British crown jewels. No extra charge for admission, food, or dancing.

So, all in all, I can make around one hundred dollars most weeks. Which will keep life in the old shape until the big times roll around again.

HERE'S a riddle for you: When is a gigolo not a gigolo? When he's a salesman, a tile manufacturer, a contractor, a Wall Street runner, or any of the dozens of things the men here are when they're not gigoloing. Most of these men hold down other jobs and dance in their spare time. To make extra money—and because they love dancing. They come here to dance as other men go to shoot pool or go to the movies or a prize fight. It's in their blood as gambling is in some men's.

Americans? Some of them. But most of them are of Latin extraction. That's the true dancing blood.

Married? A few. It's not the life for a family man.

Well, that big chap with the black mustache and the short fellow in the brown suit. Nothing effeminate about them? I knew you had some funny ideas. Not that some dancing men aren't. But women don't want that type. They don't like to be seen dancing with a pretty boy whose every gesture shrieks, "I'm a gigolo!" No, they like something that looks at least probable. Some of the men here are forty—and over. And at least they *look* like successful business men.

Now in France it's different. What isn't? At every hotel, from the Bois to Montmartre, you'll find your tables of gigolos. When you hire one of those lads, you're doing business with an old, established firm. He's young, good-looking, well dressed—gray striped trousers and morning coat in the afternoon, tails in the evening. And in the dives, Negroes to dance with the white women who fancy that sort of thing.

A matron of a famous family whose name means social leadership once told me that she was the first American woman to dance with a gigolo. That was over twenty years ago—and she still does it. Why? One dances for pleasure, not to be trampled on by some heavy-footed male. It is this matron's custom to go to a chic restaurant in the Bois or Les Ambassadeurs at the tea hour, take tea, and dance. Naturally all the *maîtres d'hôtel* know her and come to her as soon as she enters.

"Are you dancing this afternoon, Mrs. ——?" says the *maître d'hôtel.*

"Thanks, yes," says she, as if she were ordering soup. "You might ask the young Argentine to come to me for the next tango."

After each dance the well trained gigolo returns to his own table. At the end of the afternoon she pays him what she thinks he's been worth to her.

WHEN I was doing exhibition dancing at Les Ambassadeurs two years ago, I met some of these chaps. There were two who had been there ever since the war, both about thirty, tall, good-looking, with wonderful war records. They considered their work as much a legitimate business as does any business man, had appointment cards, schedules, regular customers, specified hours, and followed the fashionable season around—Cannes in December, Monte Carlo in January, etc. They dance the tango a great deal in Paris; a dance beyond the best intentions of the average male. That's what these boys cashed in on. The gigolos there are of every nationality and every class—from Negroes to refugee nobles. What else is a man to do whose education has prepared him for nothing but war and love—when there is no war?

And over there, I grant you, you'll find what most people mean when they say "gigolo"—the man who not only dances, but makes love for a living; who not only accepts a fee, but a motor car, an apartment, a valet, traveling expenses—in a word, the kept man.

But nowhere does the dance hall flourish as in London. Life must be particularly lonely there for women. The hosts in those places far outnumber the hostesses. The men over there who go in for it make a life work of it, until some wealthy woman marries them or otherwise insures their future. I've heard of a case in this country, that of the young man who introduced the Argentine tango. Mrs. ——, the wife of a distinguished diplomat, became so enamored of this dance that she is said to have paid its introducer twelve hundred dollars a week—a lot of money, whether he got it or not—to dance the tango with her; for two years, I've heard, she took him and his wife all over Europe with her, and backed him in all his shows. That's what some women will do when they go tango!

No, of course, you can't go on being a dancing man all your life. Fun is fun. But there are lots of things we can do after forty. The manager of this place, for example, was a dancing and skating instructor. He opened the first dance hall in America in 1913. He was telling me the other day about some of the men who used to be with him there. One of them has one of the largest dancing schools in New York. Another is the manager of a *Kursaal* in Berlin and one of the biggest gamblers in Europe. Perhaps you'll say they came to no good end. Ah, but what about a wholesale dealer in hardware and paints? And a chief inspector for a big railroad, and a well known architect? Oh, there've been a lot who became respectable!

Myself, I'm thinking of going to China as an investigator for the Standard Oil company. They don't know about it yet, but I'm planning to tell them next month—if I don't get a job in the new Music Box Revue.

Oh, I don't know. Somehow China seemed a good idea at the time.

THE END

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

A New For the Love o' Lil

CHRISTMAS afternoon!

The Jenkinses have a lighted tree, and around its artificial standard roots presents are heaped. Presents for Sandy, for Lil, for Ulysses, and for the little baby. Presents for and from neighbors and relatives and friends; and presents for each other.

Sandy has got the briefcase he wanted. Yes, and the camera, too. And Lil really got the beaded bag and the little lapin jacket, which makes up for all the mad assortment of unwanted handkerchiefs, scarfs, cigarette lighters, candlesticks, and bridge cloths that her bargain-hunting relatives swamped her with. As for Ulysses! See that shining expression? That's the direct result of the two-wheel bicycle he has been craving for so long. All shiny metal and red paint, with a carrier basket and all.

This week's cover picture.

The Jenkins' table is piled high with nuts and fruit and spiced cakes and plum puddings, and there is an oversized turkey roasting in its apple-and-chestnut sauce in the oven.

Even the overwhelming thought of a large family dinner with far too many guests cannot jar the joy of the day. Lil's mother and father have come on to celebrate, and Sandy has asked a couple of fellows he knew at the office out to dinner. Poor chaps—they're far from their families and spending their Christmas in rooming houses. That will make eight at the table, but what odds?

The Jenkinses—mama and papa and son (Lil, Sandy, and Ulysses)—have been to church, and sat with the sort of solemn thoughts that come but once a year as the organ played Come, All Ye Faithful. And Lil was thrilled to find that little Ulysses' voice rang out shrill and clear, and that for the first time in his life he carried a tune perfectly. Something caught in her throat as she watched him sing so earnestly and solemnly, and she had to quit herself.

And now, this crisp, clear afternoon, Lil is taking Ulysses on the little pilgrimage of good faith, of unselfish, worthwhile generosity that she started with him when he was first able to toddle around. They are taking a huge basket of food down to the charity center. They are taking a bouquet of flowers to the hospital. They have long ago sent bundles of old clothes and laboriously mended toys to be distributed to the poor around the big Christmas tree that stands in the village green.

In Lil's purse is a ten-dollar gold piece and in Ulysses' pocket a shiny five-dollar gold piece to be given to that poor little family in the shack by the railroad whose father was hurt in an accident and whose mother is desperately trying to feed and clothe five children.

And as they march through the familiar streets they pass others with baskets and packages, bound on similar errands. The whole town had passed a resolution that ten per cent of whatever money each family decided to spend that Christmas would go to the needy and the unemployed.

Sandy is taking Ned, the old crippled fireman, out in the car for a drive in the country, to visit his granddaughter. After that, Sandy is going down to the club to stand with an enveloping apron to deal out soup to the long line that will unquestionably be served with all they can eat that afternoon.

March on, mother and son! With all your faults, Lil, with all your mischievous naughtiness, Ulysses, you are there with the right spirit when it is needed. You are following the Star of Bethlehem as truly as the Three Wise Men.

(Next week's cover adventure: Happy New Year!)

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EASTERN STANDARD TIME
OVER WABC AND
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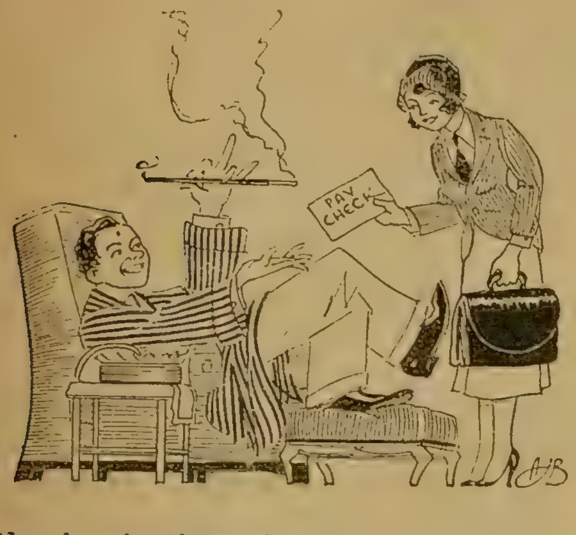
Vox

The Secret's Out

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your article by Maude Parker, "Should a Woman Be a Good Sport?" was very shrewd. It let a good many cats out of a good many bags. It's my guess that most of the women who read it wished they'd written it themselves.

The following paragraph struck me as being particularly good:

"The presentation, by men, of the good sport as the feminine ideal, was the inspiration of genius. Under its spell a woman no longer asked to be protected by man; instead, when necessary, she protected him."



True, every word of it!

Recently I've seen things work out exactly that way with a married couple I know. The husband has lost his job; the wife has kept hers. He loafs around the house all day, making no effort to find a new job. She goes to work regularly, and gives him her pay check at the end of each week. And he's always very careful to tell her what a grand little pal and what a good sport she is! Can you beat it?—*Mabel.*

The English, the Americans, and Some Pains

ASBURY PARK, N. J.—In his article, "Why These Visiting Britishers Give Me a Pain," Bruce Bairnsfather says, "I am one who has always hoped there will not be another war."

After reading the above article in Liberty, it would seem to me that the surest way he can duck a war is to stay out of England.—*Ralph E. Pearce.*

HOUSTON, TEX.—I heartily agree with the subject matter of Bruce Bairnsfather's article, "Why These Visiting Britishers Give Me a Pain."

Although I am a loyal British subject, I can truthfully say that I join with millions of my compatriots in despising the type of Englishman described in the above-mentioned article. However, Mr. Bairnsfather might, with equal justification, write an article for an English magazine under the title of "Why These Visiting Americans Give Me a Pain." The same reason that has popularized the "silly-ass Englishman" on the American stage holds good for the popular "damned-fool American" on the English stage. When it comes to braggadocio and inane argument, they are one as bad as the other.

It all depends how you look at it. The Englishman has freezing contempt down pat. It hurts if you are sensitive. The American has no such armor. In argument he usually gives way to his baser emotions and becomes amusing.

I join with millions of my compatriots in saying that certain types of Americans give me ten pains.—*A Britisher.*

We Are Asked to Gaze on British Law and Order

CALGARY, ALTA., CAN.—Have just finished reading Edward Doherty's articles on the twilight of the gangster. The articles were exceptionally well written, but when the title was applied somebody was smoking opium.

The gangster racket in your country is just starting—not finishing. And here is the reason: Just so long as the big men of your country, such as lawyers, politicians, judges, commissioners, and police chiefs, put the Yankee dollar above everything else and worship it night and day for what it will bring them, just so long will you continue to have murdering and butchering, embezzlement and defiance of law and order.

D. C. Uren

I would suggest a treaty between Canada and the States to go something like this: In return for your knowledge of business ethics and manufacturing, which you excel in, we would invite your officials to come and study British law.

Your crying need is not for new laws or new governments, or new policies, but a vital demand for *men.* For men who obey the law, for judges who uphold the law, for men fearless in their duty as they see it, for men who, when approached by unscrupulous people with a money offer of $50,000 or so to lay off a certain party, will answer: "Go to the devil!"—*D. C. Uren.*

Tribute from One of the Trousered Sex

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Scratch out the words "To the Ladies!" as the title of Princess Alexandra Kropotkin's weekly contribution and replace it with the single word "News." There is more news in one of her articles than in a Sunday paper, displayed with a style and color that is fascinating.

I find myself reading all of her articles, even the recipes. And I'm no lady! —*A Ladies' Man.*

Passing an Author with Honors, and—

PADUCAH, KY.—I am an old retired railroad man. Am a reader of Liberty. In my younger days I used to write railroad yarns. Won a prize for one of them.

There are very few railroad stories that pass the acid test required by an old chap like me with a record of service in various departments of a railroad—forty years continuous with one company—and I wish to hand Eugene Jones the palm for his story, "Thicker than Water." It was the very best railroad story I have ever read.—*E. R. Pierce.*

—Flunking Him on Wheels

ST. LOUIS, MO.—I read and enjoy Eugene Jones' railroad stories and wish you would have more of them. However, there is an error he frequently makes.

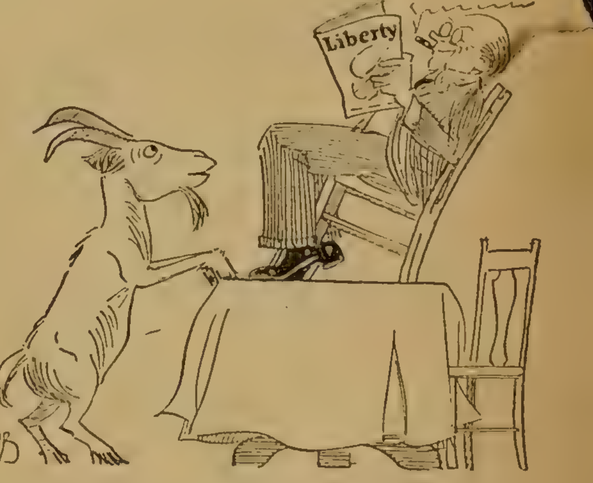
He often refers to an Atlantic-type engine as having six drive wheels when, as a matter of fact, the Atlantic type engine has four drive wheels, the Pacific type having six drivers.

If he doubts this I suggest he take it up with some of those railroad veterans he writes about.—*W. P. Larew.*

Are You Trying to Get Our Goat?

HARRISON, ARK.—We have a goat who has got very wise. Years ago he would eat any magazine that was given him, but now he refuses to eat any periodical except Liberty. He can recognize your weekly on sight, and when we bring a copy of it to the house he simply goes wild until it's given him.

To keep it away from him, I've tried reading it seated in a chair which I'd lifted up from the floor and put on top of a table. But I always weakened when I saw the pathetic look on the goat's face as he put his forelegs on the table and gazed up at the copy of Liberty, his eyes moist and his tongue hanging out. He's an excellent judge of literature, and I'd nominate your book for first place among the world's magazines, except for one thing. Whenever our goat has eaten a Liberty he has convulsions!—*D. Ray.*



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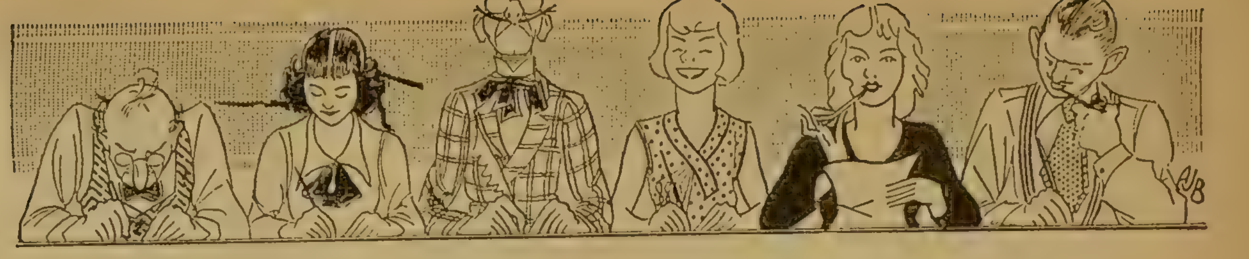


Where Unemployment Is Not a Problem

San Antonio, Tex.—Liberty's positive assertion that "back to the land" is the solution to the unemployment problem is so true that it should be shouted from the housetops. Every periodical, daily or otherwise, every radio, should take up the cry and carry the matter to fulfillment.

One billion dollars used in aiding worthy families to get started on farms would be of greater value, in insuring permanent prosperity, than ten times that amount spent on public works.

BACK TO THE LAND
BACK TO THE LAND

As you know, the solution of the whole farm problem is that farmers quit trying to make a commercial venture out of their farms and get back to the fundamental principle of a self-sustaining home instead. However, before the "back to the farm" movement is highly successful, farm life must be made more attractive. This can and will be done. It has been done, to cite one instance: the case of the Chapman Ranch.

Eighteen miles southwest of Corpus Christi, Texas, there is this model farm of forty thousand acres. Here the farm (or tenant) houses are grouped close enough to be neighborly, yet not crowded.

Each tenant has his own acreage, his own garden, cows, chickens, "vines and fig trees."

Each is an individual in his own right, yet an expert agriculturist is on hand to see that everything is done right. He aids and teaches those who are inexperienced. There is a community center similar to suburban community centers in cities. There is a grocery store, a drygoods store, a butcher shop, a barber shop, and a restaurant—all of these owned by the company that owns the land.

They have their own schools and churches—in fact, almost everything they need is at their very doors. Such rural centers could be established in many parts of the country, particularly in the South and Southwest.

I hope you will urge other editors to take this matter up with you and din it into your readers' ears (or eyes) until something is done about it—*T. L. Easley.*

Did He Win?

Urbana, Ohio—Liberty for November 7 carried an editorial, "A Political Speech We'd Like to Hear."

In it, Liberty's editor printed an imaginary speech, prefacing it with these words: "Here is a speech that you will not hear."

Mr. L. B. Fulton, candidate for mayor of Urbana, must have thought he'd call the editor's bluff. How? Why, he adopted that speech as his platform! And more power to him, say I. More candidates should follow Liberty's ideals. Here's part of Mr. Fulton's platform, as he announced it in the press. It follows Liberty's editorial almost word for word:

"I do not want to be the mayor as a mere machine who is told in advance just how he should vote. I want to be able to use my intelligence, my conscience.

"If I were to allow myself to become a rubber stamp, to eliminate my personality and my own reasoning capacity in the important matters that come before me for decision, I would be dishonest to myself.

"I want to assume my duties as a free man, bound to no one, and by no influence other than by my own dominating desire to render honest and highly efficient service. . . ."

Now, Mr. Editor, roll up your sleeves and get to work on the platforms for the coming Presidential election. The boys are counting on you.—*A Citizen of Urbana.*

Little Debate on a Big Novel

Crofton, Neb.—When the first chapter of a novel causes me to narrow my eyes and think, "where have I read something like that before?"—only to recollect that it was in a novel of another title by the same author—then I begin to regret the space it will rob each issue of Liberty.

Evelyne Mischke

That is precisely my reaction after reading the first three installments of "Whistling Cat."

You know, my dear Vox Pop, even a curly-haired three-year-old will tire of his favorite candy after about the sixth sack. Its lack of variety will spoil his taste for it.—*Evelyne Mischke.*

Butler, Pa.—"Whistling Cat," by Robert W. Chambers, is, to my mind, a really great story.

Aside from the romance, which is enjoyable, it is as historically correct as any fiction tale can be.—*A. J. H.*

Florida Says It with Figures

Tampa, Fla.—I see that a paragraph in Mary Noble's article, "Driven Back to Paradise!" gave the erroneous impression that Florida is not a good state for diversified and successful farming.

Our figures, compiled for the season of 1930-31, will best refute Mary Noble's assertion. The total income from farm products between the months of November, 1930, and May, 1931, amounted to $254,967,324.

Thos. C. Hammond

Of this amount, over $70,000,000 came from the citrus crop, and over $6,500,000 from the strawberry crop grown in and around Plant City; $7,000,000 to $8,000,000 from the various celery-growing districts; while, in May alone, the shippers of watermelons and cantaloupes received for their crops over $5,000,000.

Cultivated farm lands in Florida have an estimated value of $460,000,000. Now will Mary Noble tell us what other state in the Union produces fifty per cent of its total valuation in crops each season? Florida produces its crops when fresh farm products are at a premium, and the prices double those paid the northern farmer for his summer crops.—*Thos. C. Hammond.*

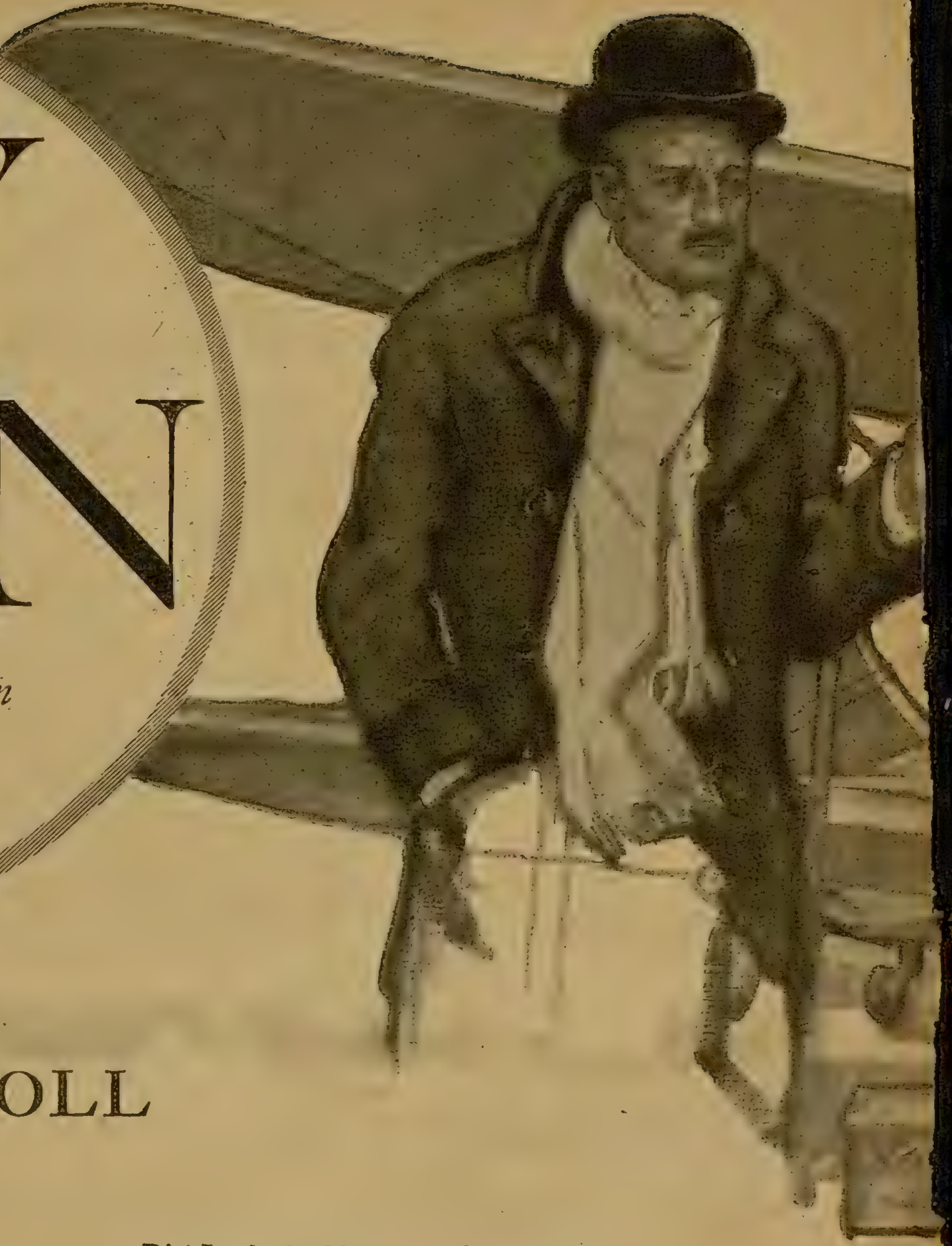
Where Do You Get that "Fatherly"?

Hartford, Conn.—Sometimes Liberty prints a short story that makes me want to give a few cheers. For example, "The Bronze Box," by MacKinlay Kantor. Certain touches in Mr. Kantor's tale were worthy of O. Henry. That little elevator girl in the story was a real, live, breathing person.

I hereby urge that Mr. Kantor be awarded a silver typewriter, inlaid with gold and studded with diamonds, to be presented by Liberty's editor with an appropriate, fatherly speech—but only on condition that he sit down and pound out some more stories as good as "The Bronze Box."—*F. Matthews.*

SKY BORN

A Saga of Redemption in Which a Man's Soul Takes Wings



By

RICHARD CARROLL

Pictures by DAN CONTENT

(Reading time: 24 minutes.)

JIMMY CONNORS raised no voice in protest when the bartender jerked an impatient thumb toward the exit. He held out his hand to show the brightness of a half dollar and sidled up to the bar, bleary eyes fastened on a row of bottles behind the bartender.

Jimmy licked dry lips. He was cold with a coldness that wintry days had driven deep into his marrow. For four months now he had been on a drinking bout, solitary and deadly. Now, his last half dollar in his hand, he was asking Danny Higgins for a drink. It meant nothing to him that he could pay for his drink. Money gave him no confidence, no right to demand.

Jimmy was hitting the beginning of the end of his decline. What had begun in the high-class speakeasies of the Fifties, where drinks were a dollar a throw, was on its way to the Bowery, where a dollar would buy enough "smoke" for a solid drunk. Jimmy stood before the bartender, too chilled to shiver and not yet sufficiently recovered from his last stupor to be able to plead.

The bartender shook his head.

"Big Joe says no. You're gettin' this joint a bad name."

Jimmy did not understand. He held out the half dollar. It trembled on his hand. The smell of the place, the aroma of the alcohol he craved fretted him. The bartender looked over his head and beyond him.

"Here's the boss now. He'll talk to you."

Big Joe's voice was powerful enough to turn Jimmy away from the fascination of the bar. The ward leader strode across the room and grasped Jimmy by the coat.

"You here again? You've had all you're goin' to get here or any place in the district. I've given orders. See?"

Jimmy nodded his head and looked toward the bar.

"Only one, just one, Mr. Hagen, and that'll be all. I can pay for it. There's the money. I'm dying on my feet. Haven't had one all day."

Big Joe looked keenly at the derelict.

"Pour him one, Danny, on the house. He needs it."

Big Joe watched the shaky hands reach avidly for the glass of liquor, the eager lips suck in the raw colored alcohol.

"You've been around here some time, haven't you?"

Jimmy nodded his head, feeling better.

"Where did you come from?"

Jimmy waved vaguely.

"Got any folks?"

"Not any more."

"What's your real name?"

"Connors—Jimmy."

Big Joe hesitated. He turned to the bartender, dismissing Jimmy.

"Did you hear from Gilley, Danny?"

"Yes, boss. He ain't going to be able to make it. He says he's got to be with his missus Christmas Eve. They got another kid."

"Who'll we get?"

"I dunno. Larkin's been up in an airplane and he might do."

Big Joe shook his head. "Nah. He'd die of the cold. I'll leave it to you, Danny. See if you can get some fellow. It's worth a ten-spot." Big Joe buttoned up his greatcoat. He turned again to Jimmy.

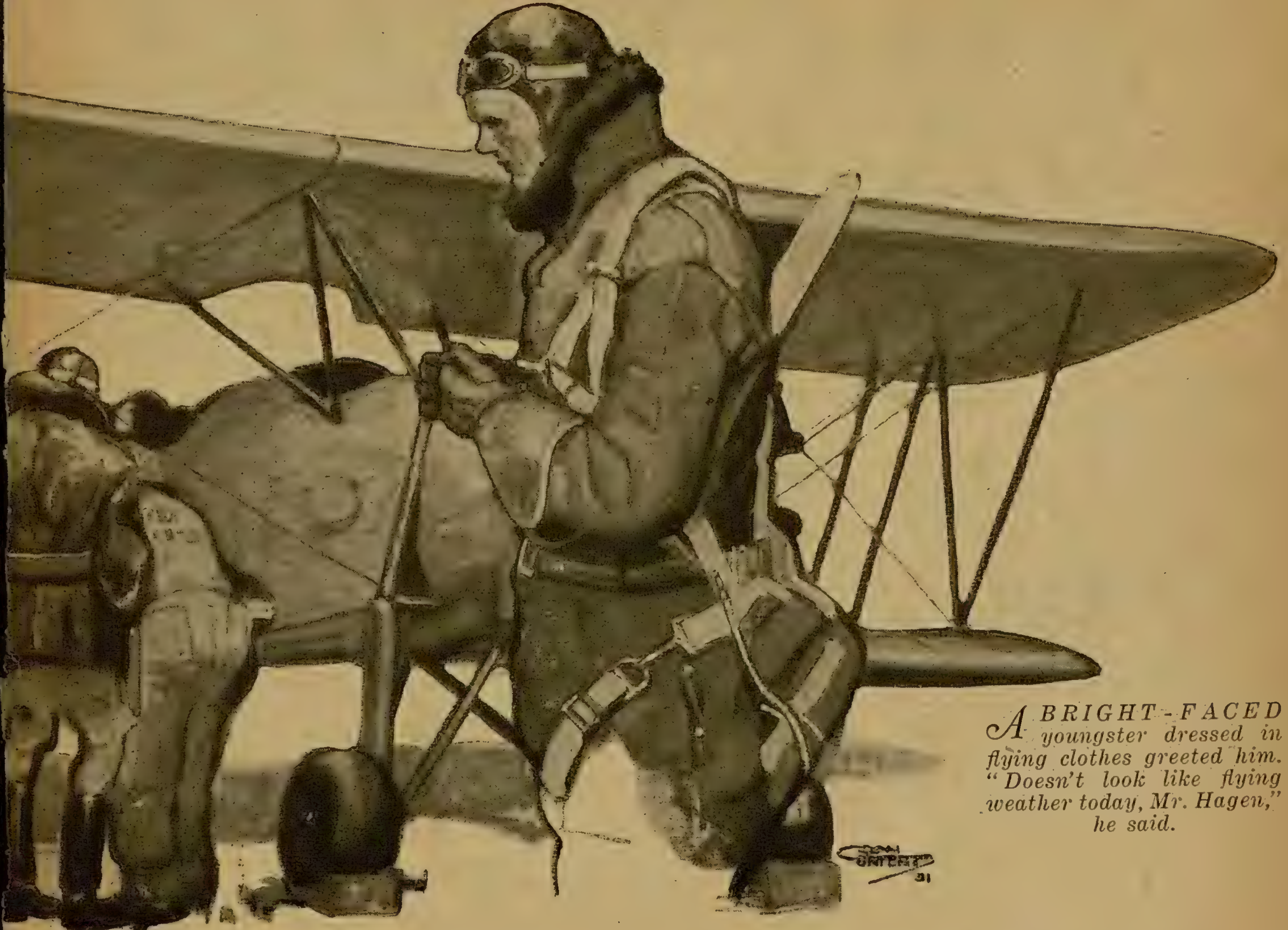
"Keep in touch with me, you. I wanna talk more with you." He went out.

Jimmy again approached the bar. Danny shook his head. "Orders is orders, mister."

Jimmy ignored it. "What must a fellow do to earn that ten-spot?"

Danny grinned. "It wouldn't interest you, bo."

Jimmy persisted. "You said something about going up in an airplane. I'll do that for ten dollars." Danny shook his head and turned to fill the wants of a new cus-



A BRIGHT-FACED youngster dressed in flying clothes greeted him. "Doesn't look like flying weather today, Mr. Hagen," he said.

tomer. Jimmy trailed after him. " Listen, mister. I got to have that ten-spot. I'll do anything to earn it."

Danny deliberately served his customer, pushing the drink slowly across the counter. He turned to Jimmy. " Did you ever do any flying? " He looked as if he expected a negative answer.

Jimmy nodded his head. " I've done some."

Danny hesitated. " Think you could take a trip with one of them flyers over New York? "

Jimmy nodded eagerly. Danny explained. " The big boss is giving a Santa Claus party for the kids of the Bowery. He's got a guy flying over in an airplane. He wants a fellow to play Santa Claus and drop out some toys for the kids. It's a hell of a stunt, but the boss wants it. Do you think you can do it? "

Jimmy, his thoughts on the ten dollars, nodded assurance.

" I'LL tell the boss about it. Maybe you'll do." Danny shoved a glass across the counter—a bottle with it. " Pour yourself a drink and come back in the morning." Jimmy tossed off a stiff drink, begged futilely for another, and finally shambled out. His right hand held the lapel of his coat tight across his bare throat in ineffectual protection from the bite of a winter wind. The snow caught in his tattered shoes and soaked his feet. But Jimmy was past being cold. Danny's questions and answers had not fully penetrated the fog of his brain, but he had caught the magic words—ten dollars.

" Ever done any flying? "

The humor of asking him, Jimmy Connors, if he had ever done any flying did not strike him. But then, that was an old Jimmy Connors, who had died. That is, the Jimmy that used to be—Jimmy of the Sure Hands.

None of them knew that the war had known a Jimmy who loved flying as he loved life and Kitty Daly. There had been a Jimmy Connors who returned from France with the excitement of war still bubbling up inside him.

But he was a Captain Jimmy with medals on his breast—medals that side-street alchemists had transmuted into booze—and a record of seven victories over a great enemy. And he was a quiet Jimmy who had stolen away from the glory and the fame to marry his boyhood chum, Kitty Daly, and settle down with her on the patch of garden near the old homestead in New Jersey for the solid business of raising a family.

There was no one to tell the two that this passion for retreat was but an excessive swing in an opposite direction; that here Jimmy would find too much peace, as there he had found too much war.

Then, as a bridge breaks sometimes after the load has passed over it, Jimmy broke under the too sudden easing of the strain. The monotony of an office life had to find compensation somewhere, and Jimmy found it in the booze trail. The third child had been born when the little family pulled up their stake in New Jersey and moved into a cheap flat in New York.

The patch of land on the very edge of the Flatlands was offered for sale, and when no buyers appeared after jobless months, Kitty moved back alone, leaving Jimmy to his increased need for booze and a growing hatred toward the monotony of work. Little Jimmy was six then, and Katherine and Joe at the age when fresh air and sun were the doctor's first prescription.

All that had been a matter of moment only to Jimmy and Kitty Connors.

It was now three years since Jimmy had vanished into

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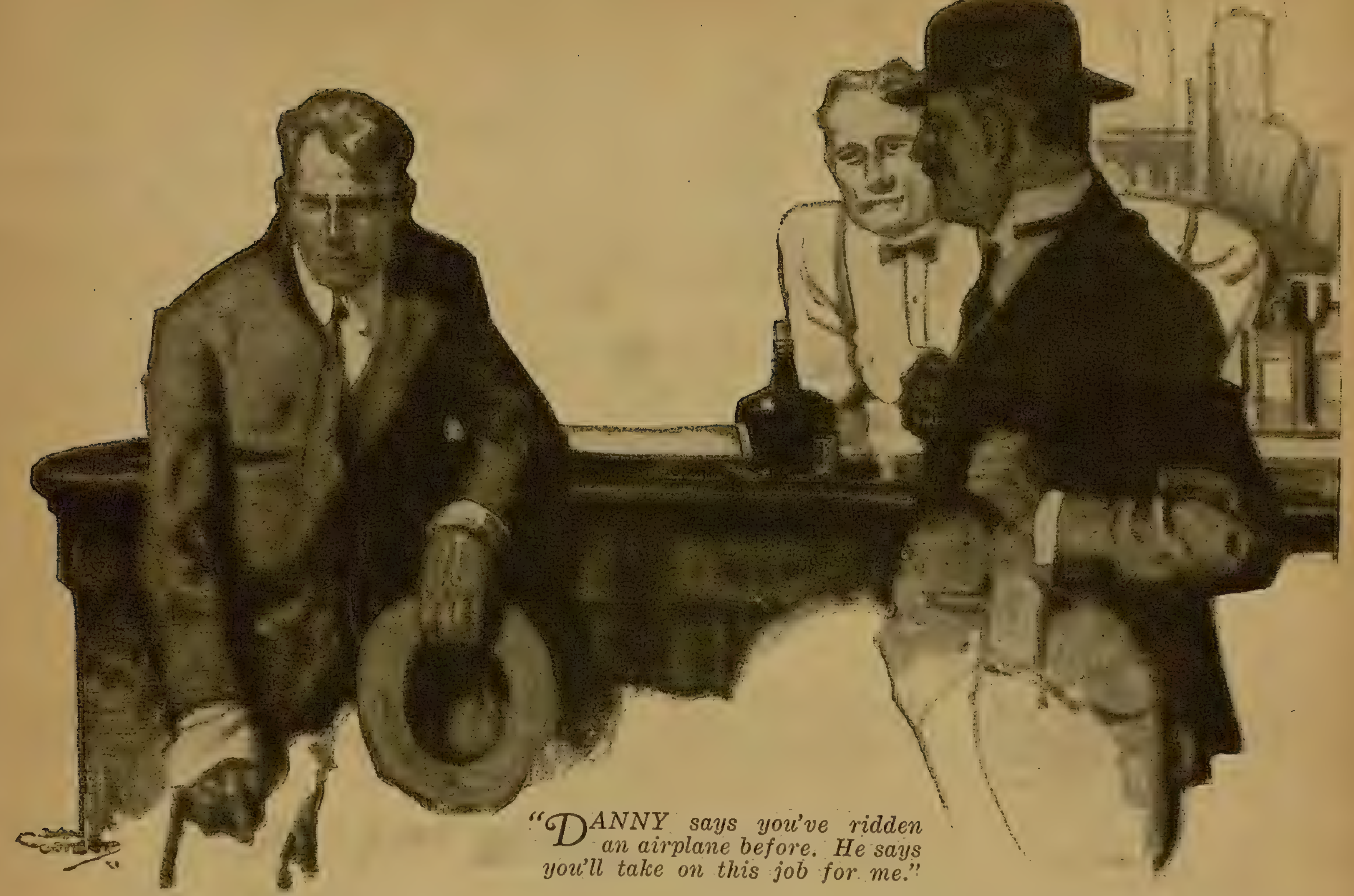

"DANNY says you've ridden an airplane before. He says you'll take on this job for me."

SKY BORN
Continued from page fifty-three

the alleys that screen the derelict from the eyes of prying men and the pricks of dying conscience—three years that had seen the fire die in steel-blue eyes and the sure hands of the pilot become the shaking hands of pitiful supplication.

Now he was going to earn ten dollars. He knew what he could do with that ten dollars. Even into his foggy recesses there had penetrated a slight tremor of the spirit that was in the air. Hurrying crowds, jostling and eager, casually urging him aside, had brought back to him something of an older day. Gilley's new baby might have had something to do with it. But ten bucks was ten bucks and Christmas time a queer season. He could send that ten bucks to Kitty and the kids.

When the whole thought was fully rounded in his smoky mind, it appealed to him. He clung to it. He would send ten dollars to Kitty. He would send it in a plain envelope—ten dollars for the kids. A drunkard's gesture—the last dying glimmer of a once bright light—he didn't know or care. Ten dollars for the children! Jimmy shuffled away.

The morning was gray with unfallen snow when Big Joe Hagen finally stamped up to the door of his speakeasy to greet the shivering man who waited there for him. Jimmy had slept in a half-warmed hallway a few doors away.

In the warmth of the speakeasy Big Joe poured a stiff drink in a tumbler and passed it over to Jimmy. He set the bottle beside it and motioned his charge to help himself.

"Danny says you've ridden an airplane before. He says you'll take on this job for me."

Jimmy nodded as he gulped the raw liquor.

"I've done a little. I'll earn the money."

"Okay if you say so. We'll pack away some grub, then we'll take a ride down the island."

He was pleasantly fed and half soused when Big Joe bundled him into the big closed car and headed for Queensborough Bridge over to Long Island City. They drove for an hour, Jimmy half asleep in the warm rugs Big Joe had piled into the car. They passed Flushing, then Mineola, and stopped at the flying field. Big Joe helped Jimmy out.

"Here's where you do your stuff, son. You're gonna play Santa Claus for the ward. You'll get ten bucks."

Jimmy made no protest when, in the hangar, Big Joe produced from a bundle he had carried from the car a full regalia for Santa Claus, a warmly lined suit of red. At the end of the hangar mechanics were tinkering with an open-cockpit biplane. Big Joe left Jimmy with orders to get into the suit, and joined the group around the plane.

A BRIGHT-FACED youngster dressed in flying clothes greeted him.

"Doesn't look like flying weather today, Mr. Hagen," he said. "There's a lot of snow upstairs and it'll be worse in an hour."

"Gotta be done, Bobby. There's five hundred kids'll be waiting for them packages at noon today in Battery Park, and Big Joe ain't never went back on his word yet."

Bobby Cripps shook his head.

"Can't help the weather, Mr. Hagen," he said. "I'm the only fellow around here damn' fool enough to try it now. I can't ask one of my men to go with me. This isn't flying weather, unless you're crazy."

"I've got a guy to go with you," Big Joe explained. "He's down there, getting into some togs. He'll know enough to drop the packages over the side if you tell him how the parachutes open when he pulls the string. I'll make your end two hundred dollars, and that's big money for an hour's work."

"Not very big with a three-hundred-foot ceiling over New York, it isn't. But I'll see what I can do. Who's the sucker?"

"Friend of mine. He's flown before, he says, but I don't know. Got all the packages on board?"

"Everything's ready. We'll warm her up and I'll taxi out to the line. Tell your boy friend it's looking worse every minute."

Big Joe called over his shoulder as the youngster climbed into the cockpit:

"Don't let anything go until sharp noon. I'll be there. It's nearly eleven now, and I gotta beat it if I want to get there."

The pilot was strapping a parachute on Jimmy as the boss' car shot away from the hangar to take the road back to New York. Jimmy silently fitted himself in the rear cockpit, jammed in between the bundles of Christmas packages, and with the pilot's instructions trying to force their way into his conscious mind.

He knew that the idea was to drop these packages out when the pilot gave the signal. They went out ten at a time, dropped over the side by a string which he retained in his hand and which automatically released a small parachute on each package so that it would float gently down to the children waiting below.

Jimmy accepted final instructions as to his own parachute, how to pull the ring that released the silk. He had never worked one before.

The pilot grinned when Jimmy nudged him and furtively asked if someone had a drink.

"You can't mix drinks with that sky, old fellow."

He pointed to the leaden sky visible through the open doors. Then he settled down in his seat. The mechanic near the propeller yelled:

"Switch off?"

"Switch off!"

The mechanic turned the big prop.

"Contact."

"Contact!"

A mighty downward heave of the prop, a sputter, and the engine caught. The blade whirled keenly. In the front cockpit the youngster jiggled with the throttle. The roar increased. The pilot motioned the mechanics to take the blocks away from the wheels. Slowly the plane crept out of the hangar, the mechanics clinging to the wings to help guide it. The pilot made final adjustment of his goggles, pulling them tightly over his eyes. He looked at Jimmy, who sat numbly, wishing only that he had a drink.

THE pilot waved his hand, the motor's roar increased, and the ship slowly taxied down the line, and there swung into position, nose into the wind. Another look around and the pilot pushed forward the throttle. The plane moved ahead, gathering speed. The tail went up. Faster. The wheels skimmed the ground. The stick went back. They were off! Overhead the snow clouds settled down. The ceiling was less than five hundred feet. Far ahead on the road, if they had looked, they could have seen the boss' car gliding along at an even fifty miles an hour toward the city.

The ride back to town was an uncomfortable one for Big Joe Hagen. That hard-boiled politician's conscience troubled him. The fact that he had sent a piece of human wreckage to possible death bothered him a little. He had honestly never given the matter a thought until the pilot had warned him of the dangers of the flight they were undertaking.

But in Big Joe's mind as he sat back on the cushions was the vision of a face that had appeared before him months ago. To the leader of a teeming ward, to the political father of a thousand children, the general comforter and father confessor to a neighborhood, an extra appeal for help did not usually stand out preëminently in the long line of supplications. But the pale beauty of Kitty Daly, accentuated rather than hidden by a singularly well kept poverty, had impressed him.

She had asked him to help find her husband, and he had promised that he would—not meaning to keep that promise. For Big Joe, who had little softness in his make-up, saw that this woman had suffered enough, knew that the return of a drunken husband would not bring her happiness. And when the wastrel in his speakeasy had given his name, he knew, with a ward leader's instinct for such things, that this man was Kitty Daly's husband, and that he, Big Joe, would never send him back to her. Kitty was beautiful enough to warrant that. He had asked her to come back again. When she did, he evaded any discussion of her husband.

IN the months that followed their first meeting the boss had made no effort to find the husband she sought. He had, however, quietly extended his influence into New Jersey, where Kitty lived, and unknown to her got her enough night work to keep her family together, while leaving her days free to take care of the children. Several times he had called on her, and the last time he had eased his huge frame out the door of the small frame house and down the rickety front steps he knew that he had fallen.

Big Joe did not think of it as love. He figured only that Kitty Connors would make a swell little woman for him. He thought of her as Mrs. Joe Hagen, and liked the thought.

Now he was vaguely troubled. What if that Christmas ship did crash and Jimmy was killed? That the pilot might die also did not worry him. It was that youngster's business and he could take care of himself. But Jimmy, that bone-chilled derelict he had sent blindly into a dangerous sky—Jimmy, still half stewed and happy and blissfully ignorant?

The big car turned left at Park Place and headed down Broadway. A few flakes of snow fell on the windshield. The sky was clear to the top of the Woolworth Building. In a stop at a traffic light he thought he could hear the hum of an airplane overhead. Big Joe would see Kitty Daly the next day, Christmas, and have dinner with the family. He would bring the food. If Jimmy did die he would care for Kitty all her life. . . .

Jimmy settled back in his seat among the toys as the powerful motor lifted the ship off the ground. The wind brushed past his goggles and pulled at the white fur of his red hood, almost jerking the Santa Claus mask from his face. He adjusted the goggle

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HAIR
TROUBLE?

Read what a renowned scientist has discovered after 30 years of intensive research. Learn from him the CORRECT and harmless way to remove dandruff, how to make dry or brittle hair soft and lustrous, how to check an over-oily scalp condition and how to stop an itching scalp. Let him give his answer to the secret sought by mankind for centuries, "How to cover BALD SPOTS or how to REGROW lost hair." All this and more that is told in a booklet called A PROFESSOR'S ADVICE will save you time, money and heartache, and is sent ABSOLUTELY FREE upon request by, LINDAY, 361 WEST 29th ST., NEW YORK.

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ADDRESS....................................

CITY.......................STATE...........

Have your parents show approval by signing here:

....

SKY BORN
Continued from page fifty-five

strap to get a firmer hold on the mask, and peered around him in the cockpit.

Something vaguely familiar, a sudden faint stirring of an old memory, crept into his being. He felt at home and yet uncomfortable. The toys, done up in vari-colored cartons, were piled around him up to his knees. He peered over the side. Below him was the East River, which divided Brooklyn from Manhattan. Ahead of him to the left was Battery Park, hidden by the tall buildings that surrounded it.

They were flying just under the ceiling. Jimmy shivered in the bitingly cold air. There were no instruments on the panel board of the rear cockpit, and it was difficult to see altitude in that weather. An instinctive throb of concern shot through Jimmy's body as the sound of the motor changed. His deadened brain quickened to half life. He glanced ahead at Bobby Cripps, to see that youngster leaning over the back of his cockpit and facing him, his hands cupped to his mouth.

"We're going to have trouble. We've got a bare seven hundred feet and we're going over the tip of Manhattan."

In the noise of the wind and the motor Jimmy caught only three words—"seven hundred feet." His fast awakening brain told him the rest. He waved his hand and Bobby settled down in his seat. Jimmy, not quite knowing why, began clearing away the packages from his legs, stacking them against the sides of the cockpit. In a few moments he had his feet on the rudder. Then his heart sank. The control stick had been removed. Ten minutes before it would not have mattered. But Jimmy of the Sure Hands was coming back to life—Jimmy of the flaming dog fights of France.

Slowly, surely, the brain that had made him the terror of an enemy flying formation was beginning to function. The very fumes from the exhaust in his nostrils acted on him like drafts of pure air to a suffocating man. Here was the old war intoxication he had never been able to find in a bottle.

A sudden lurch of the plane to the left, a dropped wing, sent the not too carefully stacked packages all over the cockpit. Jimmy began restoring them. The string on one of them broke and half a dozen boys' baseball bats fell out. Jimmy seized one and rammed the handle of it tightly into the empty socket of the control bar. He hammered it down with another. He looked ahead to see Bobby waving frantically—warnings to let the controls alone. Jimmy waved reassurance.

A minute later they were circling Battery Park at 500 feet and the first snow was falling. With strict orders from Big Joe not to drop the packages until the stroke of noon, Bobby hesitated. He banked his ship sharply in a left circle over the park. Below them they could see the waiting crowds—mothers and their children waiting for their Santa Claus of the air.

Jimmy, peering over the side and ready to drop his first package, suddenly saw from the corner of his eye his improvised control stick jerk viciously back and forth. He felt rather than saw the nose of the plane drop slowly, refusing to respond to the frantic pulling of the control lever. He did not have to be told what was wrong.

ONCE in the long ago, in the other life to which his spirit was now returning, he had his controls shot away by machine-gun fire in a dog fight over Monchy. The bullets had torn away his flipper wires, leaving him with only rudder control. It was a matter after that of swift thought and action, in a day when parachutes were not in use and it was a disgrace for a pilot to leave his disabled ship.

The ship was now circling widely over the roofs of the buildings that rimmed the park. Bobby Cripps stood up and waved both hands over his head. It was the signal to jump, and Jimmy unfastened his own belt and half rose. As he did, Bobby, seeing his passenger about to jump, quickly bailed over the side himself. Jimmy saw the parachute open almost before Bobby had cleared the side of the ship, saw the youngster glide safely toward the park, slipping his chute to avoid the water. The thickening snowflakes blotted him out.

Jimmy scrambled over the fuselage and dropped into the front cockpit. As his body hit the seat, the nose, lifted when Bobby removed his weight from the front of the ship, fell sharply again. Swiftly Jimmy reached for and found the stabilizer wheel, kicking left rudder for a maneuver that would send him out nose down toward the harbor.

In the excited seconds he had to think he remembered that below him in the now blanketing snow were hundreds of children and to leave his ship might mean many more lives than his own. Jimmy gave the ship full throttle as the stabilizer slowly brought the nose up. He was flying completely blind now at less than four hundred feet. Ahead of him he knew, from the last glimpse he had had of the skyscrapers of lower Manhattan, was the open bay, and beyond that the shore line of New Jersey. There was a little chance.

NOW it was Jimmy of the Sure Hands who held the stick. Jimmy the Bum was dead. This old Jimmy that had been, and was again, thrilled in every fiber as the odds increased. The Santa Claus mask hung around his neck. His goggles were pushed back over his forehead.

Jimmy's face stuck out over the side of his ship—his ship now, to bring safely home. Soft snowflakes stung him. Clearing eyes peered into the white blindness ahead. His left hand continued to turn the stabilizer wheel to get the last lift out of the ship. The throttle was full open. His right hand fought the control stick. His feet were planted firmly on the rudder. Jimmy Connors was living again, and Jimmy was drunk as never before, drunk with joy of the born flyer fighting his own kind of fight high in his own element—the sky.

The nose of his ship was slightly up now. Jimmy couldn't tell how he knew that. He only felt it—felt it as he had in the old days when the seat of his pants held all his flying brains. He was flying now as all the great pilots fly—not with the mechanism of their ships, not with the rudder and stick, but with their bodies, seeming almost to become the living part of this beautiful thing of steel and wood and fabric. A novice would push his stick and let the ship dip over. Jimmy swayed the ship with the motions of his own body, dipping and bending and rolling for the sheer pleasure of feeling the glorious, almost living thing respond.

He was reckoning in minutes. For long seconds he had nursed back the tail, keeping the nose up for a slow climb. He peered into the cockpit. The altimeter registered 600 feet. Jimmy eased the throttle a little. The nose slowly fell. A wall of whiteness lay ahead. But somewhere there lay the Flatlands. Jimmy circled, at last, to land. If his guess proved right, there lay the one chance. He let the nose drop farther.

The wind and snow whistled through his struts to the tune of danger that sang in Jimmy's heart. Four hundred feet. Three hundred. Two. Jimmy's fingers tingled as the ship shot out of the heavy layer of snow clouds, to show him below a landscape flat as a billiard table in appearance, blanketed white with snow and dotted here and there with lonely-looking houses. Jimmy circled low.

Directly under him was a clear stretch where, if luck and skill could do it, he might land. He swung far out, fifty feet up, and again eased the throttle as he approached. The nose went down. Thirty feet up and roaring across. Jimmy pushed the throttle ahead and the ship leveled off at ten feet. Cut again, on again. Five feet up and Jimmy cut his switch. . . .

Big Joe Hagen sat between two large baskets filled with Christmas fare and gave himself up to remorseful thoughts. As his car sped through the almost deserted length of the Holland Vehicular Tunnel he was wondering how he would explain things to Kitty Daly. Jimmy was dead—the Jimmy he had promised to find for her.

Bobby Cripps, curled up in the corner of the seat beside him, separated from him by a basket of foodstuff, could offer him no consolation. He had brought Bobby along, however, that the youngster might tell how Jimmy had died. But that did not help Big Joe. He awoke from his reverie to ask:

"Why the hell didn't the fool jump?"

"Scared, I guess," Bobby answered. "Most novices can't go over the side. Guess it takes a little nerve to hop into space."

"But what the devil's happened to him and the ship?"

"Into the harbor. Last seen of him he was nose down and headed for the middle of the bay. The boys were scouting for the wreckage this morning early."

Big Joe relapsed into silence. But his thoughts tortured him. He cursed himself. That he should worry about a bum passing out! Only he knew it wasn't Jimmy the Bum. It was the wide blue eyes of Kitty Daly looking into his and asking him for her husband. Big Joe swore loudly and profanely as the car slithered to a standstill. He stuck his head through the window and bellowed to the chauffeur:

"What in hell's the matter with *you*, now?"

THE chauffeur pointed to a snow-covered heap on the side of the road. Big Joe looked in amazement. From the pile he could see extended the blue wing of an airplane. Big Joe hurled his huge bulk through the door. The chauffeur and Bobby followed.

But it was Big Joe who found Jimmy.

Doubled up under the front cockpit, lying on a bed of children's toys, lay Jimmy the Bum, not dead, but fast asleep.

Together they lifted him out. Jimmy grunted as Big Joe lifted him by the armpits:

"Can't you let a fellow alone, officer? I'm not hurting anybody. Let a fellow sleep!"

Big Joe shook him. Jimmy opened his eyes. At first there was no sign of recognition. Then a slow smile spread over the white face.

"Thanks for the buggy ride, mister. Sorry to crack such a swell ship."

BIG JOE, too dumfounded to speak, hurried Jimmy to the car. He waved silence to the eagerly questioning Cripps.

"He'll tell us about it later."

From the side door of the limousine Big Joe produced a flask.

"Take a good pull at this."

Jimmy took the bottle and unscrewed the cap. He held it in his hand to drink—then passed it back.

"Guess I'd better not—yet. Later on, maybe."

Big Joe did not urge him.

"All right, kid. I know what you need and you're goin' to get it. In the meantime you'll be my Christmas present to Kitty."

Then the big fellow turned, cold resolution in his eyes. "And if you ever so much as get—well, only half tight again, I'll strangle you with my own hands."

Jimmy laughed, lifting a bundle of toys Cripps had salvaged from the wreckage.

"Tell that guy to step on it. I think I've found me the job I've been wanting—if Kitty can see it my way.

"And, say, have you got that ten bucks with you? Kitty'll like that. I earned it."

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Perhaps She Was Right

Jane, aged five, is in the habit of talking very fast, to the annoyance of her family. Last night at dinner the following conversation took place between Jane and her grandfather:

"Jane, I can't understand you if you insist on talking so fast."

"I don't talk so fast, grandy," she rattled on; "you just listen too slow."—Margaret Sparr, 308 Lewis Ave., Billings, Mont.

* * *

Another Case of Overproduction

Every time Bobby was sent to the store, an old man who sat out in front of the grocery stopped him and wanted to carry on a long conversation. Bobby soon tired of it. One day he was passing with his mother, when the old man hailed him, and Bobby answered rather shortly. His mother said, "Bobby, you didn't speak very kindly to the old gentleman." And Bobby said, "Oh, he's got too many words in his mouth."—Mrs. A. A. Jones, 2222 Rock St., Little Rock, Ark.

* * *

An Unfortunate Oversight

Recently, while at the home of a friend, we were disturbed by the crying of his youngest son, who apparently had allowed the screen door to slam on his bare foot as he entered the house.

When asked as to the trouble, he replied through a burst of tears, "I came in and left my foot outside."—Dr. Paul L. Leeper, Hutchinson, Kan.

* * *

Chicago Influence

Tommy had spent the winter in Chicago and was visiting his grandmother for the summer. His mother and grandmother were discussing the recent death of a neighbor. Tommy, who had been listening, said: "Who shot her?"—Mrs. J. G. Follett, 1217 Ocean Front, Venice, Calif.

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Do You Know the Reasons Why

CITY SALES MEAN PROFITS?

1. Greater Sales Volume

Census figures reveal that more than half the people in America are now urban. 70% of the nation's retail dollars cross city counters.

2. Lower Sales Cost

Street car tokens cost less than Pullman berths. City selling means calls-per-hour instead of calls-per-day.

3. Influence and Prestige

The cities set the styles, the buying modes. What Mrs. City Jones wears or uses today determines what Mrs. Farmer Brown will be willing to buy tomorrow.

City markets are easy to sell—with Liberty. Paced to city reading habits, edited for urban tastes, Liberty concentrates 85% of its circulation in cities of 10,000 and over. And in cities of 25,000 and over there are more readers of Liberty than of any other magazine.

More and more of America's biggest advertisers are placing schedules in Liberty to get city sales and city profits! $2,000,000 in new orders have been received since April 1, 1931.

To the Ladies!

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia.

(Reading time: 5 minutes 30 seconds.)

THIS true Christmas romance features Governor and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. It is the story of their courtship. Mrs. Roosevelt told it to me herself.

Once upon a time there was a shy little orphan girl, twelve years old, who lived with her grandmother, and her grandmother was very strict about parties. But that Christmas she gave the little girl permission to attend just one. And the little girl's name was Eleanor Roosevelt, and she went to the party, but she thought her dress was too short and thought it was unbecoming anyway, so she had a miserable time—until *the* nicest boy at the party singled her out. He was charmingly attentive to her, and she had a lovely time. After that she never forgot him.

U. & U. photo

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

His name was Roosevelt, too. He was her fifth cousin once removed. They did not meet again until she was eighteen. Then they renewed their childhood romance and were married.

No wonder Christmas is always a favorite holiday at the governor's mansion!

In fact, Christmas has always been a big event to the whole Roosevelt family. They have family traditions about Christmas. Far and wide, all members of the Roosevelt clan, grown or little, hang up their stockings invariably on Christmas Eve.

"We hang our stockings on the mantelpiece in the governor's room," Mrs. Roosevelt told me. "On Christmas morning the youngest member of the family goes around and wakes everyone. Then we all troop into the governor's room and sit on the floor and look at our presents.

"Then," said Mrs. Roosevelt, "we have a very noisy breakfast." Laughing, she added, "The Roosevelts are a talkative lot at mealtime—usually all at once!"

Family debates on all subjects are encouraged. "For people in public life run a risk of becoming didactic." Mrs. Roosevelt explained, "and having the whole family jump on you is a great cure."

Wife of America's busiest governor, mother of five children, a grandmother now, Mrs. Roosevelt does a great deal of civic and charity work—and finds time to teach three days a week at the Todhunter School in New York.

BEWARE of amateur theatricals—if you're a jealous wife. They recently led to what strikes me as one of the silliest divorce mix-ups on record. The young married set in a certain suburb took up amateur theatricals. One girl's husband developed striking talent as an actor. From another couple, the wife began to shine as a born actress. The two gifted ones became leading man and leading lady. They played their parts together remarkably well. Especially the love scenes. And everyone was delighted—except the leading man's wife.

She wondered how he managed to do it so expertly all of a sudden. He'd never been on the stage. Those love scenes with that leading lady! Was he really *acting?* His wife couldn't believe it She made up her mind that he must be two-timing her Right in front of the whole town!

What did wifie do? She wrote a red-hot letter to *that woman.* Accused her of the deed, raved, raged, called her dreadful names. Being innocent, the leading lady showed the letter to *her* husband, who made it public at once. He believed in his wife. That made a famous clown out of the leading man, so he blew up.

He walked out on his wife, applied for a divorce on "incompatibility" grounds—and got it. His jealous wife was grief-stricken, but she couldn't get him back.

Moral: Don't believe all you see on the stage—not even the amateur stage.

RUNNING short of ideas for inexpensive Christmas presents? Perhaps suggestions may help you.

For your husband: A compact three-drawer filing cabinet where he can put away letters and bills—and forget about them. He'll love that.

For the gadabout girl: A pair (in a case) of bottles with pretty colored tops.

Ideal for a stay-at-home, or an invalid friend: All the materials necessary to the making of those fascinating chenille scatter rugs.

Hand-painted place cards for the habitual hostess. Small china cigarette boxes painted to look like bright enamelware. Small ruby glasses, also for cigarettes.

For the boy friend: A leather case to keep his dress shirts in. Or a gilt bottle opener in a case.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, by Franklin P. Adams, is a merry book of jingles touching all sorts of topics, from Webster's Dictionary to Spring. Here's a sample:

For corned beef hash
I have a pash.

. . . . . .

But for peanut butter
My scorn is utter.

A good book to give as a not-too-serious Christmas present. (Viking Press.)

PULL-OVER sweaters, just off the boat from Paris, were spread before my eyes the other day in colors as fresh as a dazzling rainbow. Handmade by a new process which gives a tapestry effect, they mingle the most lovely unexpected tints in weird geometric patterns. One sweater fascinated me especially. It was done in a motley harlequin design of coral-colored squares, huge robin's-egg triangles, and white oblongs. I challenge any girl to feel depressed in *that* garment! Another sweater (it looked wonderful with a black suit) had an emerald-green skyscraper pattern climbing up on a pale beige ground from the waist. Other color surprises were: scarlet and pale blue, chestnut and pale pink with touches of magenta, violet and brown.

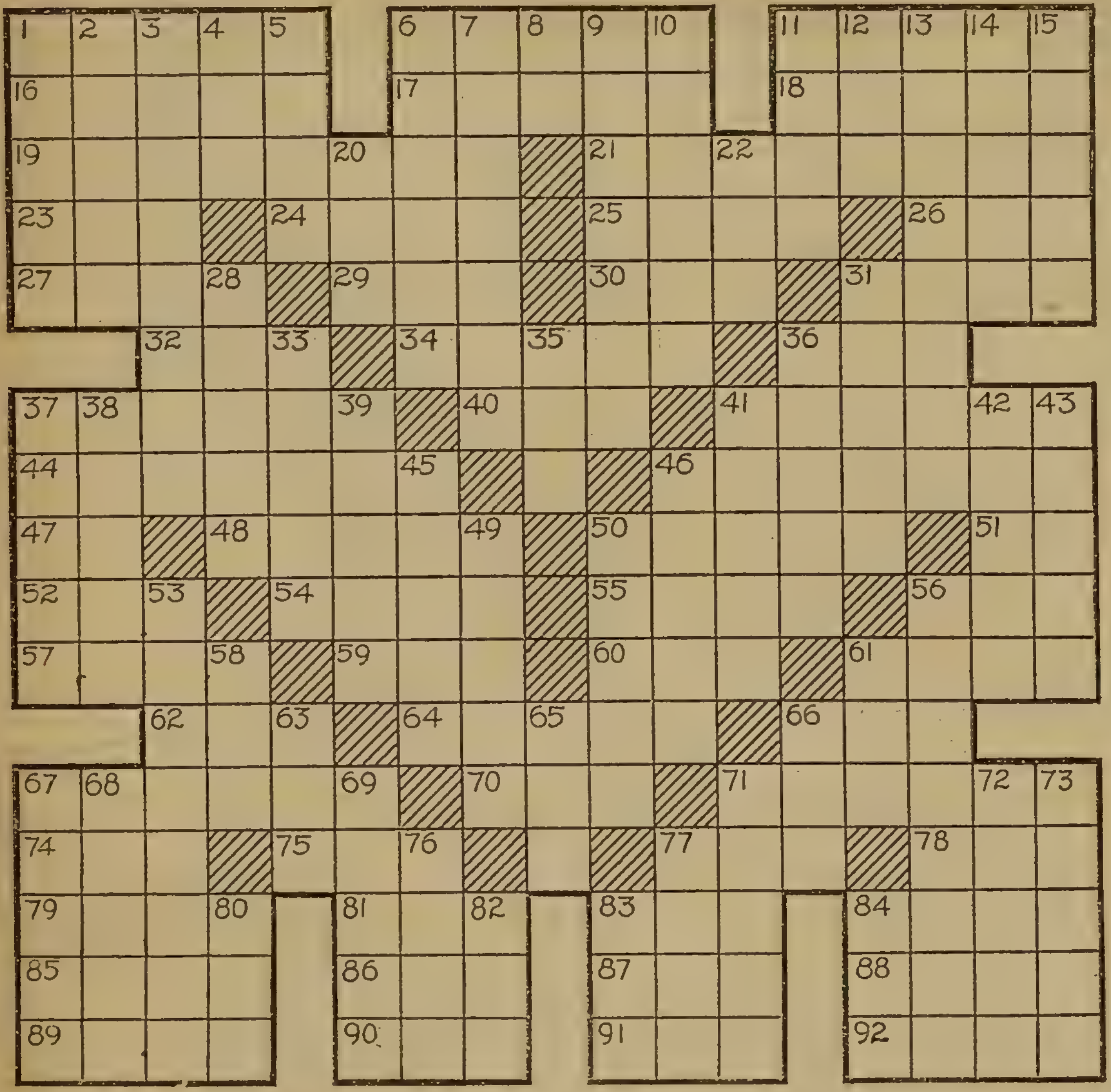
SUSSEX pie is a hearty winter dish from foggy England. Bake it in a *deep* dish, if you please. See that it is very full of rich dark gravy.

Use any good short crust rolled to ½-inch thickness. With a strip of this line the walls of the dish. Roll out remainder to size of dish. Put an egg cup in the center to hold up the top crust. Around the cup pack the following: Two pounds steak cut in inch cubes and liberally sprinkled with flour; 12 oysters (bearded and drained); ½ pound sliced mushrooms; 2 sheep's kidneys, also sliced. Sprinkle in 1 teaspoon salt, a little black pepper, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg. Add ¼ cup luke-warm water and cover with the top pastry. Dampen edge of dish with water and press down with fork, making criss-cross pattern. Brush over with egg yolk. Decorate with cut-out pastry leaves and cut two incisions for steam to escape.

First bake 12 minutes in a fairly quick oven, then diminish heat and cook for another 20 to 25 minutes.

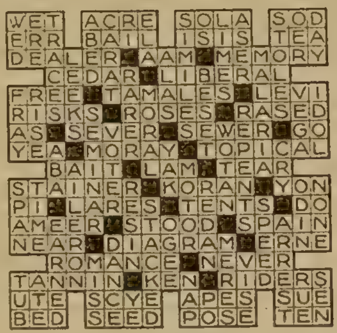
Cross Words

A New Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1 Canal in the ear
6 Cigar fish (plural)
11 One of the Three Musketeers
16 A tree
17 Measure of weight
18 At that point
19 County in Wisconsin
21 Put ashore and abandoned
23 Greek letter
24 Kind
25 Discontinue
26 Stave of a cask
27 A make-believe
29 Babylonian deity
30 Outside
31 Fashion
32 Rocky promontory
34 College officials
36 Spigot
37 Carry away secretly
40 Sister
41 Most recent
44 East Indian water-raising device
46 Bewails
47 Note of the scale
48 A drain
50 Recesses in a shore
51 Egyptian deity
52 Hostelry
54 Dry and withered
55 State to be true
56 Deface
57 An amphibian
59 Put on
60 Political radical
61 Jumps
62 A bond
64 Fresher
66 A trap
67 Meanly avaricious



WET ACRE SOLA SOD
ERR BAIL ISIS TEA
DEALER■AAM■MEMORY
CEDAR■LIBERAL
FREE■TAMALES■LEVI
RISKS■ROSES■RASED
AS■SEVER■SEWER■GO
YEA■MORAY■TOPICAL
BAIT■LAM■TEAR
STAINER■KORAN■YON
PI■LARES■TENTS■DO
AMEER■STOOD■SPAIN
NEAR■DIAGRAM■ERNE
ROMANCE■NEVER
TANNIN■KEN■RIDERS
UTE SCYE APES SUE
BED SEED POSE TEN

Answer to last week's puzzle

70 Form of to be
71 Inner sole
74 Hebrew letter
75 Triangular sail
77 French coin
78 Sailor
79 Playing cards
81 Bird of prey
83 A metal
84 A roster
85 Agitate
86 Recline
87 Adopted son of Mohammed
88 Individuals
89 Mythical river
90 Moisture
91 A constrictor
92 Lake or pool

VERTICAL

1 Porridge (plural)
2 A collision
3 A sea
4 Grassland
5 Crafts
6 Marked
7 Part of a saddle (pl.)
8 Measure of area
9 Plums
10 Standing
11 On the top
12 Although
13 Delaware cape
14 A nymph
15 Grasslike plant
20 Shoe of a sledge
22 Disease of sheep
28 Philippine tribesmen
31 Companions
33 Ceremonies
35 Melody
36 More docile
37 Riven
38 Stringed instrument
39 Made into leather
41 Bathed
42 Leather strip
43 Autocratic rulers
45 A bird
46 Sweetheart
49 Refresh
50 Responsibilities
53 Naturally
56 Single unvaried tone
58 Noise
61 Pronoun
63 Incite
65 Pale
66 Antelope
67 Asterisks
68 Implied
69 Give up
71 Ancient Greek colony
72 More recent
73 Blot out
76 Kind of cheese
77 Receptacle for storing fodder
80 Gender
82 Fresh
83 Tag
84 Gypsy gentleman

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Enjoy Thrilling Satisfaction of a Figure Free From FAT

Woman Loses 43 pounds in 3 months

Thank Modern Science for this safe, pleasant, easy way to lose ugly fat—simply take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast, and go a little lighter on potatoes, fatty meats and pastries.

Unlike other salts, Kruschen doesn't reduce by rushing food thru the system—rather it's an ideal combination of 6 separate minerals which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—an unexcelled home reducing treatment which constitutes the same principles as the world famous European Spas.

Mrs. Jerry Gipe of Willow Hill, Pa., writes: "Since taking Kruschen Salts 3 months ago, I have lost 43 lbs. I feel so much better and look so much better, too."

An 85c bottle of Kruschen (lasts 4 weeks) is sold by leading druggists thruout the whole wide world.

KRUSCHEN SALTS
"It's the Little Daily Dose That Does It"

Do You Sell To WOMEN?

● Liberty's modern viewpoint has attracted an audience of more than 3,000,000 women (Starch Survey). Get more *woman attention* per *advertising dollar* by placing your sales message in Liberty! ●

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Keeps the MOTHS away. Freshens and delicately scents the clothes, lingerie and handkerchiefs.
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Home Life Snapshot Contest

$5,000 PRIZE MONEY

FOR PHOTOS RECORDING SCENES AROUND YOUR HOUSE

You Can Win!

Strictly under the hat—such portraits of the youngster are priceless, but who would object to winning $1,100 in cash for one?

LIBERTY will pay fifty-one cash prizes for the best snapshots entered this week in this contest. Here's your opportunity to win $100, to win $10, or to win $5. You ought to cash in on this. No reason why you shouldn't. Liberty has the prize money ready. Many of its readers will share in the easy money. Why not be among them? It's a fair field and no favors. All you need do is snap a picture of some scene or activity in or about your home. Then enter it by mailing according to the simple directions in the brief rules below. The prizes will be paid to someone. Your chance to be among the winners is excellent.

In judging your entry no account will be taken of elaborateness of background. The simple scene is fully as likely to win as the expensive setting. What the judges will seek is the atmosphere of home life captured by your lens. Remember this in selecting your subject.

Does your home boast a future Bernhardt? Across the amateur footlights is many a potential contest-winning flashlight shot.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize (Every Week)	$100
10 Second Prizes (Every Week) Each $10	100
40 Third Prizes (Every Week) Each $5	200
51 Prizes Weekly	$400
TOTAL FOR 10 WEEKS:	$4,000
Extra, Grand Prize for best snapshot of entire contest	$1,000
TOTAL PRIZES	$5,000

$1,000 Grand Prize

In addition to the substantial cash awards each week, at the close of the contest Liberty will award a Grand Prize of $1,000 for the best home life snapshot entered during the entire ten weeks. Thus, if you win a weekly first prize of $100, you have only just started! On top of that you have a glorious chance to add the $1,000 prize, making your total return $1,100 for the single picture. Send in an entry this week!

CONTEST RULES

1—Each week for ten weeks LIBERTY will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home life photographs submitted by nonprofessional photographers.

2—Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3—There is no restriction as regards size of prints to be submitted. Enlargements are permissible, but in the case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

4—Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after November 19, 1931, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you automatically agree that in case of a photograph submitted by you being considered for a prize you will, upon request supply LIBERTY Weekly with the negative from which the print was made. Such negatives will be returned if so desired.

5—Submit as many prints as you wish. Write full name and address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of LIBERTY Weekly for reproduction wherever desired.

6—The first week's contest closed at 12 noon, Saturday, December 5, and succeeding contests will close at noon each Saturday following until February 6, the closing date of the final contest.

7—Quality of photography does not count, except that any photograph, to be awarded a prize must be of sufficient clearness, in the opinion of the judges, to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person sending in the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the prize schedule appearing elsewhere on this page. In addition, a grand prize of $1,000 will be awarded to the best photograph submitted during the entire ten weeks of the contest series.

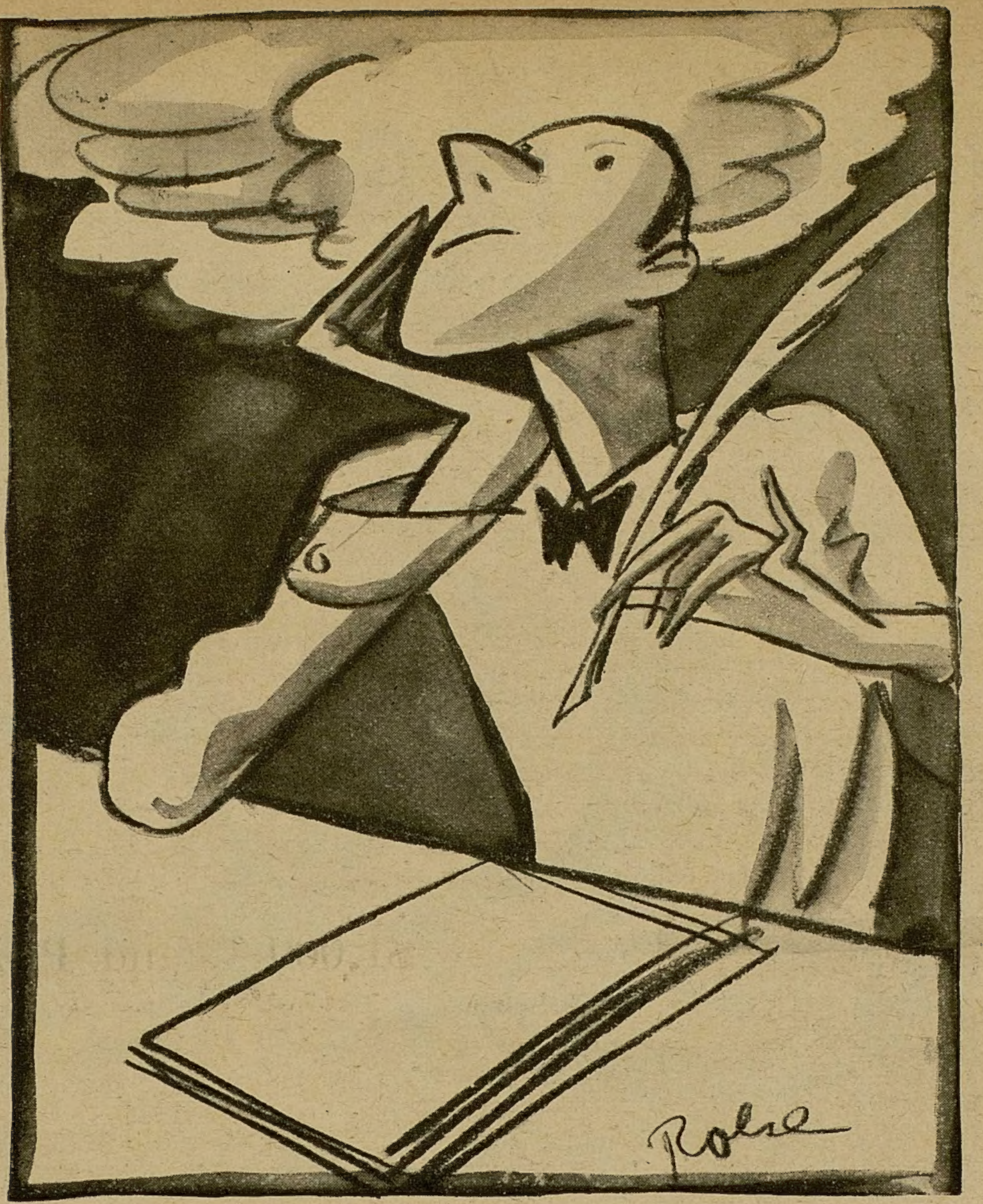
8—Announcement of winners of each contest will be published in the earliest issue of Liberty consistent with careful judging.

9—Address all entries to Home Life Contest, LIBERTY Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York City.

NOTICE TO JIG-SAW CONTESTANTS!

Liberty's contest staff is busy judging the tremendous number of entries submitted for the Jig-Saw Puzzle prizes. Rapid progress is being made and you may expect to find the announcement of prize winners in the earliest issue compatible with careful, accurate decisions. Watch for it!

SEE LIBERTY NEXT WEEK FOR ANOTHER CASH PRIZE OPPORTUNITY YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS



Often I wait weeks for inspiration, my quill pen poised in air.

How I Create

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by HERBERT F. ROESE

(Reading time: 5 minutes 55 seconds.)

IN an article on How Authors Create, in which the writing methods of various masters of English prose like Conrad, Shaw, and Barrie are explained (with photographs of them in knickerbockers plaguing dogs and pushing against sun-dials), I discover that I have been doing the whole thing wrong all these years. The interviewer in this case hasn't got around to asking me yet—doubtless because I have been up in my room with the door shut and not answering the bell—but I am going to take a chance anyway and tell him how I do my creative work and just how much comes from inspiration and how much from hashish and other perfumes. I may even loosen up and tell him what my favorite hot-weather dishes are.

When I am writing a novel I must actually live the lives of my characters. If, for instance, my hero is a gambler on the French Riviera, I make myself pack up and go to Cannes or Nice, willy-nilly, and there throw myself into the gay life of the gambling set until I really feel that I *am* Paul De Lacroix, or Ed Whelan, or whatever my hero's name is. Of course this runs into money, and I am quite likely to have to change my ideas about my hero entirely and make him a bum on a tramp steamer working his way back to America, or a young college boy out of funds who lives by his wits until his friends at home send him a hundred and ten dollars.

One of my heroes (Dick Markwell in Love's How-do-you-do), after starting out as a man about town in New York who " never showed his liquor " and was " an apparently indestructible machine devoted to pleasure," had to be changed into a patient in the Trembly Ward of a local institution, whose old friends didn't recognize him and furthermore didn't want to.

But, as you doubtless remember, it was a corking yarn.

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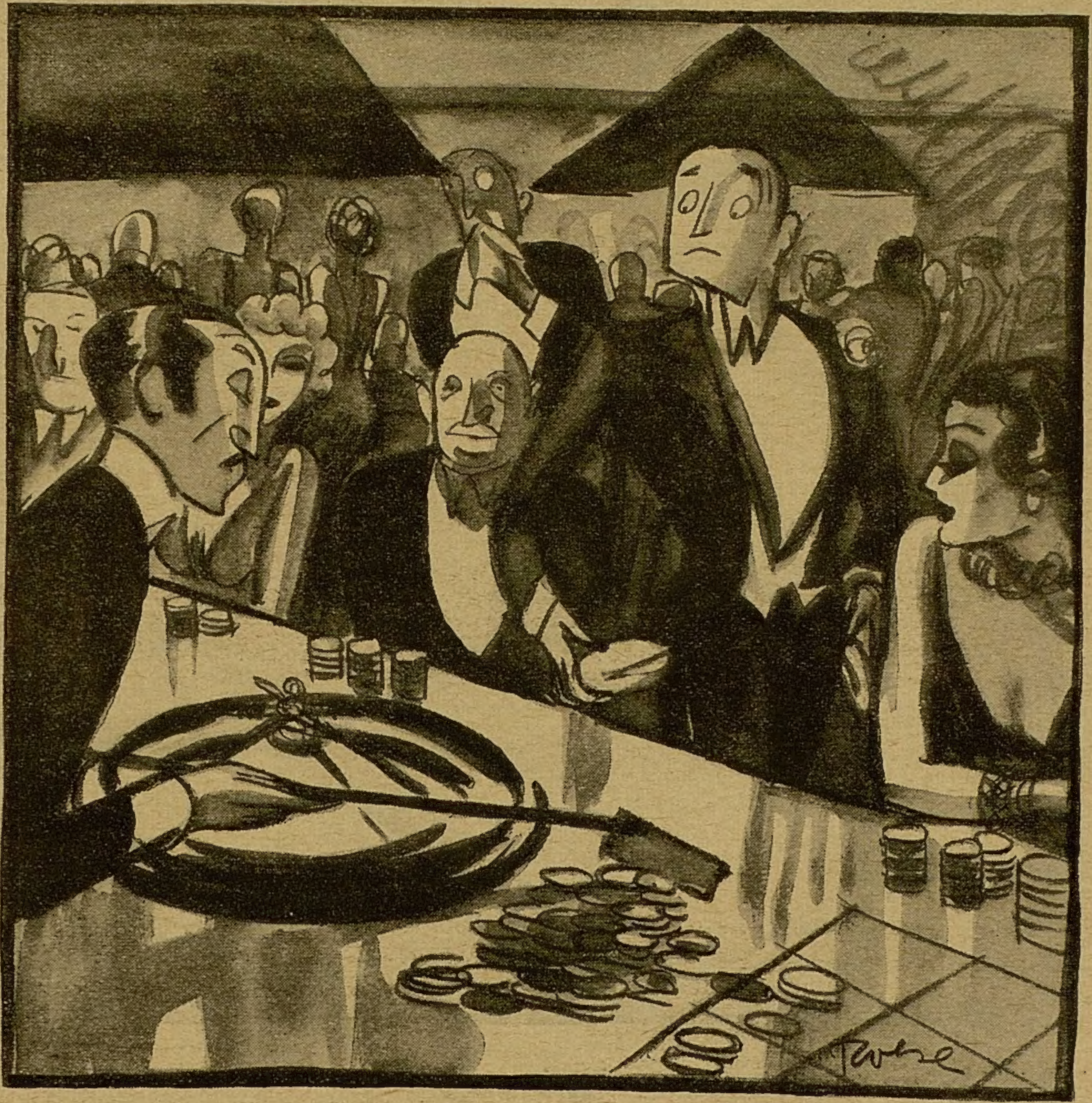
This actually living the lives of my characters takes up quite a lot of time and makes it a little difficult to write anything. It was not until I decided to tell stories about old men who just sit in their rooms and shell walnuts that I ever got around to doing any work. It doesn't make for very interesting novels, but at any rate the wordage is there and there is something to show the publishers for their advance royalties. (Publishers are crotchety that way. They want copy, copy, copy all the time, just because they happen to have advanced a measly three hundred dollars a couple of years before. You would think that printing words on paper was their business.)



If my hero is a gambler, I pack up and go to Cannes.

And now you ask me how I do my work, how my inspiration comes? I will tell you, Little Father. Draw up your chair and let me put my feet on it. Ah, that's better! Now you may go out and play!

Very often I must wait weeks and weeks for what you call "inspiration." In the meantime I must sit with my quill pen poised in air over a sheet of foolscap, in case the divine spark should come like a lightning bolt and knock me off my chair on to my head. (This has happened more than once.) While I am waiting I mull over in my mind what I am going to do with my characters.

Shall I have Mildred marry Lester, or shall Lester marry Evelyn? ("Who is Evelyn?" I often say to myself, never having heard of her before.) Should the French proletariat win the Revolution, or should Louis XVI come back suddenly and establish a Coalition Cabinet? Can I afford to let Etta clean up those dishes in the sink and get them biscuits baked, or would it be better to keep her there for another year, standing first on one foot and then on the other?

YOU have no idea how many problems an author has to face during those feverish days when he is building a novel, and you have no idea how he solved them. Neither has he.

Sometimes, while in the throes of creative work, I get out of bed in the morning, look at my writing desk piled high with old bills, odd gloves, and empty ginger-ale bottles, and go right back to bed again. The next thing I know it is night once more, and time for the Sand Man to come around. (We have a Sand Man who comes twice a day, which makes it very convenient. We give him five dollars at Christmas.)

Even if I do get up and put on a part of my clothes—I do all my work in a Hawaiian straw skirt and a bow tie of some neutral shade—I often can think of nothing to do but pile the books which are on one end of my desk ver neatly on the other end and then kick them one by on off on to the floor with my free foot.

But all the while my brain is work, work, working, an my plot is taking shape. Sometimes it is the shape of honeydew melon and sometimes a shape which I hav never been quite able to figure out. It is a sort of amorphous thing with two heads but no face. When this shape presents itself, I get right back in bed again. I'm no fool.

I find that, while working, a pipe is a great source of inspiration. A pipe can be placed diagonally across the keys of a typewriter so that they will not function, or it can be made to give out such a cloud of smoke that I cannot see the paper. Then, there is the process of lighting it. I can make lighting a pipe a ritual which has not been equaled for elaborateness since the five-day festival to the God of the Harvest. (See my book on Rituals: the Man.)

IN the first place, owing to twenty-six years of constant smoking without once calling in a plumber, the space left for tobacco in the bowl of my pipe is now the size of a medium body-pore. Once the match has been applied to the tobacco therein, the smoke is over. This necessitates refilling, relighting, and reknocking. The knocking out of a pipe can be made almost as important as the smoking of it, especially if there are nervous people in the room. A good, smart knock of a pipe against a tin wastebasket and you will have a neurasthenic out of his chair and into the window sash in no time.

The matches, too, have their place in the construction of modern literature. With a pipe like mine, the supply of burnt matches in one day could be floated down the St. Lawrence River with two men jumping them. . . .

When the novel is finished, it is shipped to the Cutting and Binding Room, where native girls roll it into large sheets and stamp on it with their bare feet. This accounts for the funny look of some of my novels. It is then taken back to the Drying Room, where it is rewritten by a boy whom I engage for the purpose, and sent to the publishers. It is then sent back to me.

And so you see now how we creative artists work. It really isn't like any other kind of work, for it must come from a great emotional upheaval in the soul of the writer himself; and if that emotional upheaval is not present, it must come from the works of any other writers which happen to be handy and easily imitated.

Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue.

Tonight . . . say *this* to your wife . . . then look into her eyes!

"I gave a lot more than we had planned . . . Are you angry?"

IF you should tell her that you merely "contributed"—that you gave no more than you really felt obliged to—her eyes will tell you nothing. But deep down in her woman's heart, she will feel just a little disappointed—a tiny bit ashamed.

But tonight—*confess* to her that you have dug into the very bottom of your pocket—that you gave perhaps a little *more* than you could afford—that you opened not just your purse, but your heart as well.

In her eyes you'll see neither reproach nor anger. *Trust* her to understand. Trust her to appreciate the generous spirit—the good fellowship and manly sympathy which prompted you to help give unhappy people the courage to face the coming winter with their heads held high with faith and hope.

It is true—the world *respects* the man who lives within his income. But the world *adores* the man who *gives* BEYOND his income.

No—when you tell her that you have given somewhat *more* than you had planned, you will see no censure in her eyes. But *love!*

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief appeals to you to give generously now in your own community. There is no national fund. Contribute through your local welfare and relief organizations, through your community chest, or through your special emergency relief committee. All facilities for the furtherance of this nation-wide relief program, including this advertisement, have been furnished the Committee without cost.

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Committee on Mobilization of Relief Resources

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